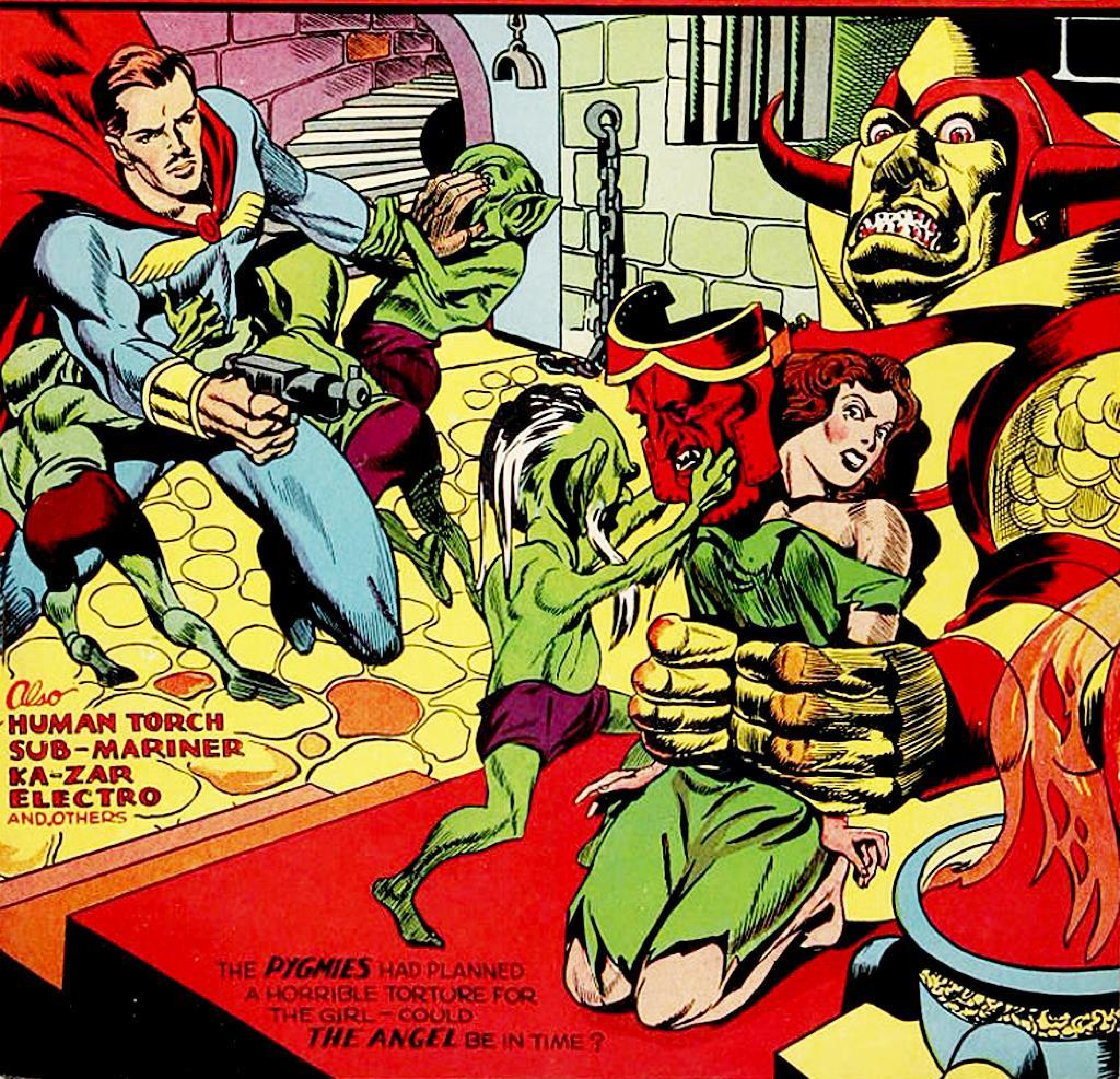
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

OCTOBER

10¢

No. 12

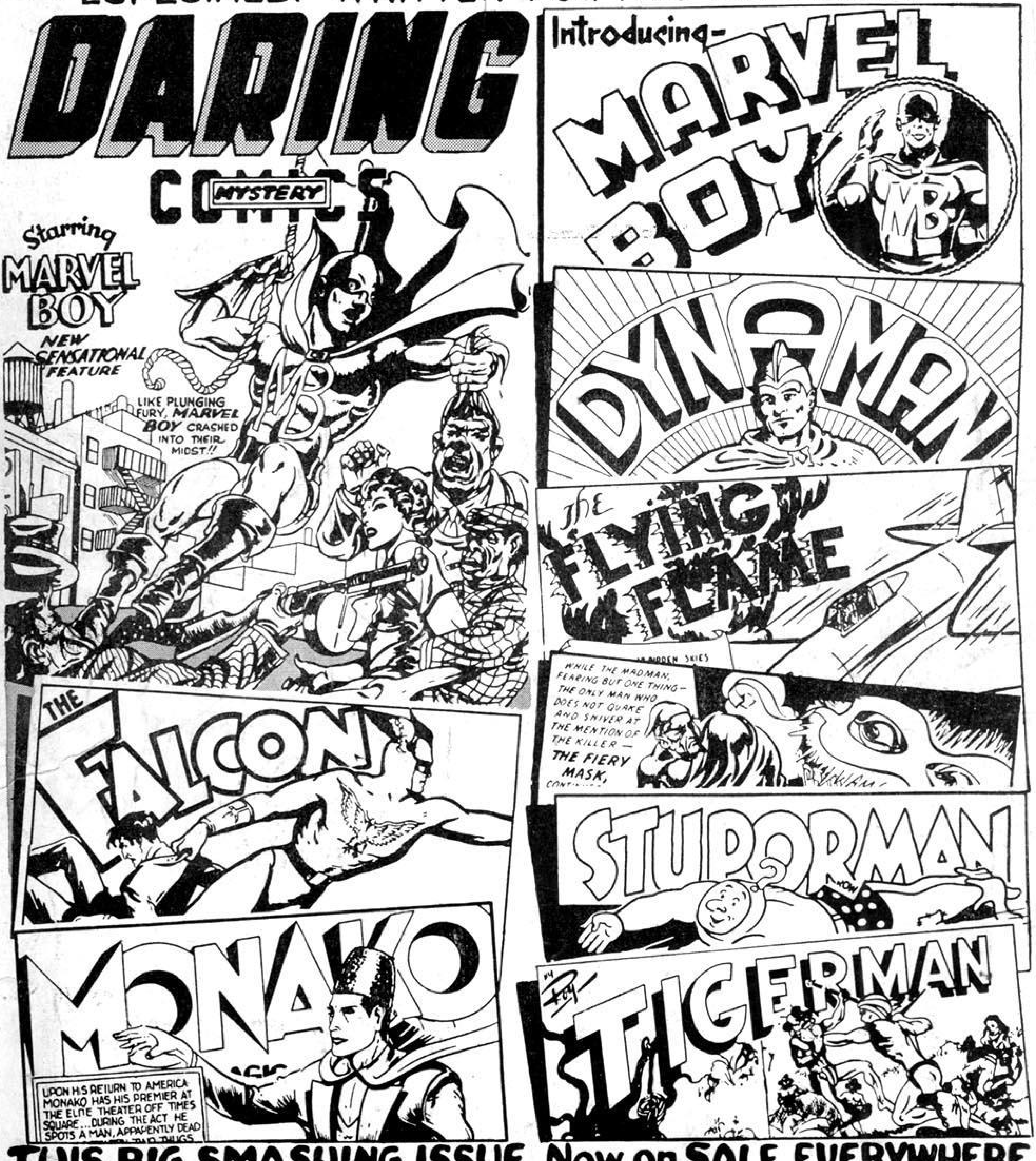


Also
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
KA-ZAR
ELECTRO
AND OTHERS

THE *PYGMIES* HAD PLANNED A HORRIBLE TORTURE FOR THE GIRL—COULD ***THE ANGEL*** BE IN TIME?

HERE IS ACTION! THRILLS!-ADVENTURE!

64 FULL PAGES OF THE BEST ILLUSTRATED STORIES ESPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THIS MAGAZINE.

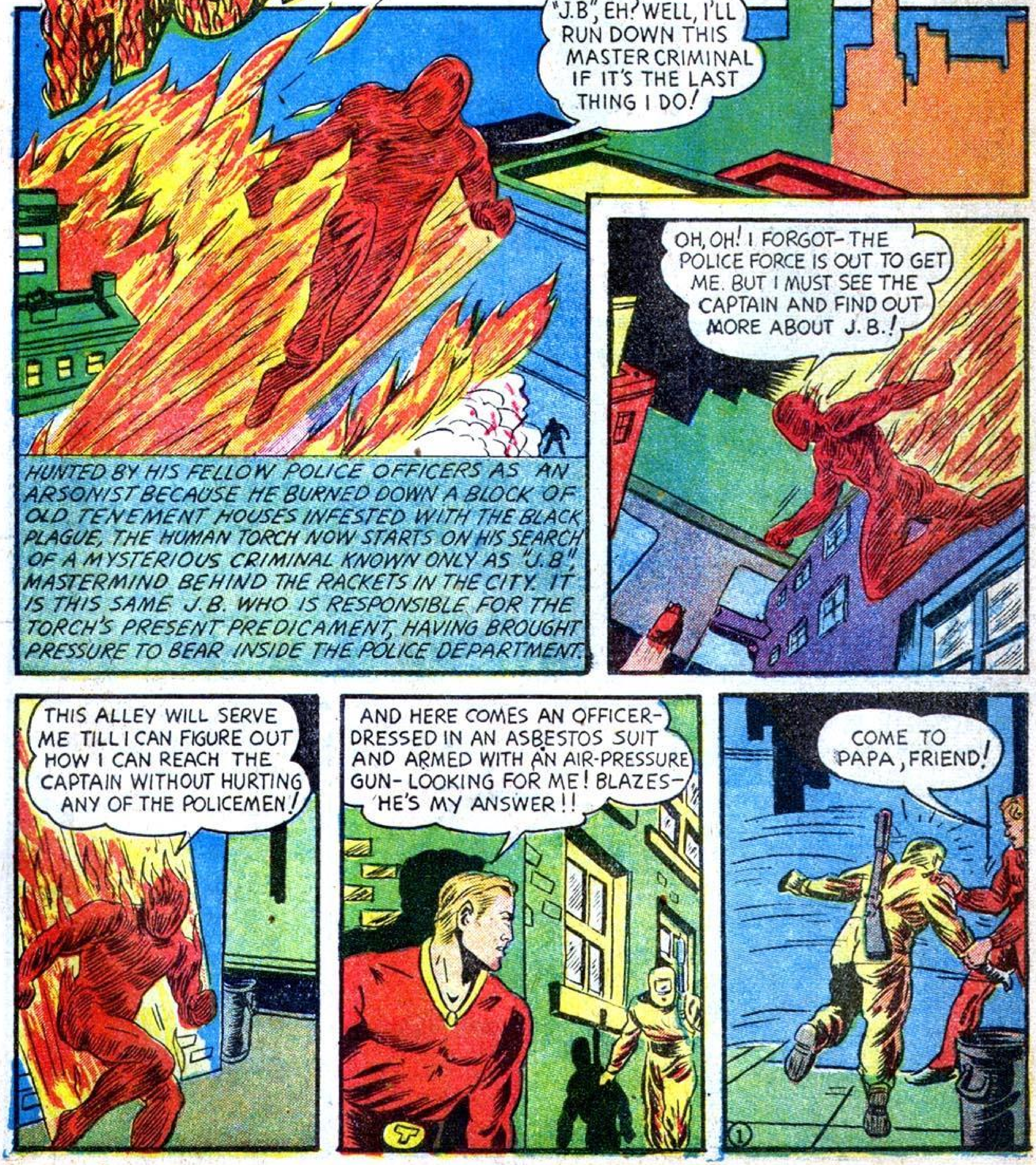

DARING MYSTERY COMICS
Starring MARVEL BOY NEW SENSATIONAL FEATURE
LIKE PLUNGING FURY, MARVEL BOY CRASHED INTO THEIR MIDST!!
MB
Introducing- MARVEL BOY
MB
DYNAMAN
THE FLYING FLAME
WHILE THE MADMAN, FEARING BUT ONE THING— THE ONLY MAN WHO DOES NOT QUAKE AND SHIVER AT THE MENTION OF THE KILLER— THE FIERY MASK,
THE FALCON
STUPORMAN
MONAKO
UPON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA MONAKO HAS HIS PREMIER AT THE ELITE THEATER OFF TIMES SQUARE...DURING THE ACT HE SPOTS A MAN, APPARENTLY DEAD
by Roy
TIGERMAN

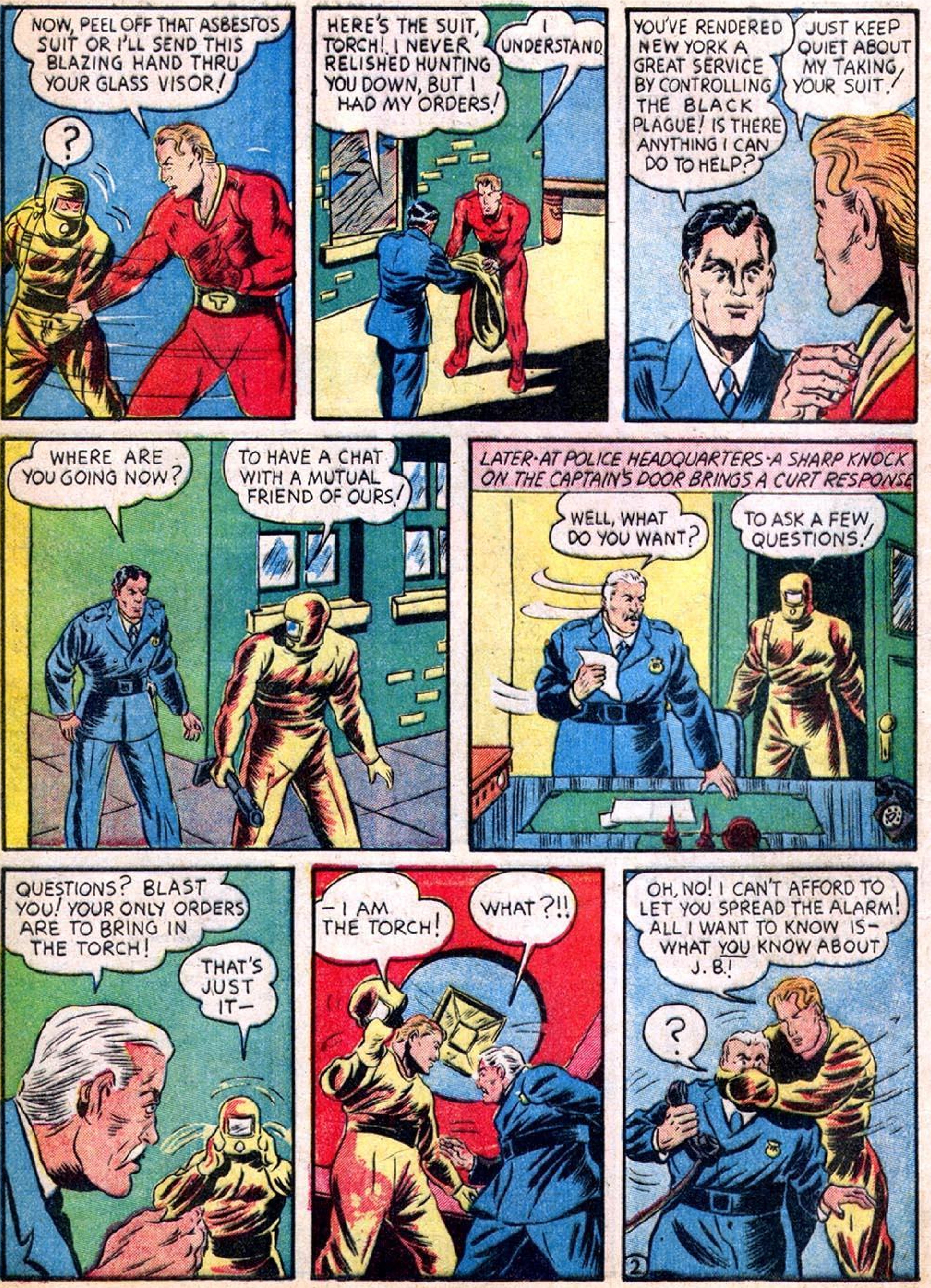
THIS BIG SMASHING ISSUE Now on SALE EVERYWHERE

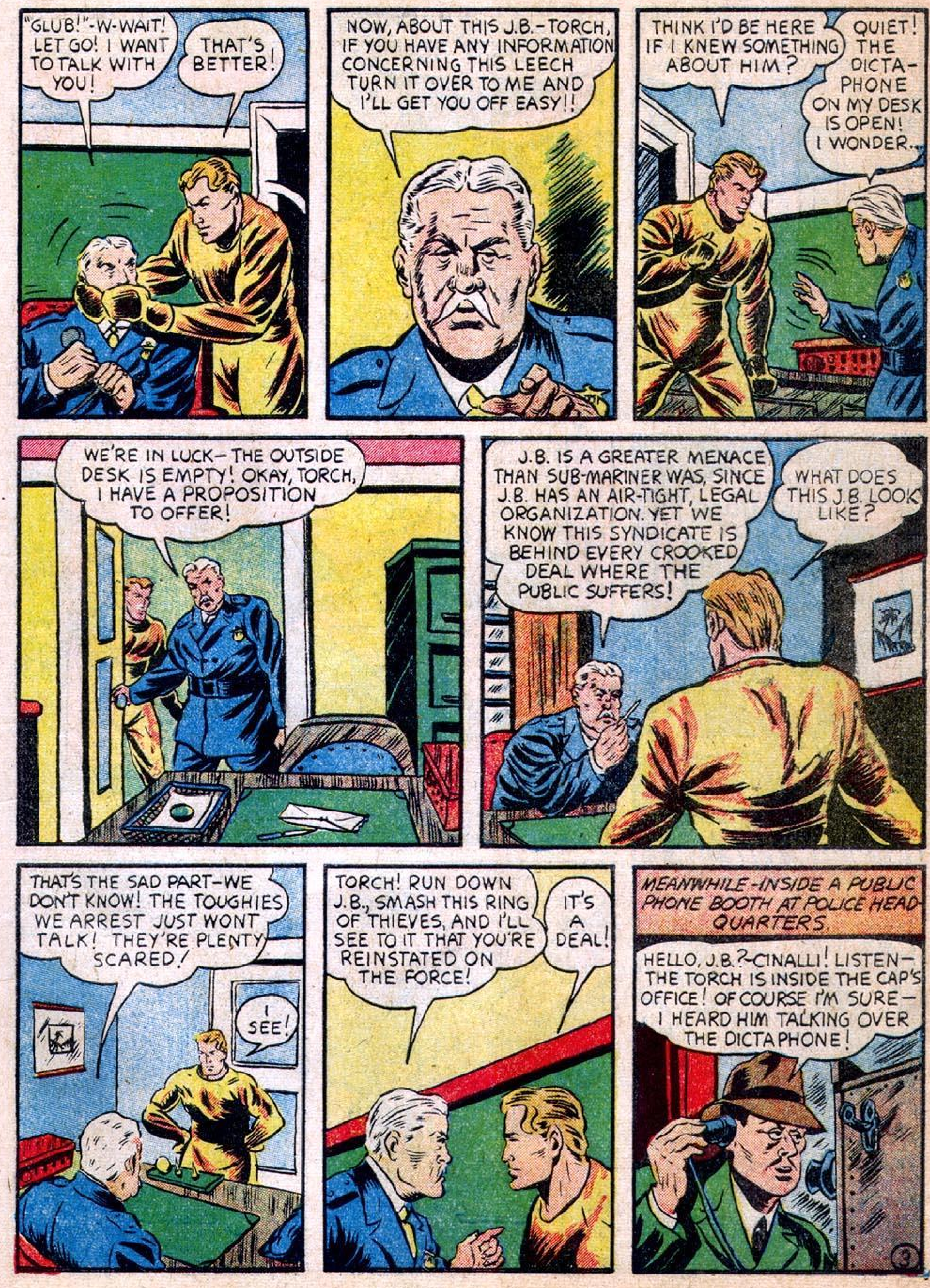
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by Timely Publications. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn. Contents copyright 1940 by Timely Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 12, Oct. 1940. Yearly subscription $1.00 in U. S. A. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising write Marvel Group.

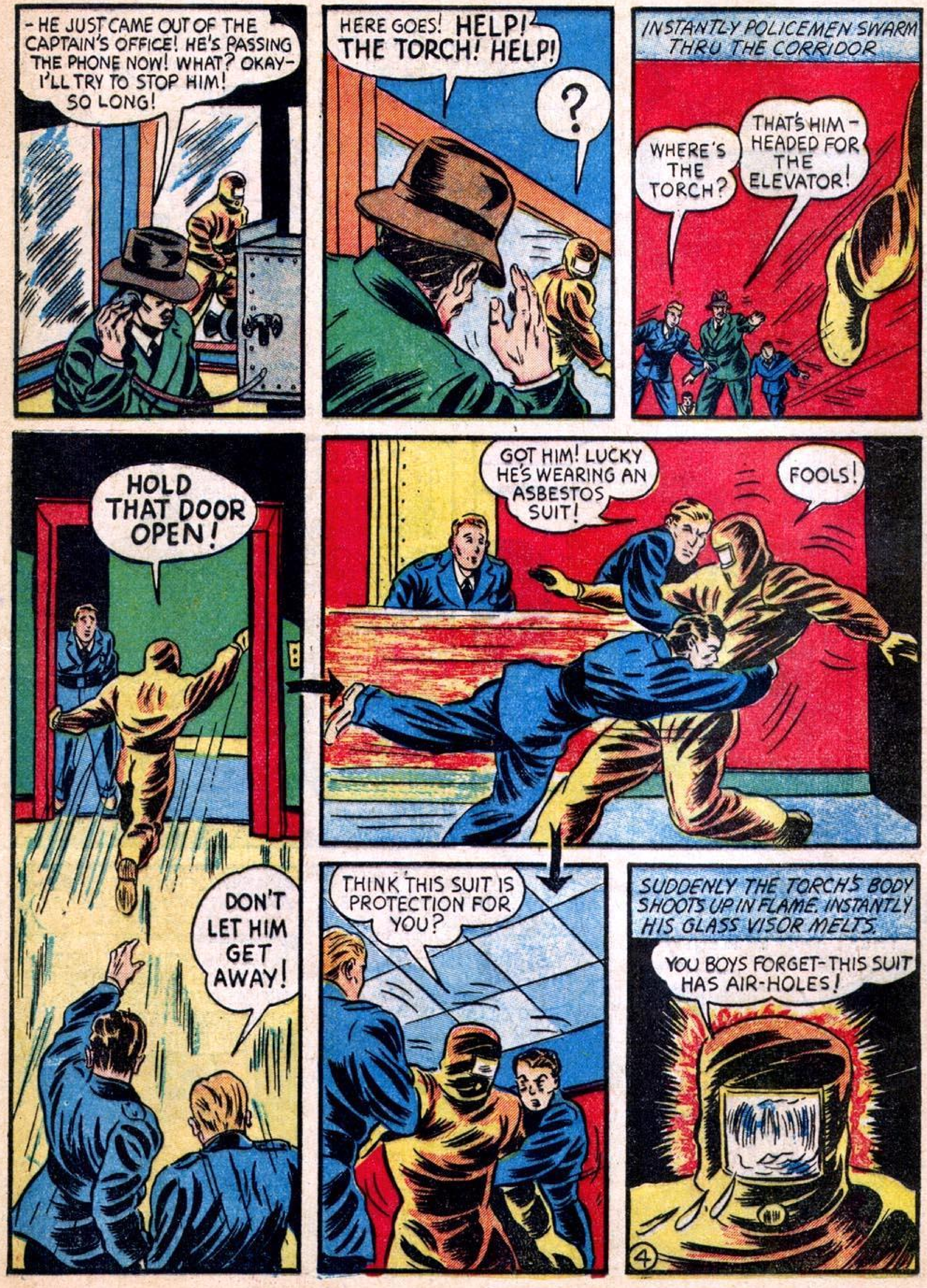
THE HUMAN TORCH

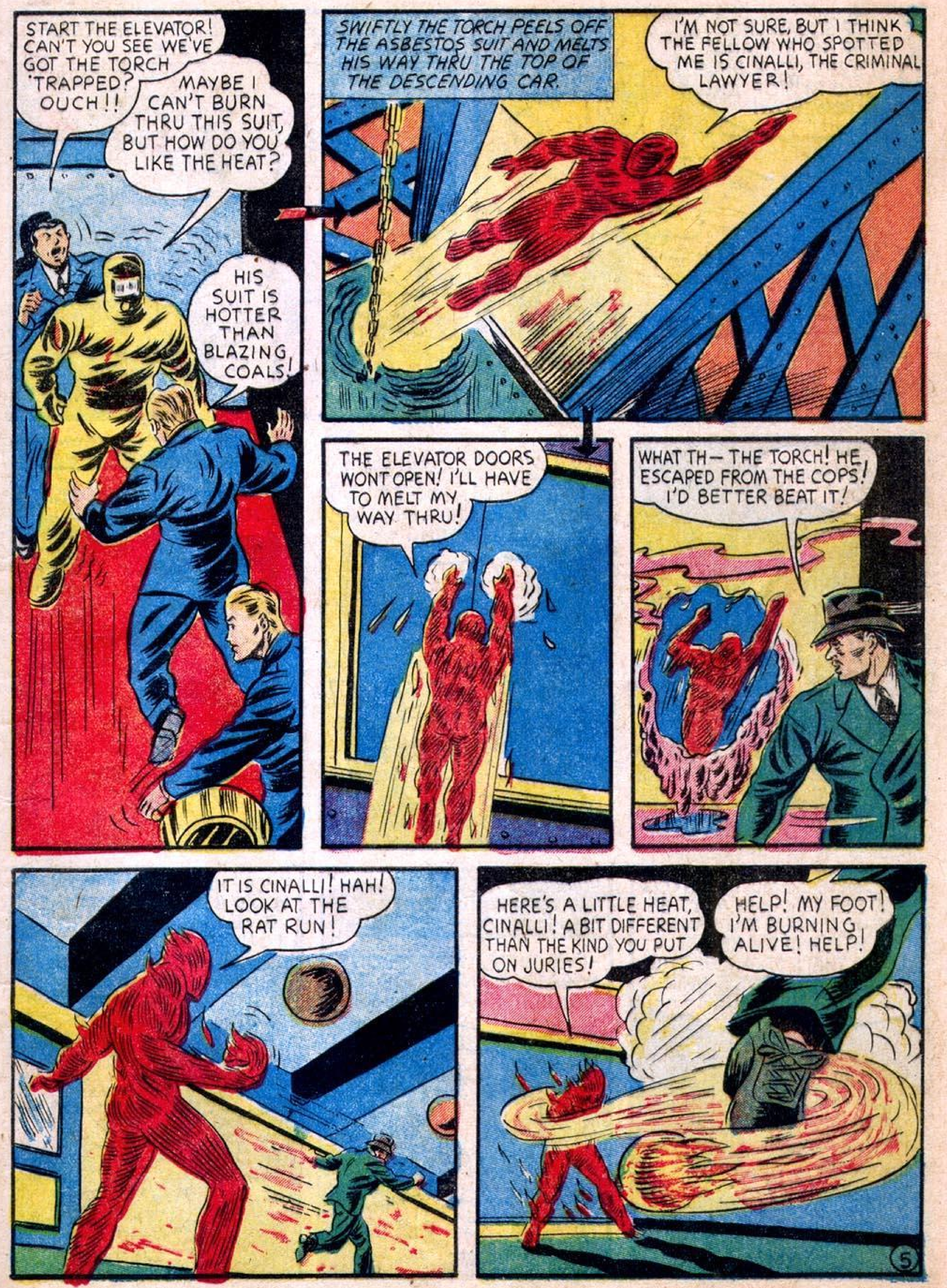
BY CARL BURGOS '40

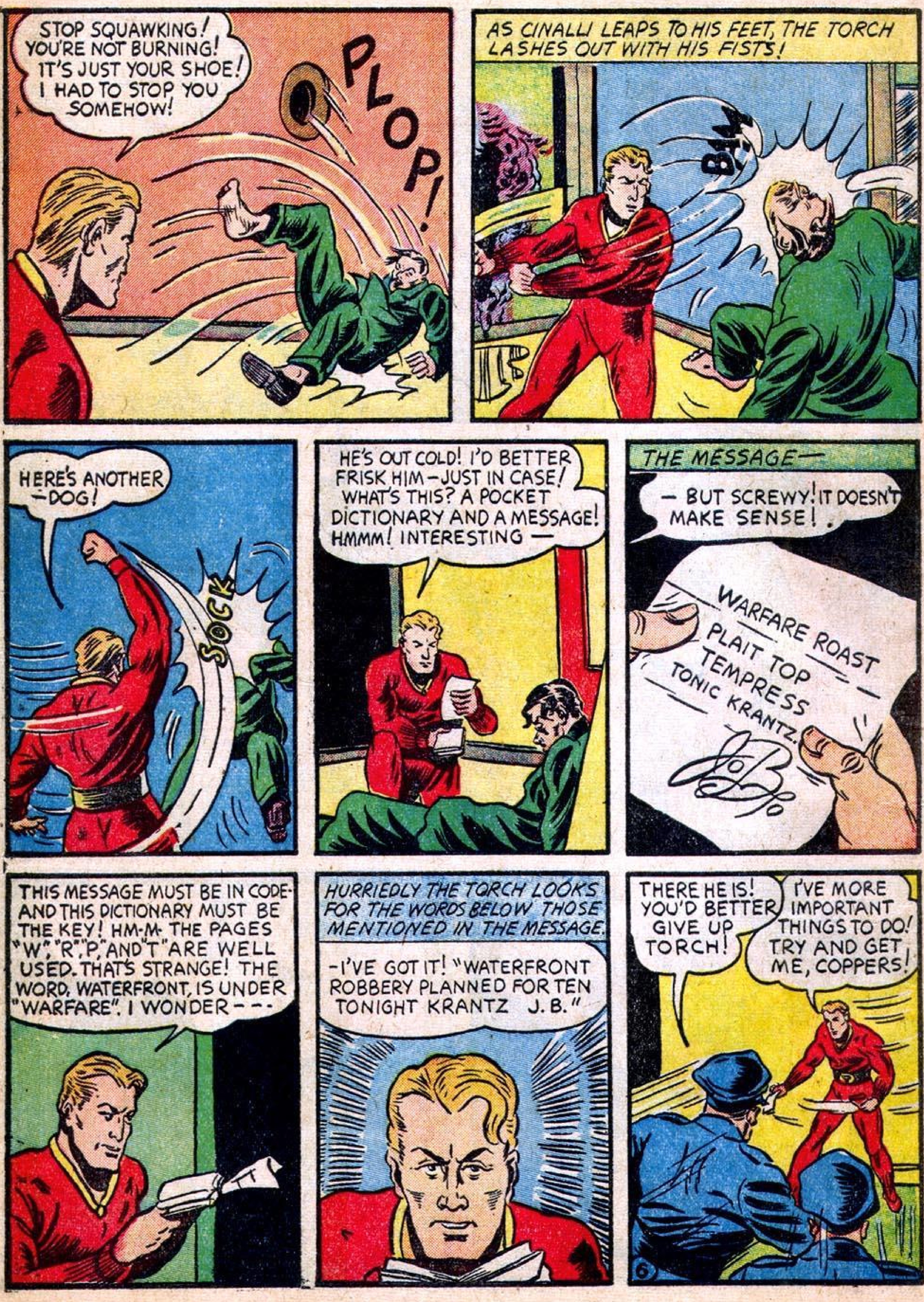

"J.B", EH? WELL, I'LL RUN DOWN THIS MASTER CRIMINAL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
HUNTED BY HIS FELLOW POLICE OFFICERS AS AN ARSONIST BECAUSE HE BURNED DOWN A BLOCK OF OLD TENEMENT HOUSES INFESTED WITH THE BLACK PLAGUE, THE HUMAN TORCH NOW STARTS ON HIS SEARCH OF A MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL KNOWN ONLY AS "J.B" MASTERMIND BEHIND THE RACKETS IN THE CITY. IT IS THIS SAME J.B. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TORCH'S PRESENT PREDICAMENT, HAVING BROUGHT PRESSURE TO BEAR INSIDE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.
OH, OH! I FORGOT- THE POLICE FORCE IS OUT TO GET ME. BUT I MUST SEE THE CAPTAIN AND FIND OUT MORE ABOUT J. B.!
THIS ALLEY WILL SERVE ME TILL I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW I CAN REACH THE CAPTAIN WITHOUT HURTING ANY OF THE POLICEMEN!
AND HERE COMES AN OFFICER- DRESSED IN AN ASBESTOS SUIT AND ARMED WITH AN AIR-PRESSURE GUN- LOOKING FOR ME! BLAZES- HE'S MY ANSWER!!
T
COME TO PAPA, FRIEND!
①

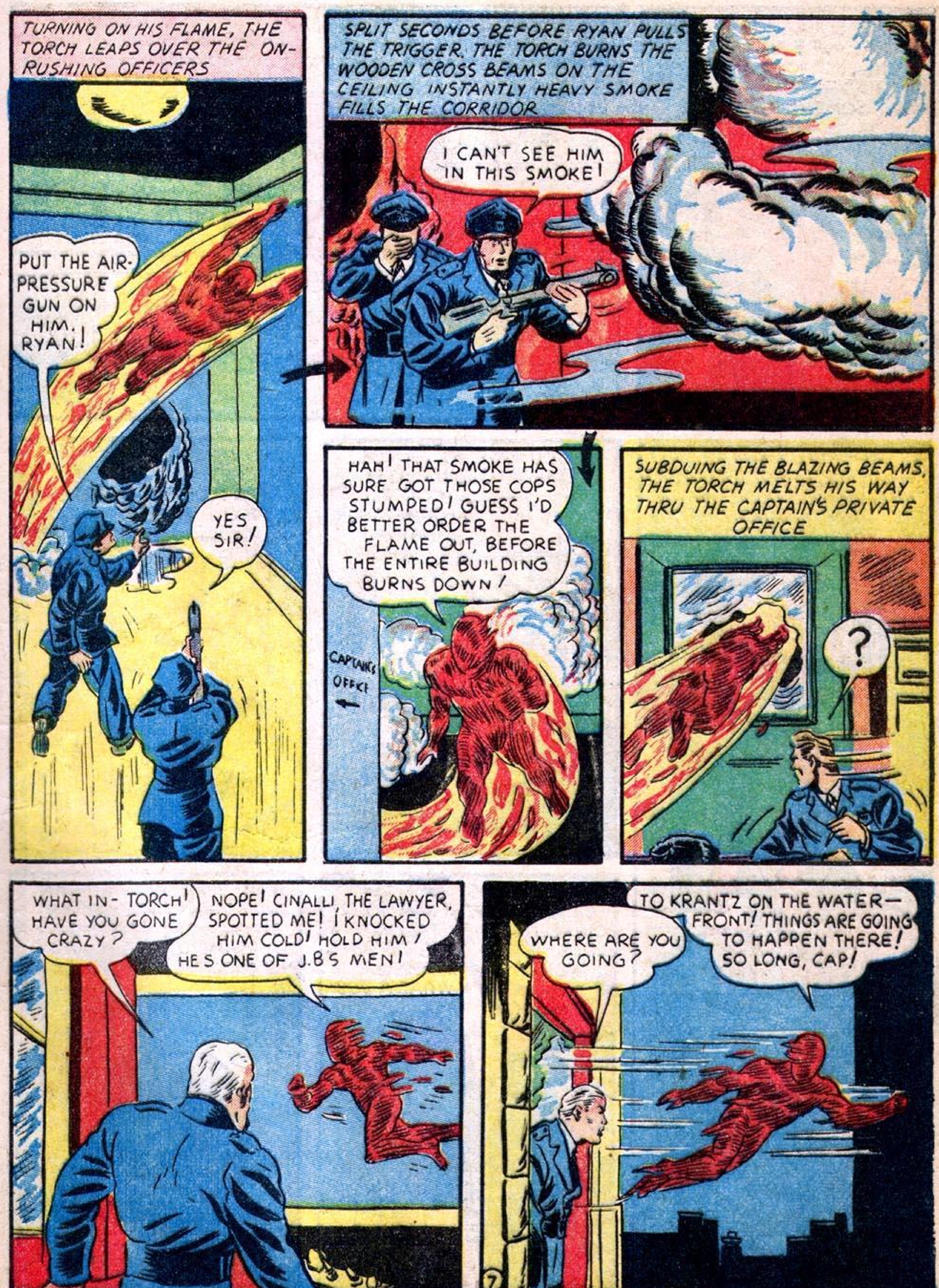

NOW, PEEL OFF THAT ASBESTOS SUIT OR I'LL SEND THIS BLAZING HAND THRU YOUR GLASS VISOR!
?
HERE'S THE SUIT, TORCH! I NEVER RELISHED HUNTING YOU DOWN, BUT I HAD MY ORDERS!
I UNDERSTAND.
YOU'VE RENDERED NEW YORK A GREAT SERVICE BY CONTROLLING THE BLACK PLAGUE! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP?
JUST KEEP QUIET ABOUT MY TAKING YOUR SUIT!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?
TO HAVE A CHAT WITH A MUTUAL FRIEND OF OURS!
LATER-AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS-A SHARP KNOCK ON THE CAPTAIN'S DOOR BRINGS A CURT RESPONSE
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS!
QUESTIONS? BLAST YOU! YOUR ONLY ORDERS ARE TO BRING IN THE TORCH!
THAT'S JUST IT—
—I AM THE TORCH!
WHAT?!!
OH, NO! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET YOU SPREAD THE ALARM! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS— WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT J. B.!
?
2

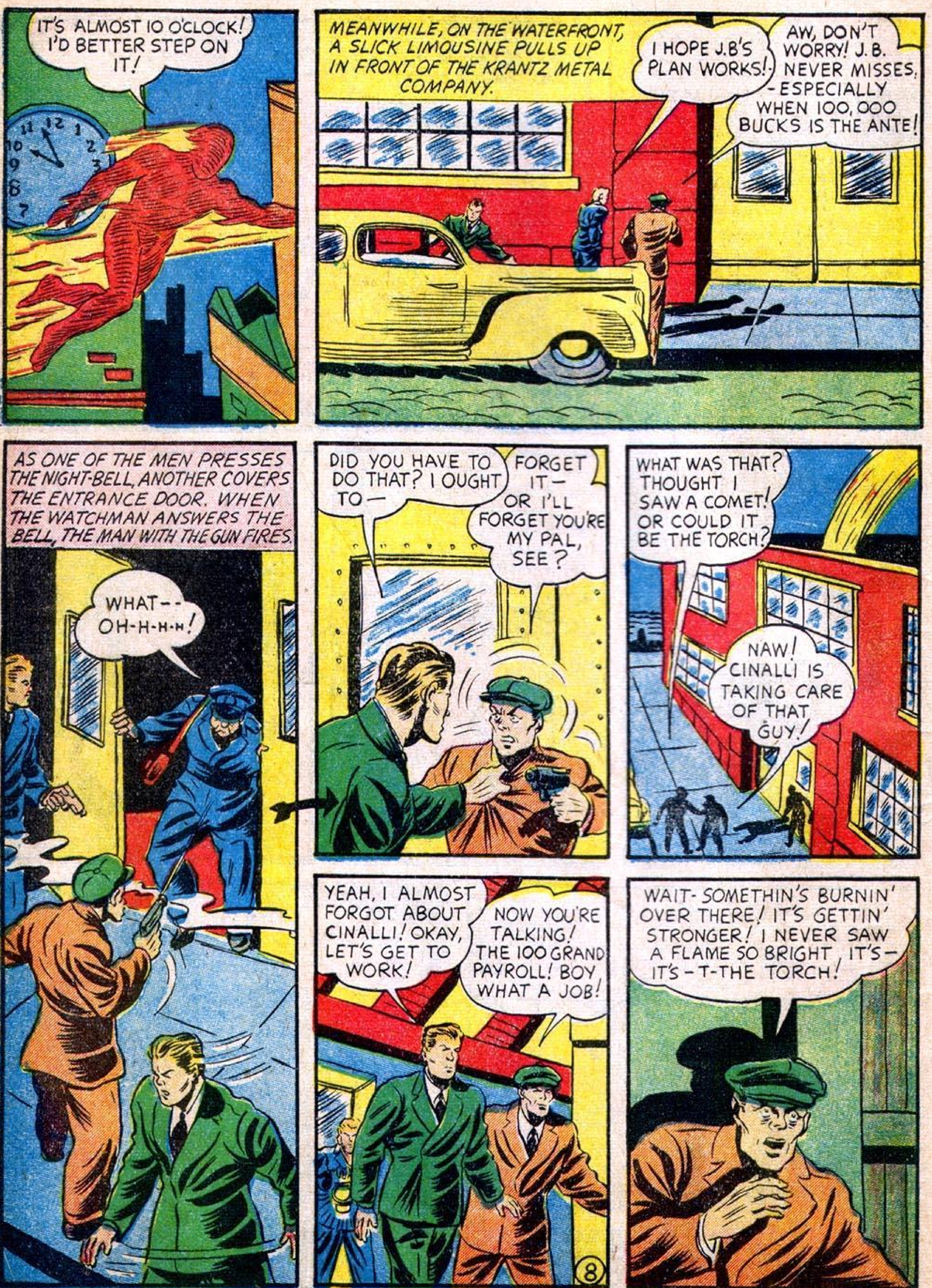

"GLUB!"-W-WAIT! LET GO! I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!
THAT'S BETTER!
NOW, ABOUT THIS J.B.-TORCH, IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS LEECH TURN IT OVER TO ME AND I'LL GET YOU OFF EASY!!
THINK I'D BE HERE IF I KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT HIM?
QUIET! THE DICTAPHONE ON MY DESK IS OPEN! I WONDER...
WE'RE IN LUCK-THE OUTSIDE DESK IS EMPTY! OKAY, TORCH, I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO OFFER!
J.B. IS A GREATER MENACE THAN SUB-MARINER WAS, SINCE J.B. HAS AN AIR-TIGHT, LEGAL ORGANIZATION. YET WE KNOW THIS SYNDICATE IS BEHIND EVERY CROOKED DEAL WHERE THE PUBLIC SUFFERS!
WHAT DOES THIS J.B. LOOK LIKE?
THAT'S THE SAD PART-WE DON'T KNOW! THE TOUGHIES WE ARREST JUST WONT TALK! THEY'RE PLENTY SCARED!
I SEE!
TORCH! RUN DOWN J.B., SMASH THIS RING OF THIEVES, AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE REINSTATED ON THE FORCE!
IT'S A DEAL!
MEANWHILE-INSIDE A PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
HELLO, J.B.?-CINALLI! LISTEN-THE TORCH IS INSIDE THE CAP'S OFFICE! OF COURSE I'M SURE-I HEARD HIM TALKING OVER THE DICTAPHONE!

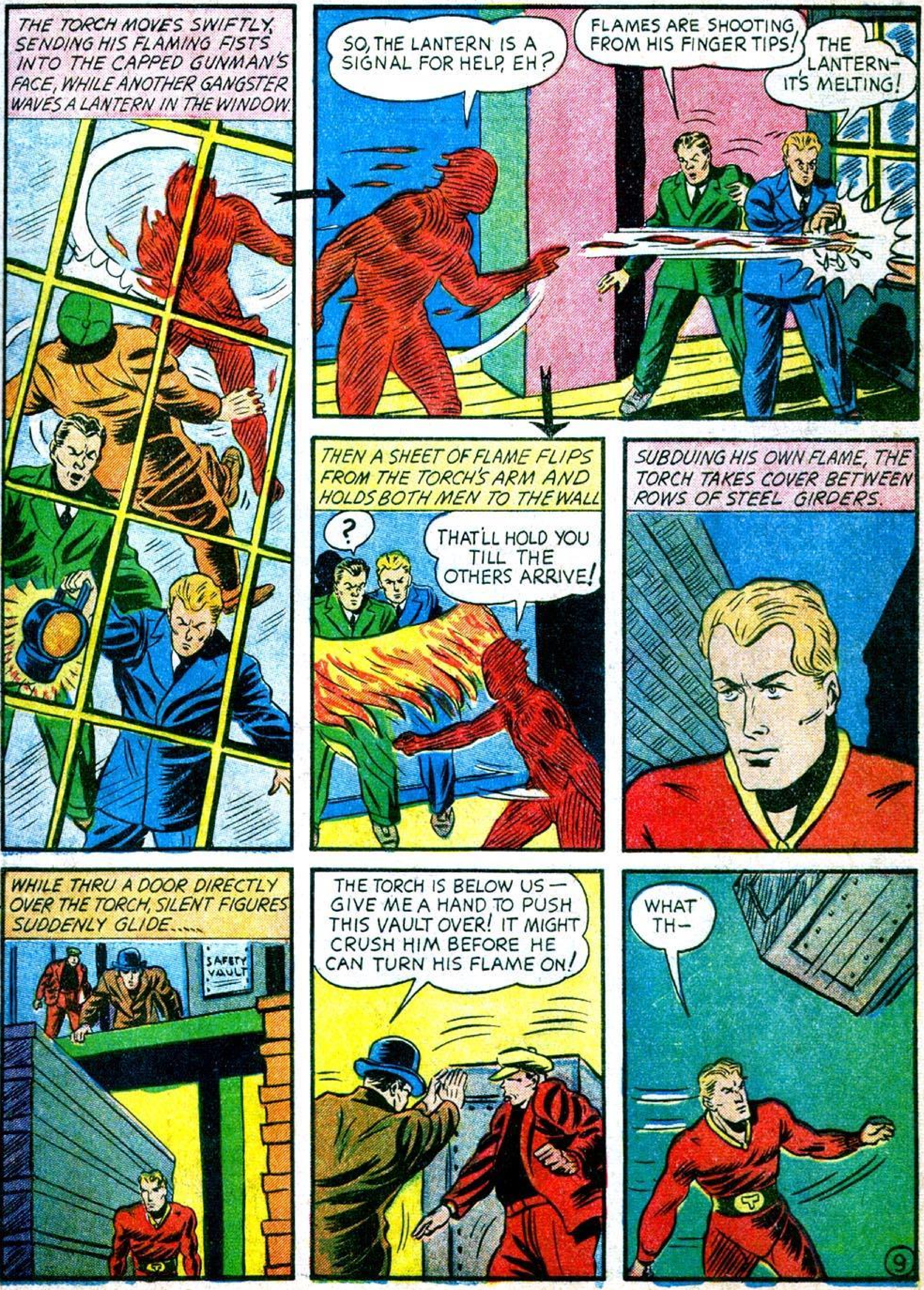

- HE JUST CAME OUT OF THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE! HE'S PASSING THE PHONE NOW! WHAT? OKAY- I'LL TRY TO STOP HIM! SO LONG!
HERE GOES! HELP! THE TORCH! HELP!
?
INSTANTLY POLICEMEN SWARM THRU THE CORRIDOR
WHERE'S THE TORCH?
THAT'S HIM - HEADED FOR THE ELEVATOR!
HOLD THAT DOOR OPEN!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
GOT HIM! LUCKY HE'S WEARING AN ASBESTOS SUIT!
FOOLS!
THINK THIS SUIT IS PROTECTION FOR YOU?
SUDDENLY THE TORCH'S BODY SHOOTS UP IN FLAME. INSTANTLY HIS GLASS VISOR MELTS.
YOU BOYS FORGET-THIS SUIT HAS AIR-HOLES!
4

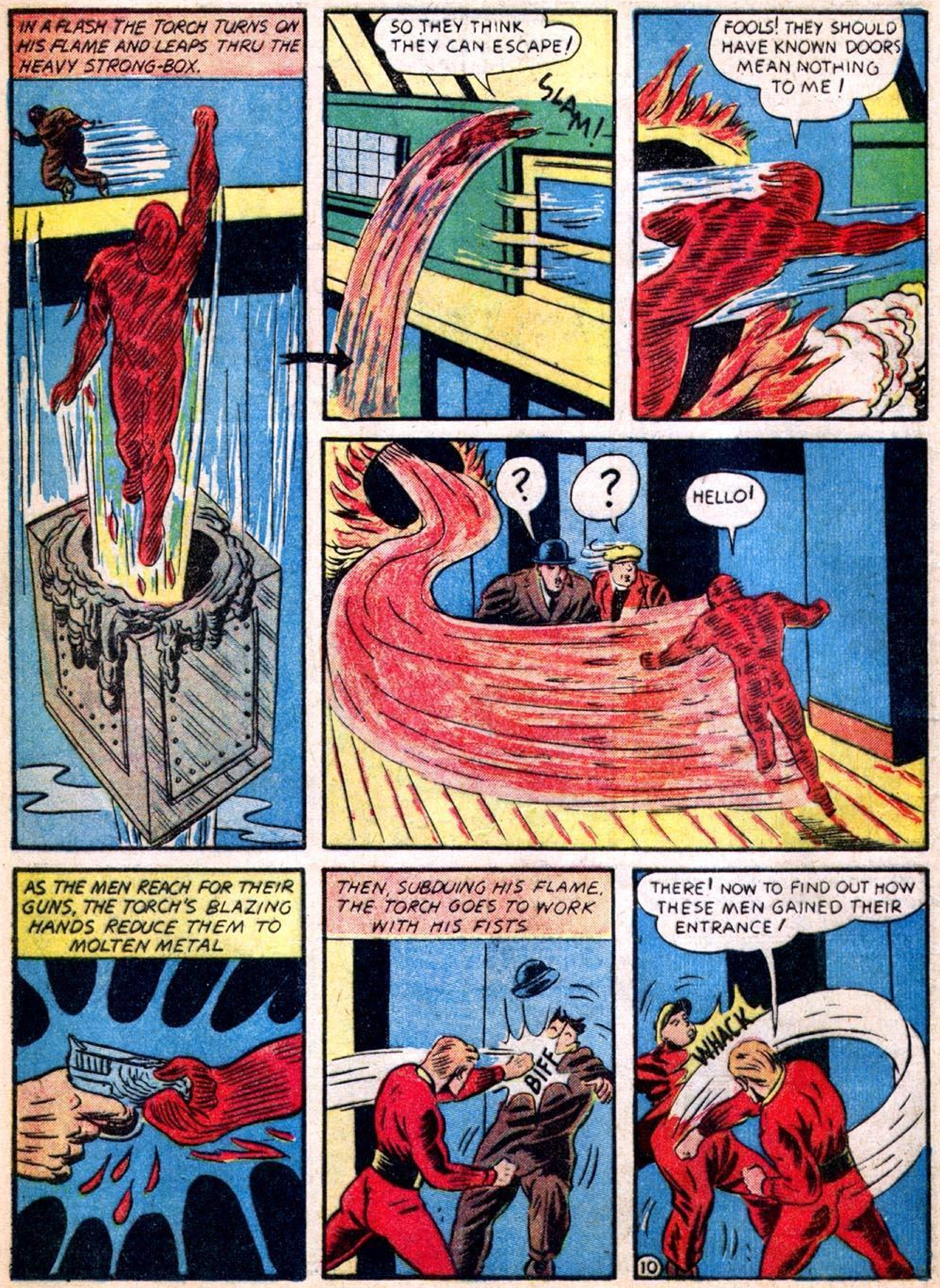

START THE ELEVATOR! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'VE GOT THE TORCH 'TRAPPED? OUCH!!
MAYBE I CAN'T BURN THRU THIS SUIT, BUT HOW DO YOU LIKE THE HEAT?
HIS SUIT IS HOTTER THAN BLAZING COALS!
SWIFTLY THE TORCH PEELS OFF THE ASBESTOS SUIT AND MELTS HIS WAY THRU THE TOP OF THE DESCENDING CAR.
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THE FELLOW WHO SPOTTED ME IS CINALLI, THE CRIMINAL LAWYER!
THE ELEVATOR DOORS WONT OPEN! I'LL HAVE TO MELT MY WAY THRU!
WHAT TH— THE TORCH! HE ESCAPED FROM THE COPS! I'D BETTER BEAT IT!
IT IS CINALLI! HAH! LOOK AT THE RAT RUN!
HERE'S A LITTLE HEAT, CINALLI! A BIT DIFFERENT THAN THE KIND YOU PUT ON JURIES!
HELP! MY FOOT! I'M BURNING ALIVE! HELP!

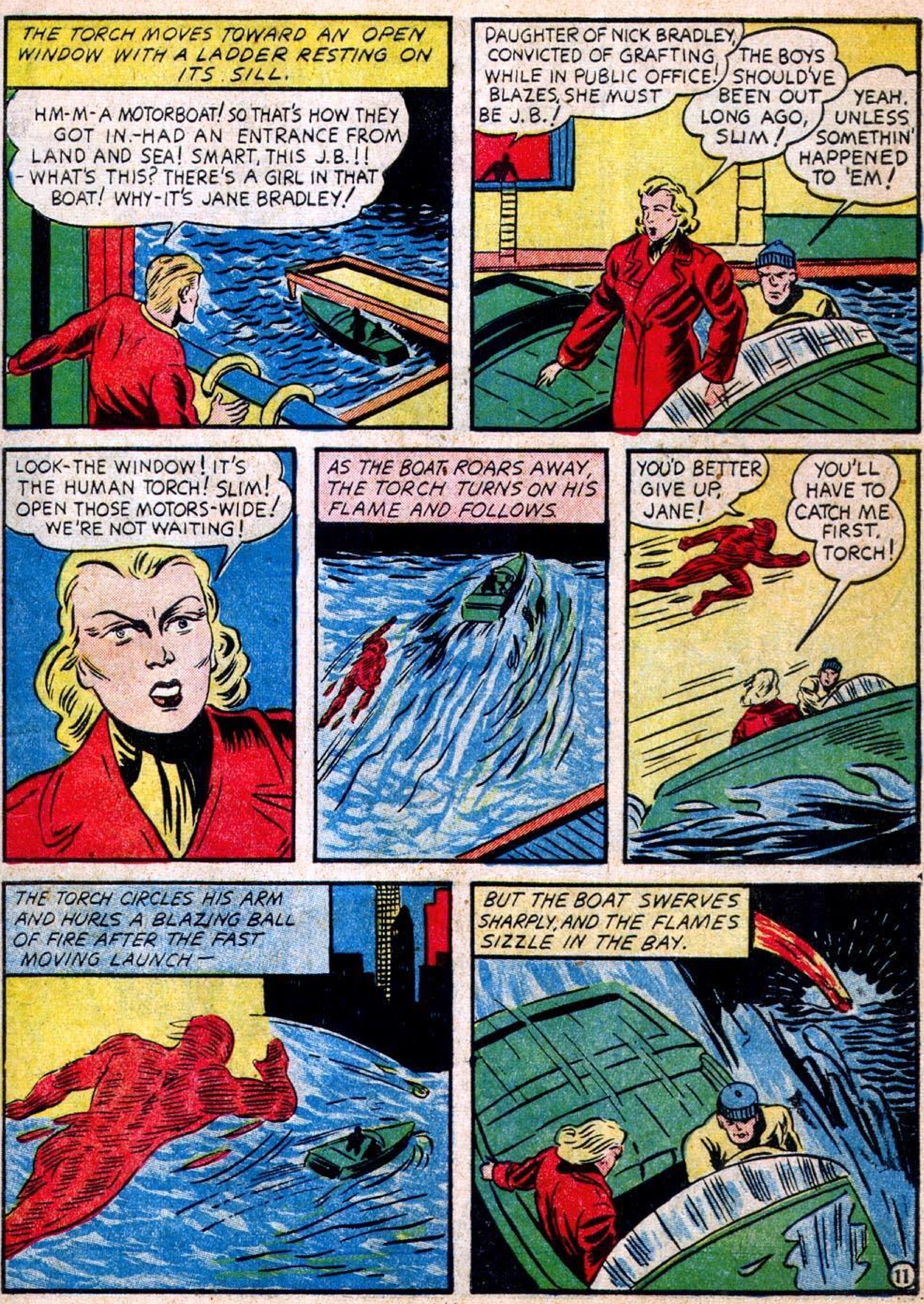

STOP SQUAWKING! YOU'RE NOT BURNING! IT'S JUST YOUR SHOE! I HAD TO STOP YOU SOMEHOW!
PLOP!
AS CINALLI LEAPS TO HIS FEET, THE TORCH LASHES OUT WITH HIS FISTS!
BAM
HERE'S ANOTHER —DOG!
SOCK
HE'S OUT COLD! I'D BETTER FRISK HIM—JUST IN CASE! WHAT'S THIS? A POCKET DICTIONARY AND A MESSAGE! HMMM! INTERESTING—
THE MESSAGE—
—BUT SCREWY! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
WARFARE ROAST
PLAIT TOP
TEMPRESS
TONIC KRANTZ.
THIS MESSAGE MUST BE IN CODE-AND THIS DICTIONARY MUST BE THE KEY! HM-M- THE PAGES "W","R","P,"AND"T"ARE WELL USED. THAT'S STRANGE! THE WORD, WATERFRONT, IS UNDER "WARFARE". I WONDER---
HURRIEDLY THE TORCH LOOKS FOR THE WORDS BELOW THOSE MENTIONED IN THE MESSAGE.
-I'VE GOT IT! "WATERFRONT ROBBERY PLANNED FOR TEN TONIGHT KRANTZ J. B."
THERE HE IS! YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP TORCH!
I'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO! TRY AND GET ME, COPPERS!
6

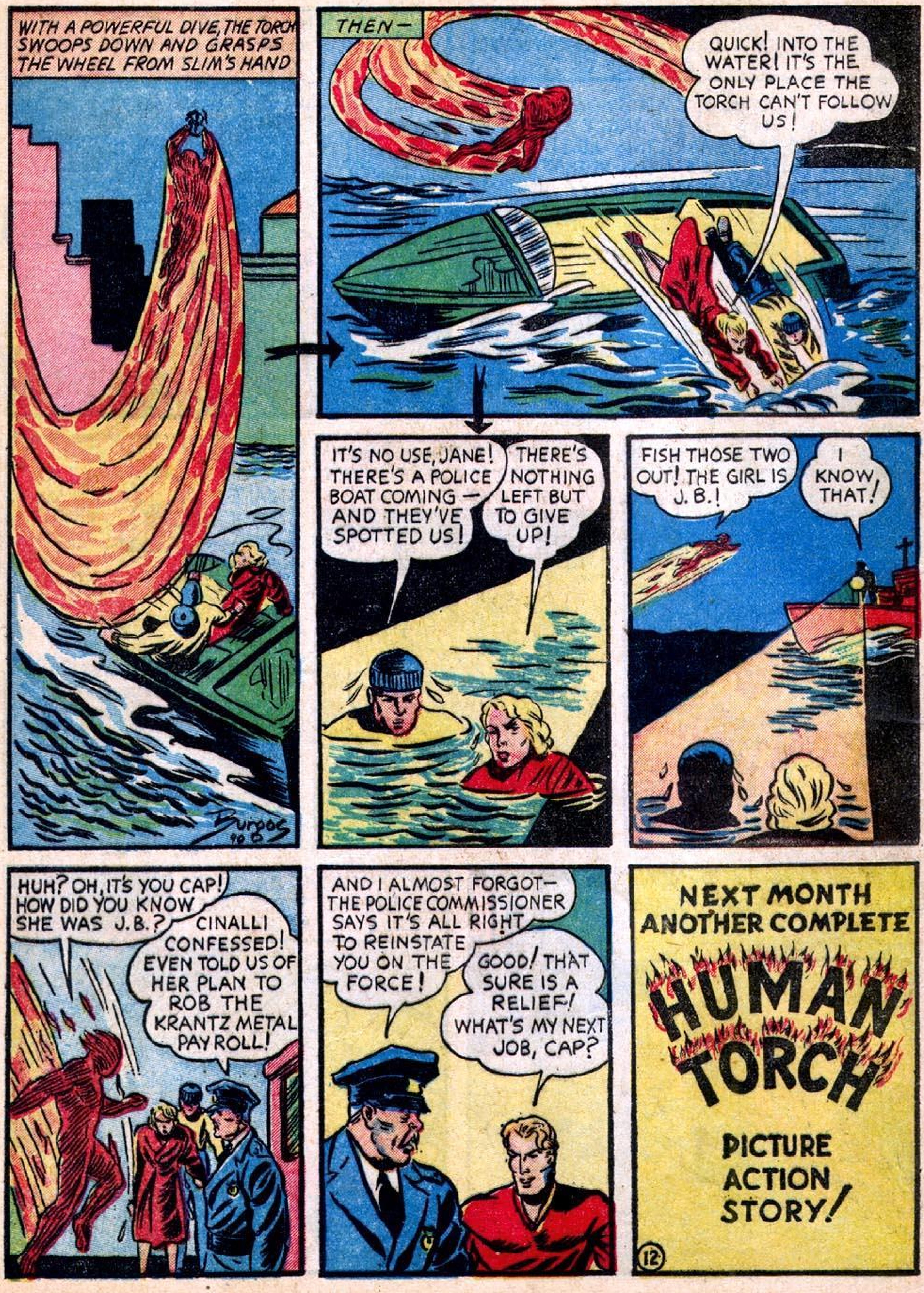

TURNING ON HIS FLAME, THE TORCH LEAPS OVER THE ON-RUSHING OFFICERS
PUT THE AIR-PRESSURE GUN ON HIM, RYAN!
YES SIR!
SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE RYAN PULLS THE TRIGGER, THE TORCH BURNS THE WOODEN CROSS BEAMS ON THE CEILING. INSTANTLY HEAVY SMOKE FILLS THE CORRIDOR
I CAN'T SEE HIM IN THIS SMOKE!
HAH! THAT SMOKE HAS SURE GOT THOSE COPS STUMPED! GUESS I'D BETTER ORDER THE FLAME OUT, BEFORE THE ENTIRE BUILDING BURNS DOWN!
CAPTAIN'S OFFICE
SUBDUING THE BLAZING BEAMS, THE TORCH MELTS HIS WAY THRU THE CAPTAIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE
?
WHAT IN- TORCH! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?
NOPE! CINALLI, THE LAWYER, SPOTTED ME! I KNOCKED HIM COLD! HOLD HIM! HE'S ONE OF J.B'S MEN!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO KRANTZ ON THE WATER-FRONT! THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN THERE! SO LONG, CAP!

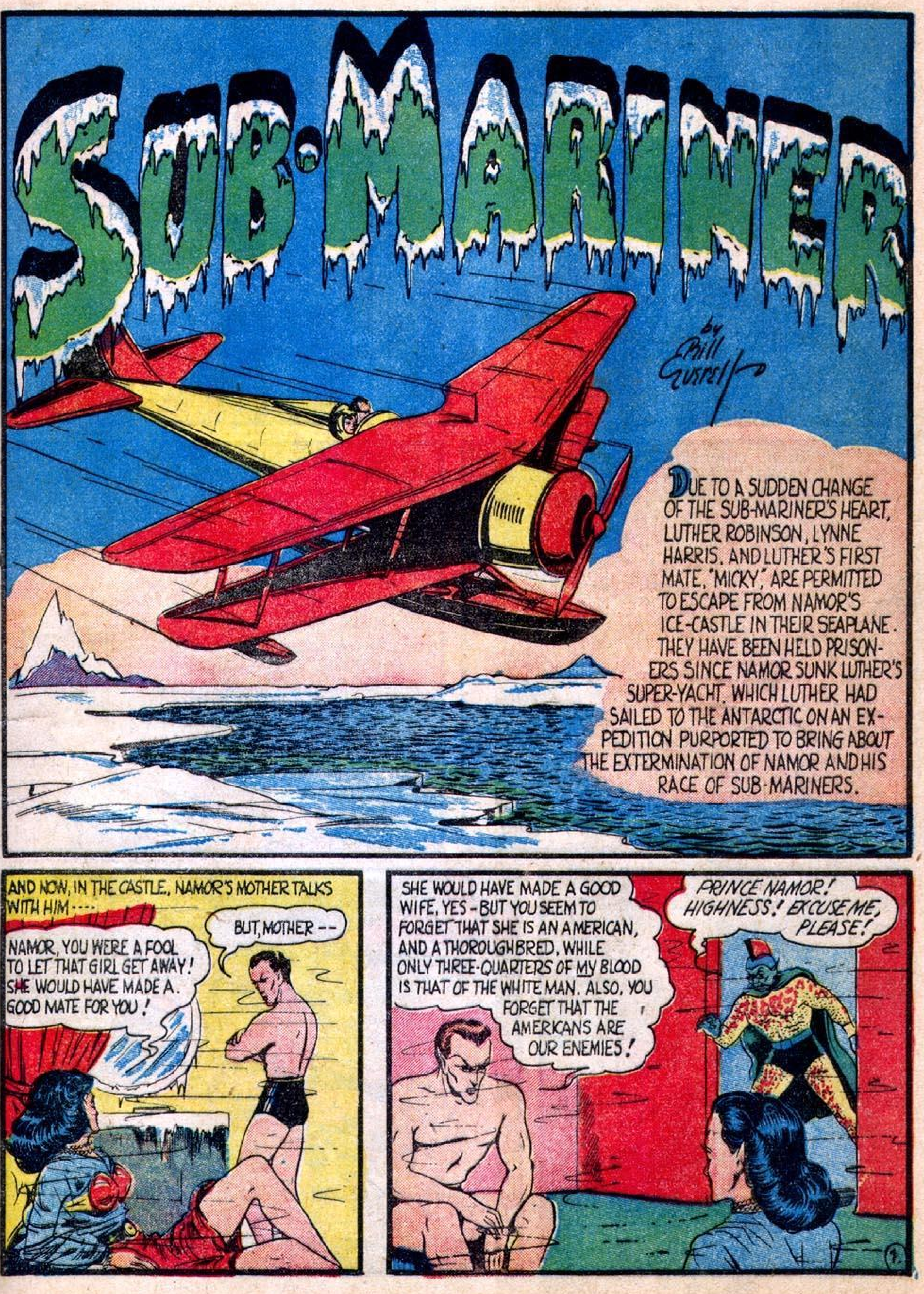

IT'S ALMOST 10 O'CLOCK! I'D BETTER STEP ON IT!
MEANWHILE, ON THE WATERFRONT, A SLICK LIMOUSINE PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE KRANTZ METAL COMPANY.
I HOPE J.B'S PLAN WORKS!
AW, DON'T WORRY! J.B. NEVER MISSES. - ESPECIALLY WHEN 100,000 BUCKS IS THE ANTE!
AS ONE OF THE MEN PRESSES THE NIGHT-BELL, ANOTHER COVERS THE ENTRANCE DOOR. WHEN THE WATCHMAN ANSWERS THE BELL, THE MAN WITH THE GUN FIRES.
WHAT-- OH-H-H-H!
DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT? I OUGHT TO—
FORGET IT— OR I'LL FORGET YOU'RE MY PAL, SEE?
WHAT WAS THAT? THOUGHT I SAW A COMET! OR COULD IT BE THE TORCH?
NAW! CINALLI IS TAKING CARE OF THAT GUY!
YEAH, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT CINALLI! OKAY, LET'S GET TO WORK!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! THE 100 GRAND PAYROLL! BOY WHAT A JOB!
WAIT- SOMETHIN'S BURNIN' OVER THERE! IT'S GETTIN' STRONGER! I NEVER SAW A FLAME SO BRIGHT, IT'S— IT'S - T-THE TORCH!

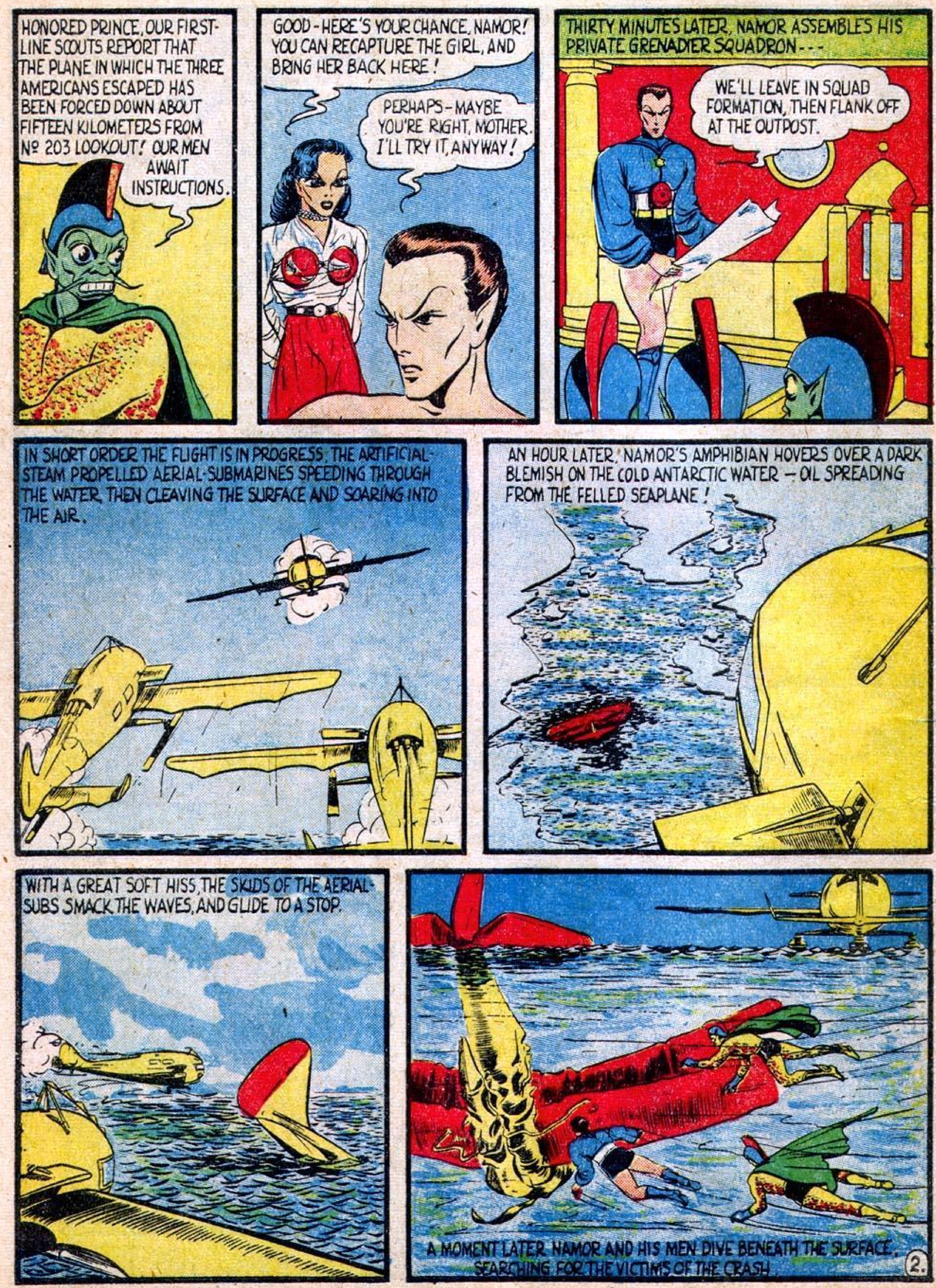

THE TORCH MOVES SWIFTLY, SENDING HIS FLAMING FISTS INTO THE CAPPED GUNMAN'S FACE, WHILE ANOTHER GANGSTER WAVES A LANTERN IN THE WINDOW.
SO, THE LANTERN IS A SIGNAL FOR HELP, EH?
FLAMES ARE SHOOTING FROM HIS FINGER TIPS!
THE LANTERN— IT'S MELTING!
THEN A SHEET OF FLAME FLIPS FROM THE TORCH'S ARM AND HOLDS BOTH MEN TO THE WALL
?
THAT'LL HOLD YOU TILL THE OTHERS ARRIVE!
SUBDUING HIS OWN FLAME, THE TORCH TAKES COVER BETWEEN ROWS OF STEEL GIRDERS.
WHILE THRU A DOOR DIRECTLY OVER THE TORCH, SILENT FIGURES SUDDENLY GLIDE.....
SAFETY VAULT
THE TORCH IS BELOW US — GIVE ME A HAND TO PUSH THIS VAULT OVER! IT MIGHT CRUSH HIM BEFORE HE CAN TURN HIS FLAME ON!
WHAT TH—

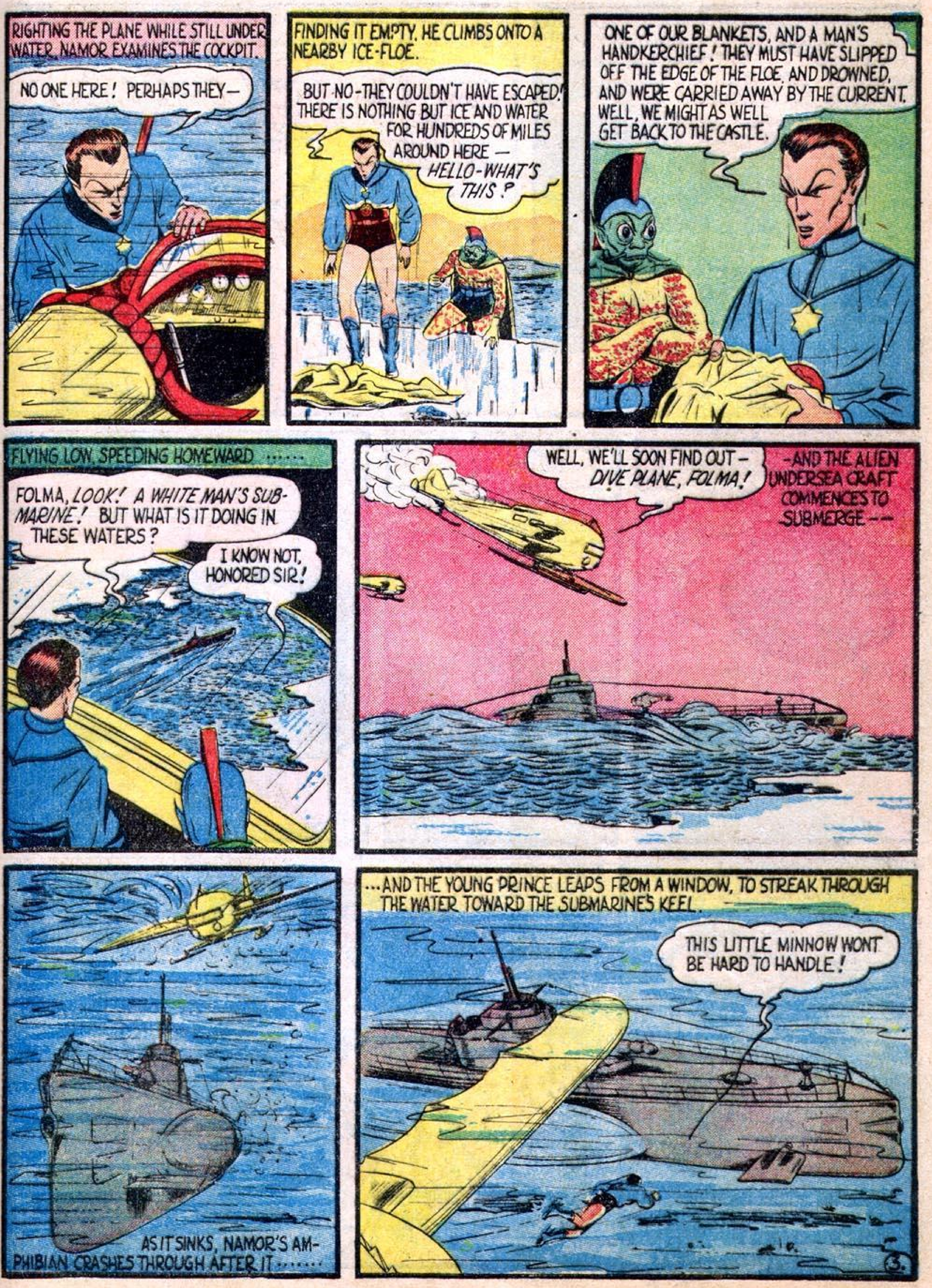

IN A FLASH THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS THRU THE HEAVY STRONG-BOX.
SO THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE!
SLAM!
FOOLS! THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN DOORS MEAN NOTHING TO ME!
?
?
HELLO!
AS THE MEN REACH FOR THEIR GUNS, THE TORCH'S BLAZING HANDS REDUCE THEM TO MOLTEN METAL
THEN, SUBDUING HIS FLAME, THE TORCH GOES TO WORK WITH HIS FISTS
BIFF
THERE! NOW TO FIND OUT HOW THESE MEN GAINED THEIR ENTRANCE!
WHACK

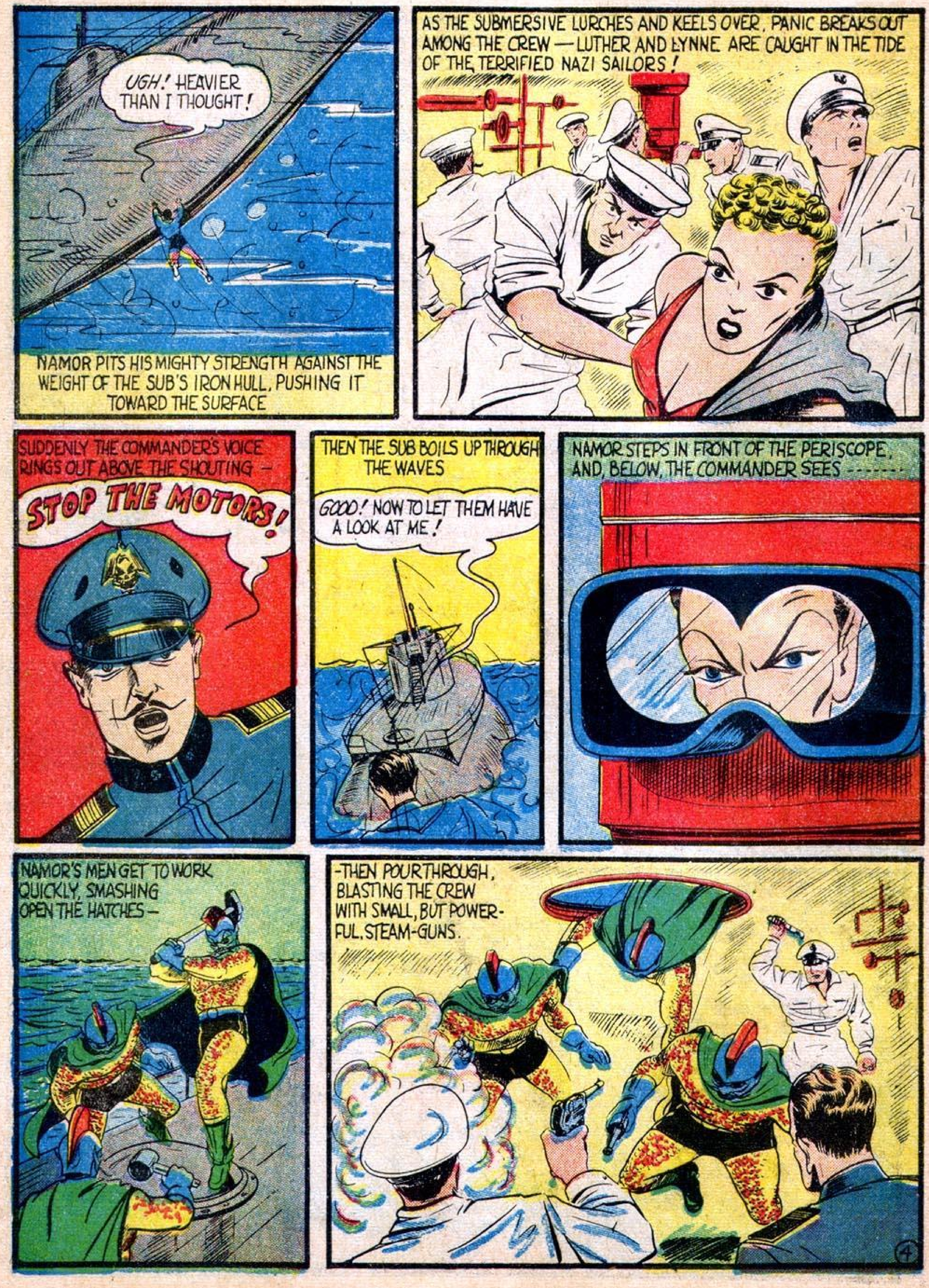

THE TORCH MOVES TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW WITH A LADDER RESTING ON ITS SILL.
HM-M-A MOTORBOAT! SO THAT'S HOW THEY GOT IN.-HAD AN ENTRANCE FROM LAND AND SEA! SMART, THIS J.B.!! - WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S A GIRL IN THAT BOAT! WHY-IT'S JANE BRADLEY!
DAUGHTER OF NICK BRADLEY, CONVICTED OF GRAFTING WHILE IN PUBLIC OFFICE! BLAZES, SHE MUST BE J.B.!
THE BOYS SHOULD'VE BEEN OUT LONG AGO, SLIM!
YEAH. UNLESS SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO 'EM!
LOOK-THE WINDOW! IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! SLIM! OPEN THOSE MOTORS-WIDE! WE'RE NOT WAITING!
AS THE BOAT ROARS AWAY, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND FOLLOWS.
YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, JANE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, TORCH!
THE TORCH CIRCLES HIS ARM AND HURLS A BLAZING BALL OF FIRE AFTER THE FAST MOVING LAUNCH—
BUT THE BOAT SWERVES SHARPLY, AND THE FLAMES SIZZLE IN THE BAY.

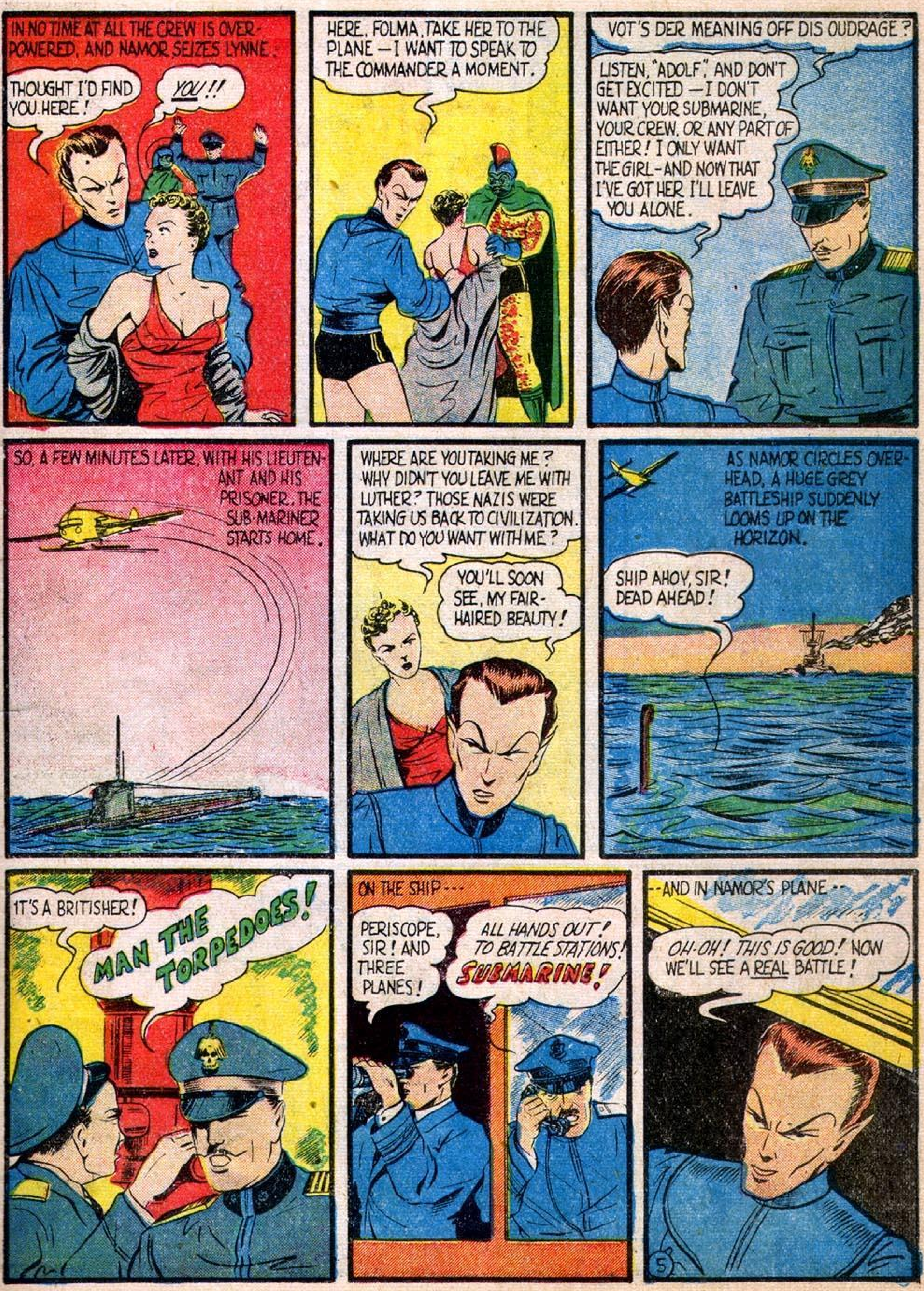

WITH A POWERFUL DIVE, THE TORCH SWOOPS DOWN AND GRASPS THE WHEEL FROM SLIM'S HAND
Burgos 40
THEN—
QUICK! INTO THE WATER! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE THE TORCH CAN'T FOLLOW US!
IT'S NO USE, JANE! THERE'S A POLICE BOAT COMING — AND THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT TO GIVE UP!
FISH THOSE TWO OUT! THE GIRL IS J.B.!
I KNOW THAT!
HUH? OH, IT'S YOU CAP! HOW DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS J.B.?
CINALLI CONFESSED! EVEN TOLD US OF HER PLAN TO ROB THE KRANTZ METAL PAYROLL!
AND I ALMOST FORGOT— THE POLICE COMMISSIONER SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT TO REINSTATE YOU ON THE FORCE!
GOOD! THAT SURE IS A RELIEF! WHAT'S MY NEXT JOB, CAP?
NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE ACTION STORY!
12

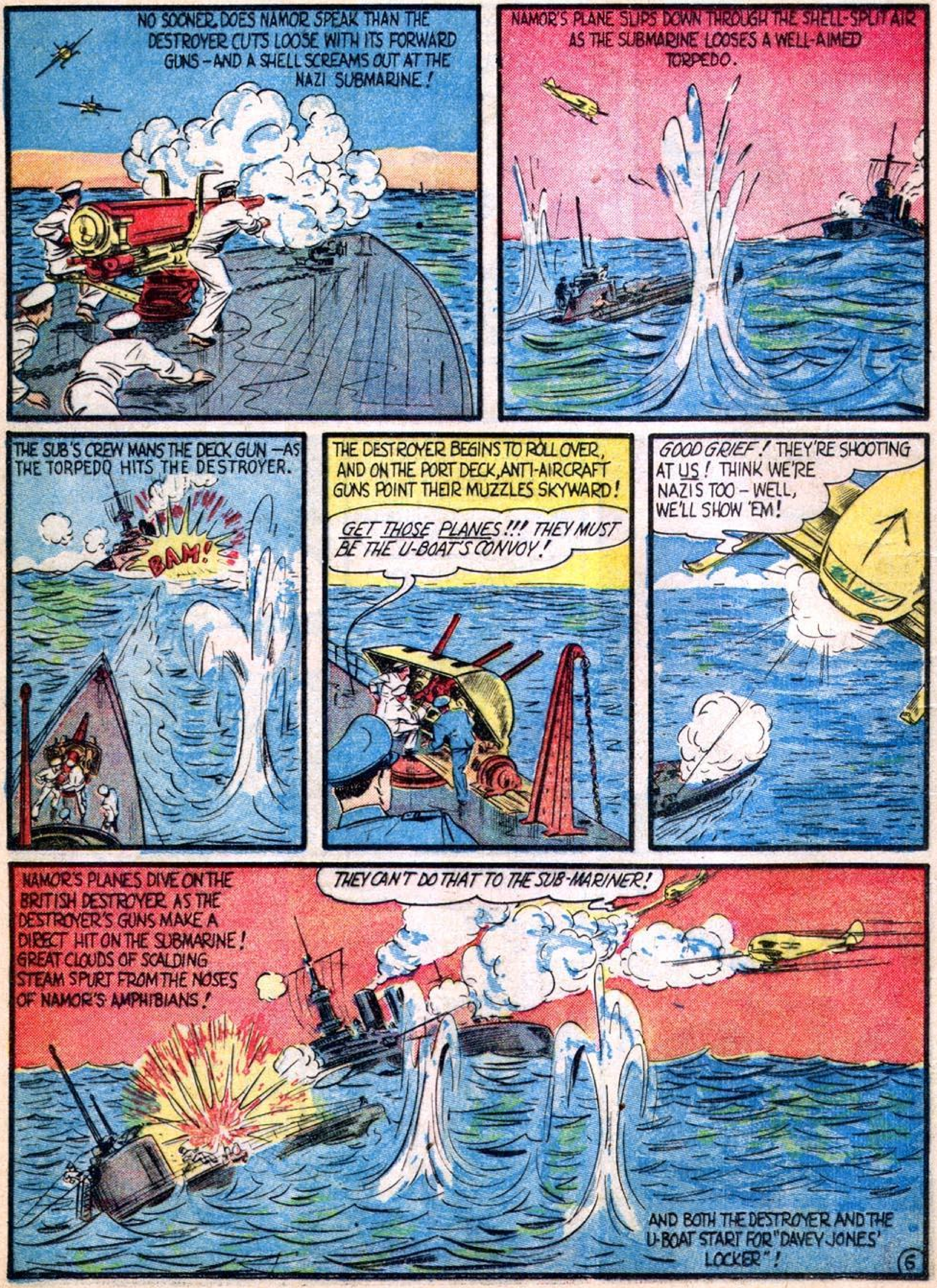

SUB-MARINER
by Bill Everett
DUE TO A SUDDEN CHANGE OF THE SUB-MARINER'S HEART, LUTHER ROBINSON, LYNNE HARRIS, AND LUTHER'S FIRST MATE, "MICKY," ARE PERMITTED TO ESCAPE FROM NAMOR'S ICE-CASTLE IN THEIR SEAPLANE. THEY HAVE BEEN HELD PRISONERS SINCE NAMOR SUNK LUTHER'S SUPER-YACHT, WHICH LUTHER HAD SAILED TO THE ANTARCTIC ON AN EXPEDITION PURPORTED TO BRING ABOUT THE EXTERMINATION OF NAMOR AND HIS RACE OF SUB-MARINERS.
AND NOW, IN THE CASTLE, NAMOR'S MOTHER TALKS WITH HIM----
BUT, MOTHER --
NAMOR, YOU WERE A FOOL TO LET THAT GIRL GET AWAY! SHE WOULD HAVE MADE A GOOD MATE FOR YOU!
SHE WOULD HAVE MADE A GOOD WIFE, YES - BUT YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT SHE IS AN AMERICAN, AND A THOROUGHBRED, WHILE ONLY THREE-QUARTERS OF MY BLOOD IS THAT OF THE WHITE MAN. ALSO, YOU FORGET THAT THE AMERICANS ARE OUR ENEMIES!
PRINCE NAMOR! HIGHNESS! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!
7.

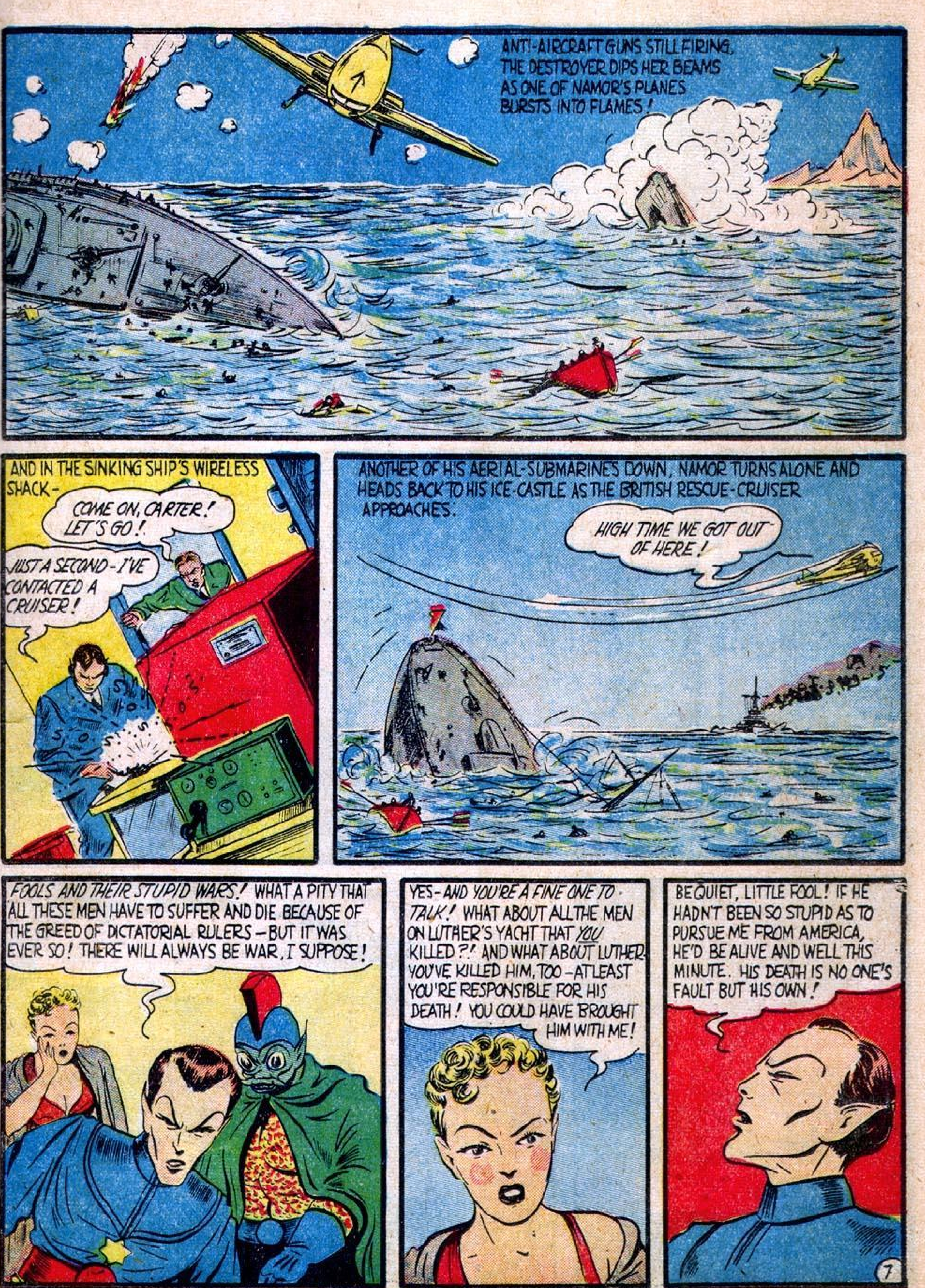

HONORED PRINCE, OUR FIRST-LINE SCOUTS REPORT THAT THE PLANE IN WHICH THE THREE AMERICANS ESCAPED HAS BEEN FORCED DOWN ABOUT FIFTEEN KILOMETERS FROM № 203 LOOKOUT! OUR MEN AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS.
GOOD - HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, NAMOR! YOU CAN RECAPTURE THE GIRL, AND BRING HER BACK HERE!
PERHAPS - MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, MOTHER. I'LL TRY IT, ANYWAY!
THIRTY MINUTES LATER, NAMOR ASSEMBLES HIS PRIVATE GRENADIER SQUADRON---
WE'LL LEAVE IN SQUAD FORMATION, THEN FLANK OFF AT THE OUTPOST.
IN SHORT ORDER THE FLIGHT IS IN PROGRESS: THE ARTIFICIAL-STEAM PROPELLED AERIAL-SUBMARINES SPEEDING THROUGH THE WATER, THEN CLEAVING THE SURFACE AND SOARING INTO THE AIR.
AN HOUR LATER, NAMOR'S AMPHIBIAN HOVERS OVER A DARK BLEMISH ON THE COLD ANTARCTIC WATER — OIL SPREADING FROM THE FELLED SEAPLANE!
WITH A GREAT SOFT HISS, THE SKIDS OF THE AERIAL-SUBS SMACK THE WAVES, AND GLIDE TO A STOP.
A MOMENT LATER NAMOR AND HIS MEN DIVE BENEATH THE SURFACE, SEARCHING FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE CRASH
2.

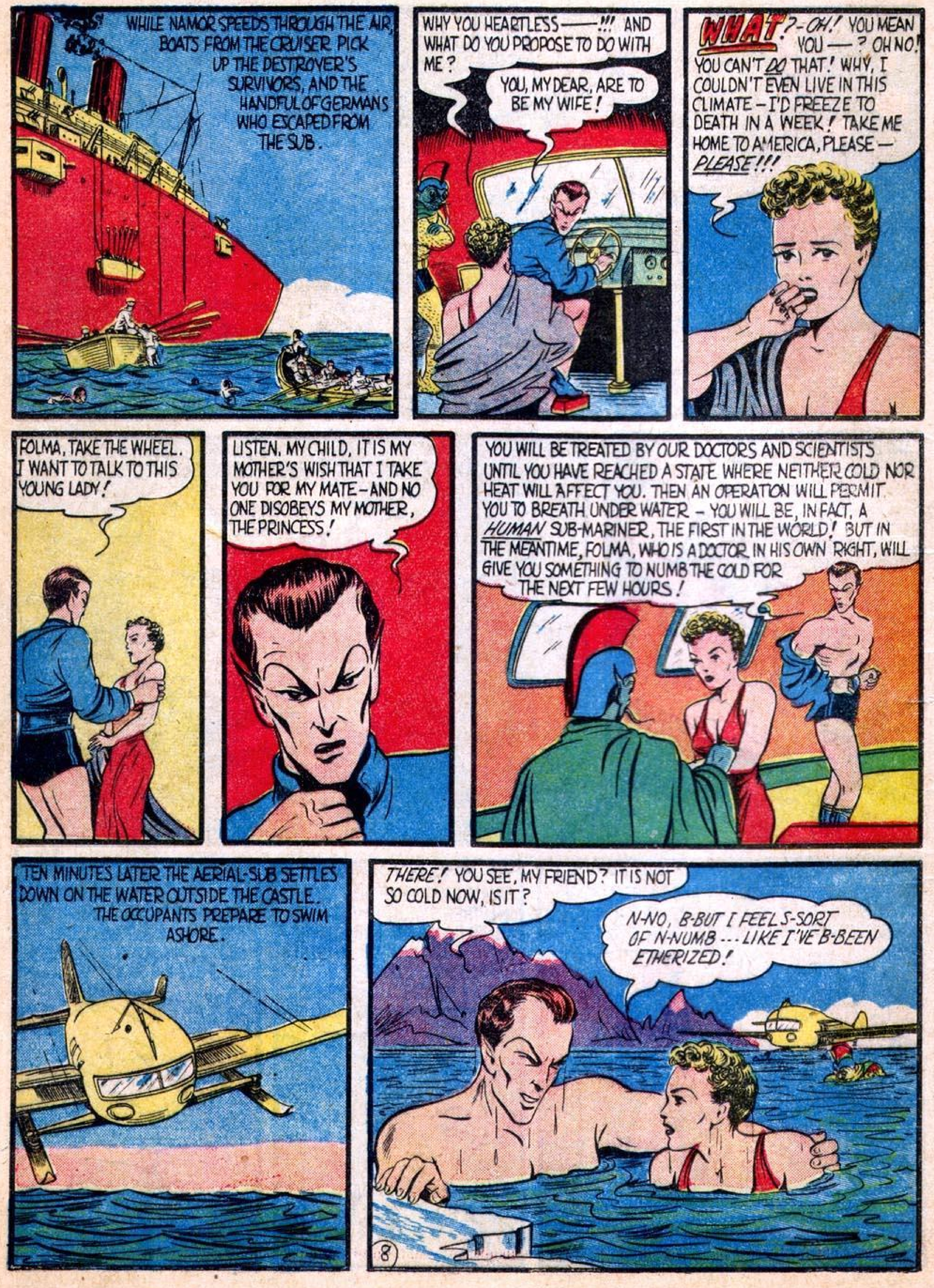

RIGHTING THE PLANE WHILE STILL UNDER WATER, NAMOR EXAMINES THE COCKPIT.
NO ONE HERE! PERHAPS THEY—
FINDING IT EMPTY, HE CLIMBS ONTO A NEARBY ICE-FLOE.
BUT NO-THEY COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED! THERE IS NOTHING BUT ICE AND WATER FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES AROUND HERE — HELLO-WHAT'S THIS?
ONE OF OUR BLANKETS, AND A MAN'S HANDKERCHIEF! THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED OFF THE EDGE OF THE FLOE, AND DROWNED, AND WERE CARRIED AWAY BY THE CURRENT. WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE CASTLE.
FLYING LOW, SPEEDING HOMEWARD ......
FOLMA, *LOOK! A WHITE MAN'S SUBMARINE!* BUT WHAT IS IT DOING IN THESE WATERS?
I KNOW NOT, HONORED SIR!
WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT— *DIVE PLANE, FOLMA!*
—AND THE ALIEN UNDERSEA CRAFT COMMENCES TO SUBMERGE——
AS IT SINKS, NAMOR'S AMPHIBIAN CRASHES THROUGH AFTER IT.......
...AND THE YOUNG PRINCE LEAPS FROM A WINDOW, TO STREAK THROUGH THE WATER TOWARD THE SUBMARINE'S KEEL.
THIS LITTLE MINNOW WONT BE HARD TO HANDLE!

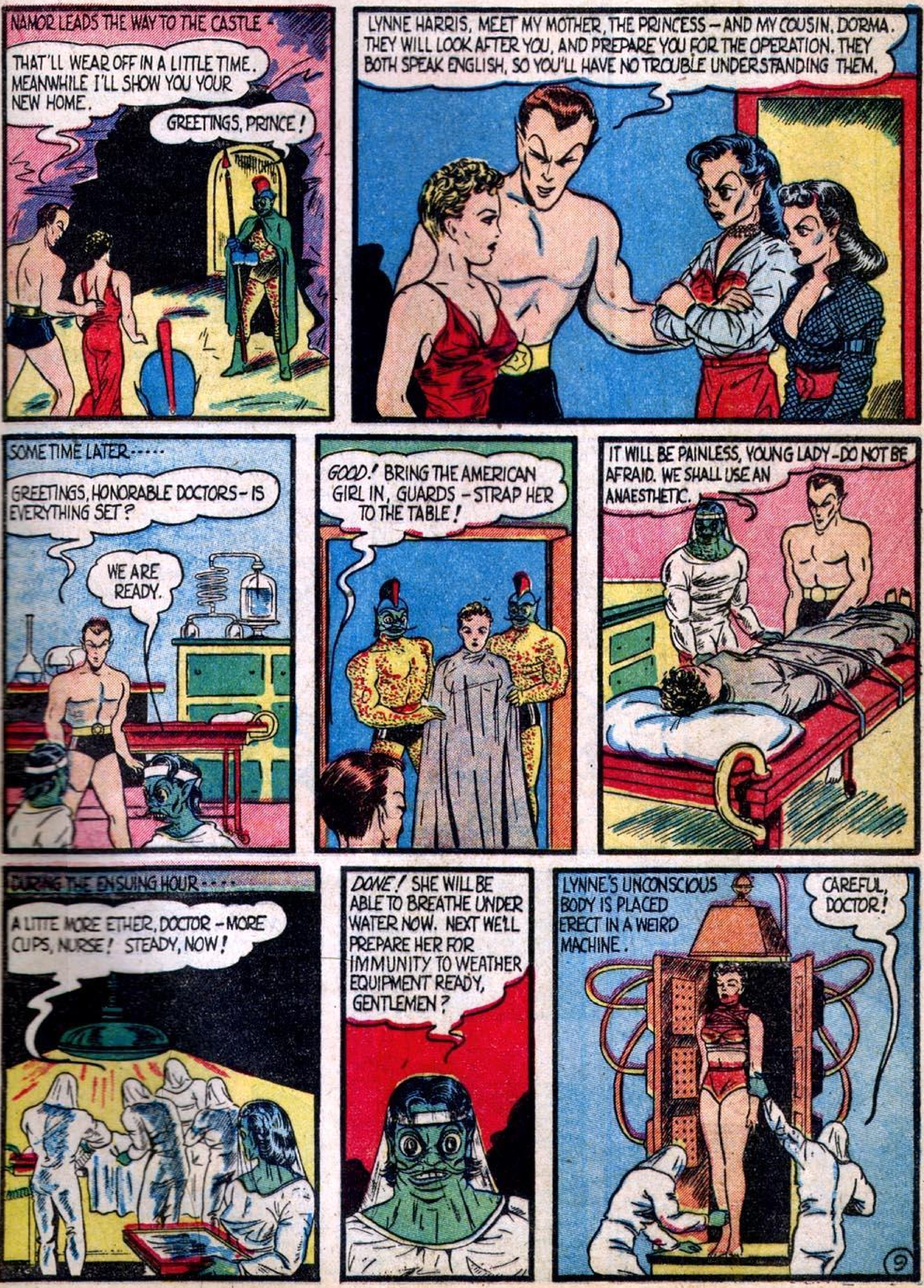

UGH! HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT!
NAMOR PITS HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH AGAINST THE WEIGHT OF THE SUB'S IRON HULL, PUSHING IT TOWARD THE SURFACE
AS THE SUBMERSIVE LURCHES AND KEELS OVER, PANIC BREAKS OUT AMONG THE CREW — LUTHER AND LYNNE ARE CAUGHT IN THE TIDE OF THE TERRIFIED NAZI SAILORS!
SUDDENLY THE COMMANDER'S VOICE RINGS OUT ABOVE THE SHOUTING —
STOP THE MOTORS!
THEN THE SUB BOILS UP THROUGH THE WAVES
GOOD! NOW TO LET THEM HAVE A LOOK AT ME!
NAMOR STEPS IN FRONT OF THE PERISCOPE, AND, BELOW, THE COMMANDER SEES ------
NAMOR'S MEN GET TO WORK QUICKLY, SMASHING OPEN THE HATCHES —
—THEN POUR THROUGH, BLASTING THE CREW WITH SMALL, BUT POWERFUL, STEAM-GUNS.

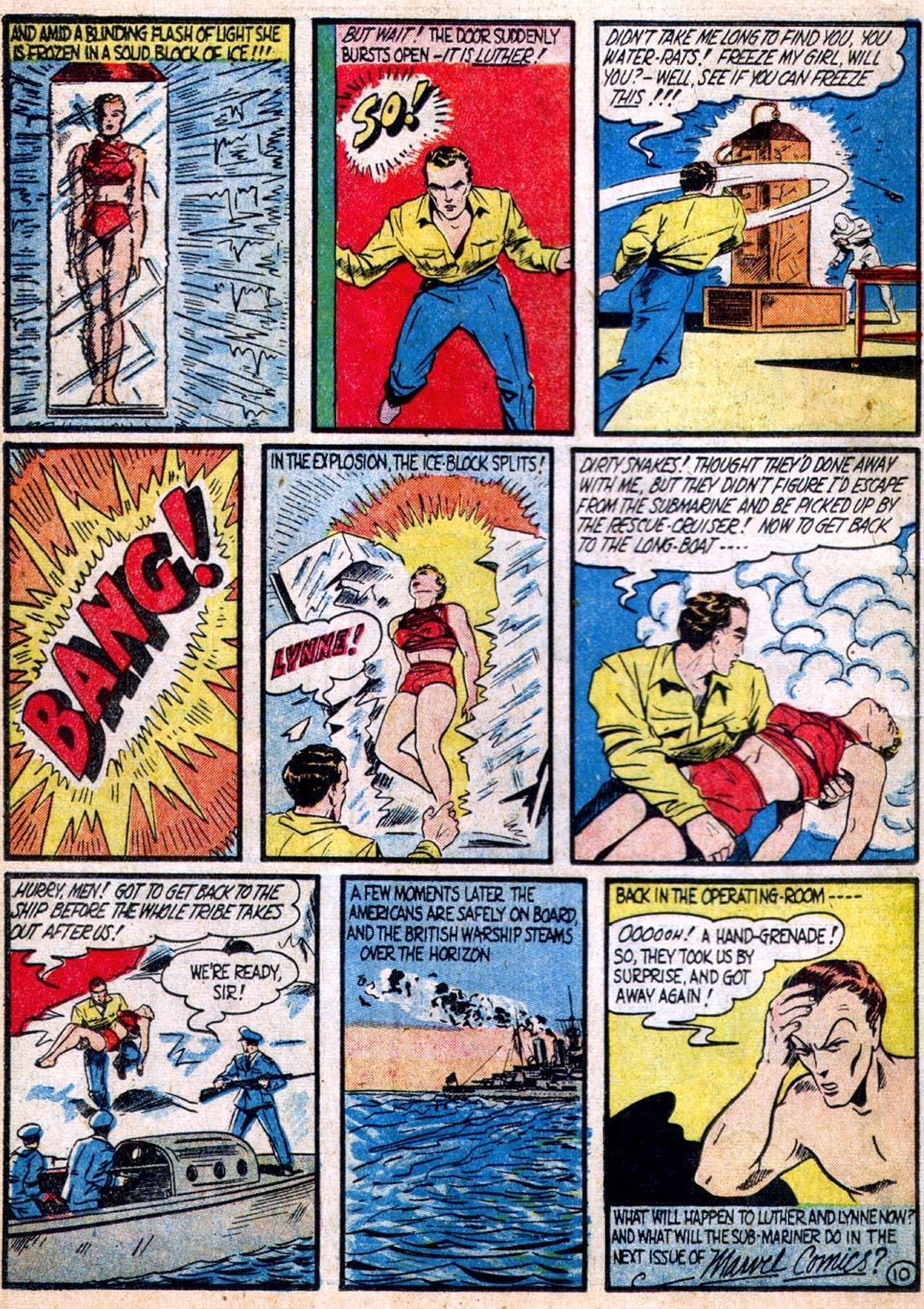

IN NO TIME AT ALL THE CREW IS OVERPOWERED, AND NAMOR SEIZES LYNNE.
THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!
YOU!!
HERE, FOLMA, TAKE HER TO THE PLANE — I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE COMMANDER A MOMENT.
VOT'S DER MEANING OFF DIS OUDRAGE?
LISTEN, "ADOLF", AND DON'T GET EXCITED — I DON'T WANT YOUR SUBMARINE, YOUR CREW, OR ANY PART OF EITHER! I ONLY WANT THE GIRL — AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT HER I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.
SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER, WITH HIS LIEUTENANT AND HIS PRISONER, THE SUB-MARINER STARTS HOME.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE ME WITH LUTHER? THOSE NAZIS WERE TAKING US BACK TO CIVILIZATION. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
YOU'LL SOON SEE, MY FAIR-HAIRED BEAUTY!
AS NAMOR CIRCLES OVERHEAD, A HUGE GREY BATTLESHIP SUDDENLY LOOMS UP ON THE HORIZON.
SHIP AHOY, SIR! DEAD AHEAD!
IT'S A BRITISHER!
MAN THE TORPEDOES!
ON THE SHIP---
PERISCOPE, SIR! AND THREE PLANES!
ALL HANDS OUT! TO BATTLE STATIONS! SUBMARINE!
--AND IN NAMOR'S PLANE--
OH-OH! THIS IS GOOD! NOW WE'LL SEE A REAL BATTLE!

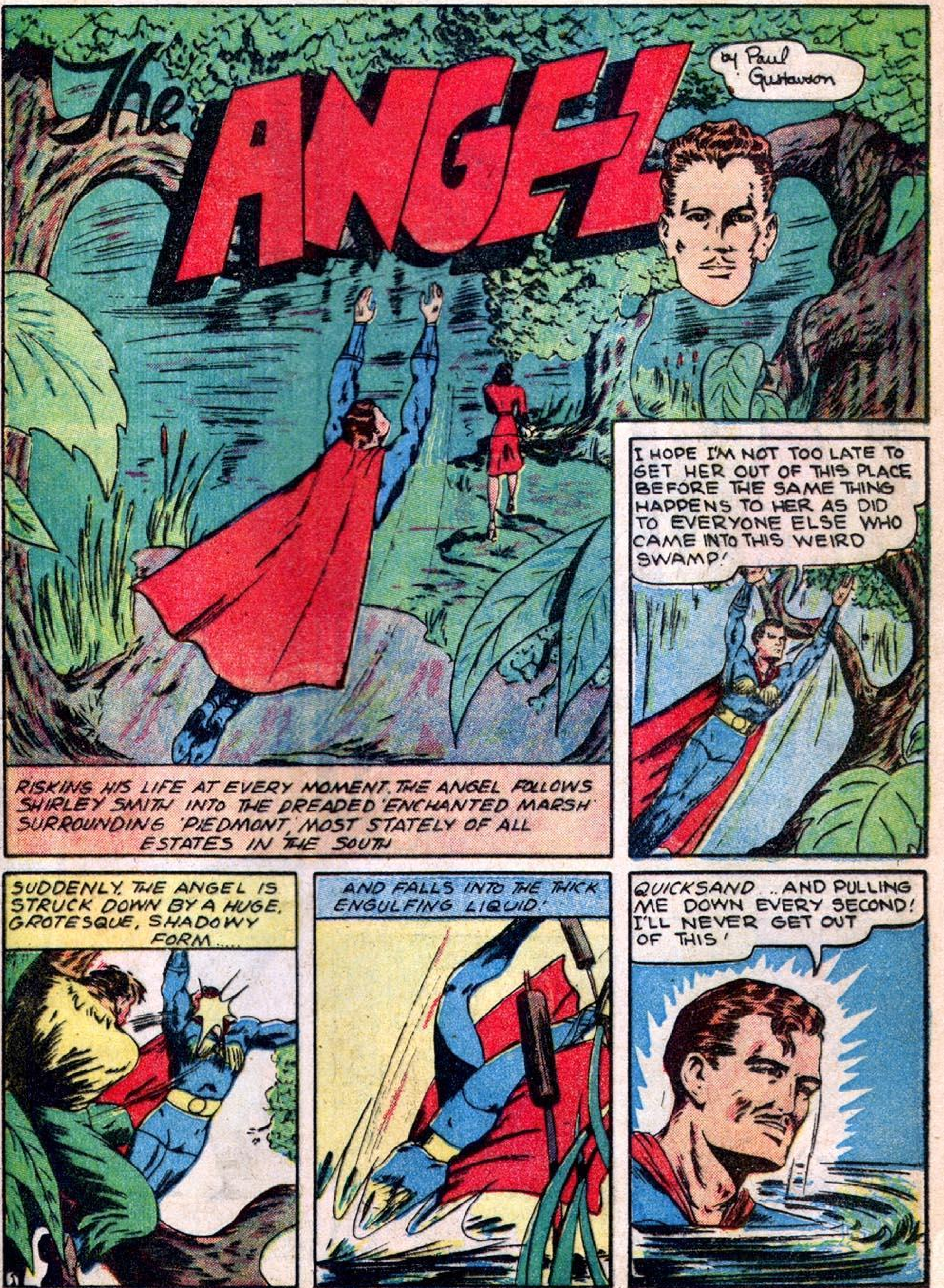

NO SOONER DOES NAMOR SPEAK THAN THE DESTROYER CUTS LOOSE WITH ITS FORWARD GUNS – AND A SHELL SCREAMS OUT AT THE NAZI SUBMARINE!
NAMOR'S PLANE SLIPS DOWN THROUGH THE SHELL-SPLIT AIR AS THE SUBMARINE LOOSES A WELL-AIMED TORPEDO.
THE SUB'S CREW MANS THE DECK GUN – AS THE TORPEDO HITS THE DESTROYER.
BAM!
THE DESTROYER BEGINS TO ROLL OVER, AND ON THE PORT DECK, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS POINT THEIR MUZZLES SKYWARD!
GET THOSE PLANES!!! THEY MUST BE THE U-BOAT'S CONVOY!
GOOD GRIEF! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US! THINK WE'RE NAZIS TOO – WELL, WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
NAMOR'S PLANES DIVE ON THE BRITISH DESTROYER AS THE DESTROYER'S GUNS MAKE A DIRECT HIT ON THE SUBMARINE! GREAT CLOUDS OF SCALDING STEAM SPURT FROM THE NOSES OF NAMOR'S AMPHIBIANS!
THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO THE SUB-MARINER!
AND BOTH THE DESTROYER AND THE U-BOAT START FOR "DAVEY JONES' LOCKER"!

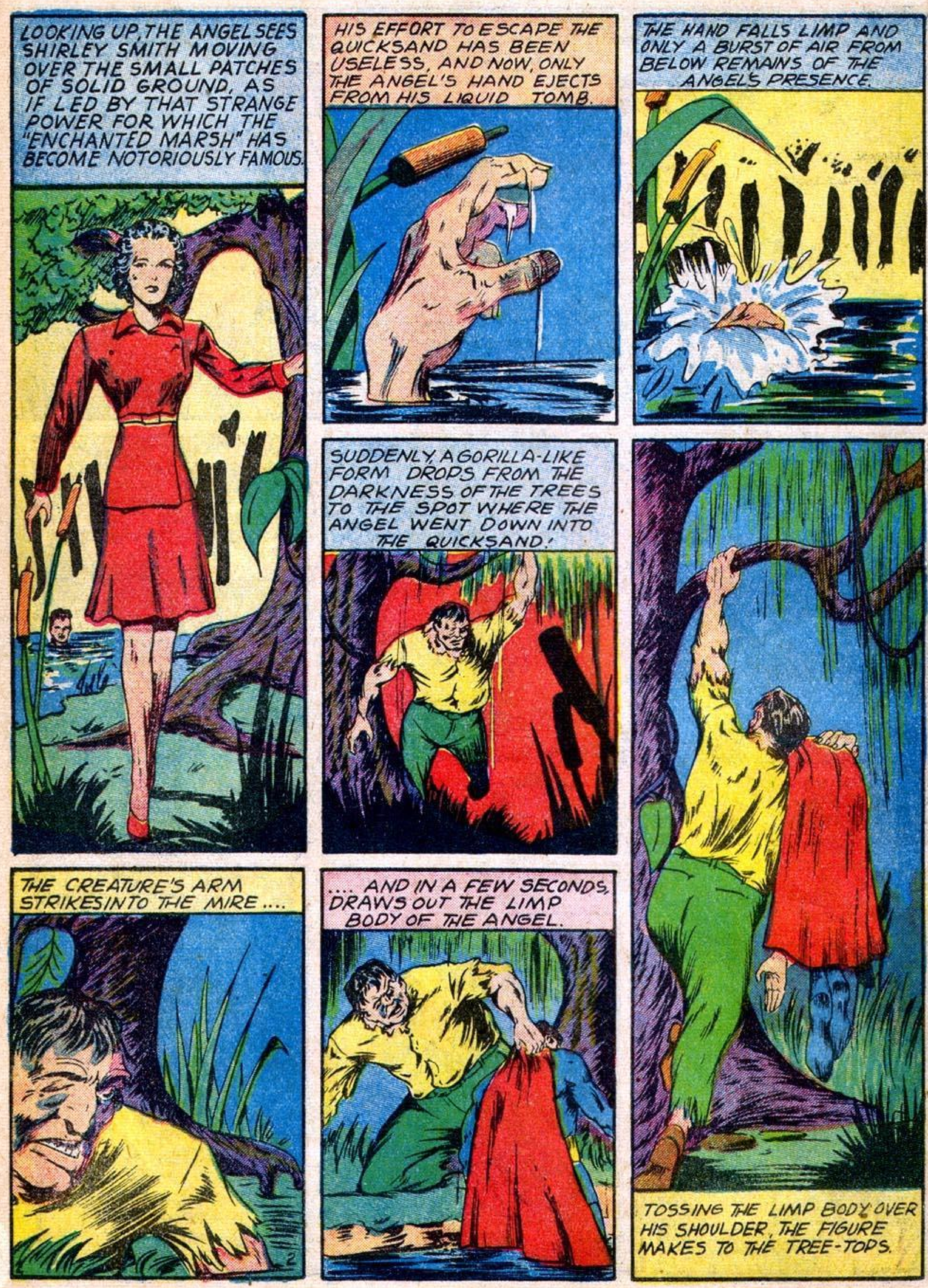

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS STILL FIRING, THE DESTROYER DIPS HER BEAMS AS ONE OF NAMOR'S PLANES BURSTS INTO FLAMES!
AND IN THE SINKING SHIP'S WIRELESS SHACK-
COME ON, CARTER! LET'S GO!
JUST A SECOND-I'VE CONTACTED A CRUISER!
S O S
ANOTHER OF HIS AERIAL-SUBMARINES DOWN, NAMOR TURNS ALONE AND HEADS BACK TO HIS ICE-CASTLE AS THE BRITISH RESCUE-CRUISER APPROACHES.
HIGH TIME WE GOT OUT OF HERE!
FOOLS AND THEIR STUPID WARS! WHAT A PITY THAT ALL THESE MEN HAVE TO SUFFER AND DIE BECAUSE OF THE GREED OF DICTATORIAL RULERS - BUT IT WAS EVER SO! THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WAR, I SUPPOSE!
YES- AND YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK! WHAT ABOUT ALL THE MEN ON LUTHER'S YACHT THAT YOU KILLED?! AND WHAT ABOUT LUTHER. YOU'VE KILLED HIM, TOO - AT LEAST YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH! YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM WITH ME!
BE QUIET, LITTLE FOOL! IF HE HADN'T BEEN SO STUPID AS TO PURSUE ME FROM AMERICA, HE'D BE ALIVE AND WELL THIS MINUTE. HIS DEATH IS NO ONE'S FAULT BUT HIS OWN!

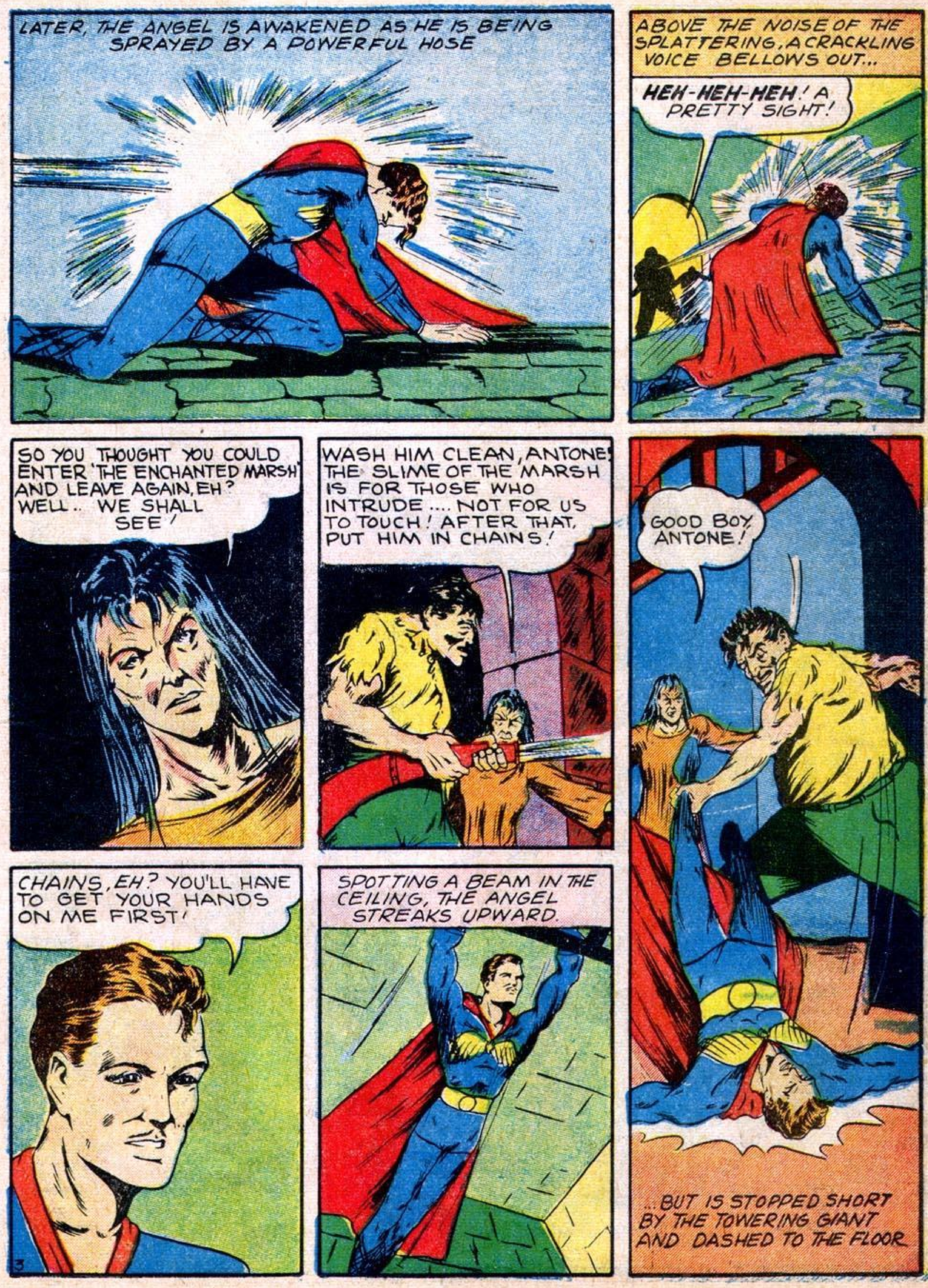

WHILE NAMOR SPEEDS THROUGH THE AIR, BOATS FROM THE CRUISER PICK UP THE DESTROYER'S SURVIVORS, AND THE HANDFUL OF GERMANS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE SUB.
WHY YOU HEARTLESS——!!! AND WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO WITH ME?
YOU, MY DEAR, ARE TO BE MY WIFE!
WHAT?-OH! YOU MEAN YOU—? OH NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WHY, I COULDN'T EVEN LIVE IN THIS CLIMATE—I'D FREEZE TO DEATH IN A WEEK! TAKE ME HOME TO AMERICA, PLEASE—PLEASE!!!
FOLMA, TAKE THE WHEEL. I WANT TO TALK TO THIS YOUNG LADY!
LISTEN, MY CHILD, IT IS MY MOTHER'S WISH THAT I TAKE YOU FOR MY MATE—AND NO ONE DISOBEYS MY MOTHER, THE PRINCESS!
YOU WILL BE TREATED BY OUR DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS UNTIL YOU HAVE REACHED A STATE WHERE NEITHER COLD NOR HEAT WILL AFFECT YOU. THEN AN OPERATION WILL PERMIT YOU TO BREATH UNDER WATER - YOU WILL BE, IN FACT, A HUMAN SUB-MARINER, THE FIRST IN THE WORLD! BUT IN THE MEANTIME, FOLMA, WHO IS A DOCTOR IN HIS OWN RIGHT, WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO NUMB THE COLD FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS!
TEN MINUTES LATER THE AERIAL-SUB SETTLES DOWN ON THE WATER OUTSIDE THE CASTLE. THE OCCUPANTS PREPARE TO SWIM ASHORE.
THERE! YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? IT IS NOT SO COLD NOW, IS IT?
N-NO, B-BUT I FEEL S-SORT OF N-NUMB --- LIKE I'VE B-BEEN ETHERIZED!

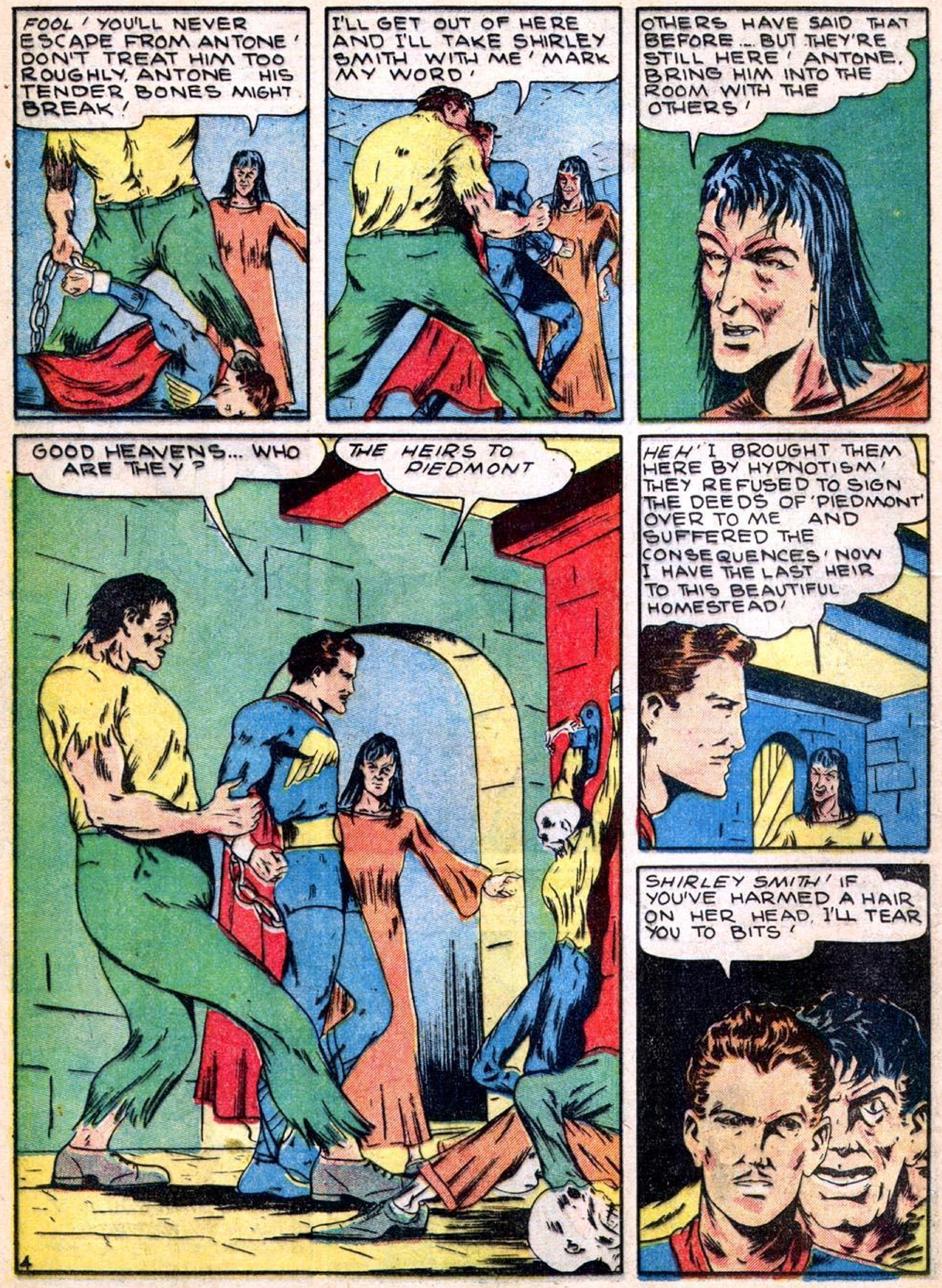

NAMOR LEADS THE WAY TO THE CASTLE -
THAT'LL WEAR OFF IN A LITTLE TIME. MEANWHILE I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR NEW HOME.
GREETINGS, PRINCE!
LYNNE HARRIS, MEET MY MOTHER, THE PRINCESS - AND MY COUSIN, DORMA. THEY WILL LOOK AFTER YOU, AND PREPARE YOU FOR THE OPERATION. THEY BOTH SPEAK ENGLISH, SO YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING THEM.
SOME TIME LATER - - - -
GREETINGS, HONORABLE DOCTORS - IS EVERYTHING SET?
WE ARE READY.
GOOD! BRING THE AMERICAN GIRL IN, GUARDS - STRAP HER TO THE TABLE!
IT WILL BE PAINLESS, YOUNG LADY - DO NOT BE AFRAID. WE SHALL USE AN ANAESTHETIC.
DURING THE ENSUING HOUR - - - -
A LITTE MORE ETHER, DOCTOR - MORE CLIPS, NURSE! STEADY, NOW!
DONE! SHE WILL BE ABLE TO BREATHE UNDER WATER NOW. NEXT WE'LL PREPARE HER FOR IMMUNITY TO WEATHER EQUIPMENT READY, GENTLEMEN?
LYNNE'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY IS PLACED ERECT IN A WEIRD MACHINE.
CAREFUL, DOCTOR!

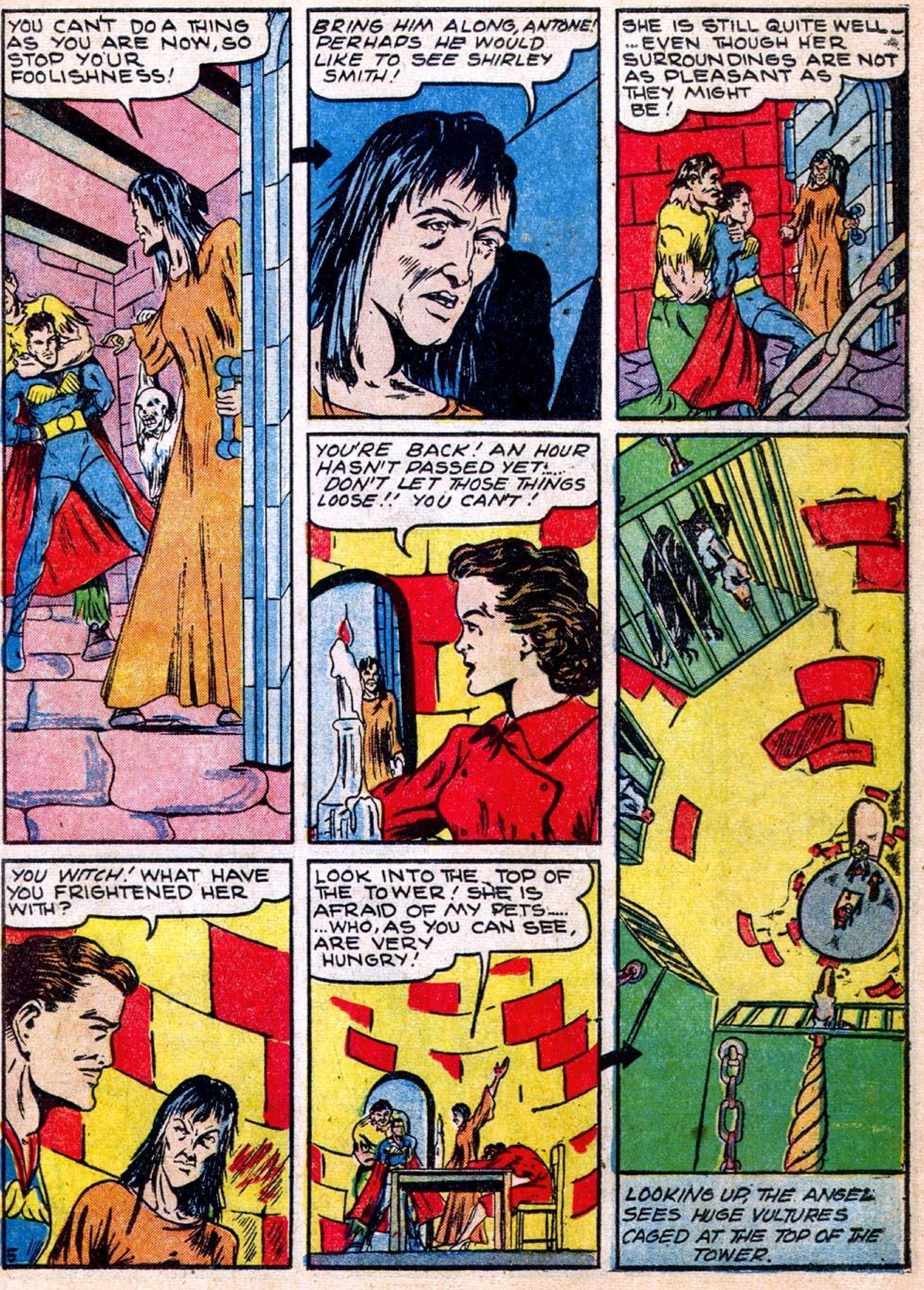

AND AMID A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT SHE IS FROZEN IN A SOLID BLOCK OF ICE!!!
BUT WAIT! THE DOOR SUDDENLY BURSTS OPEN — IT IS LUTHER!
SO!
DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND YOU, YOU WATER-RATS! FREEZE MY GIRL, WILL YOU? — WELL, SEE IF YOU CAN FREEZE THIS!!!
BANG!
IN THE EXPLOSION, THE ICE-BLOCK SPLITS!
LYNNE!
DIRTY SNAKES! THOUGHT THEY'D DONE AWAY WITH ME, BUT THEY DIDN'T FIGURE I'D ESCAPE FROM THE SUBMARINE AND BE PICKED UP BY THE RESCUE-CRUISER! NOW TO GET BACK TO THE LONG-BOAT ----
HURRY, MEN! GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP BEFORE THE WHOLE TRIBE TAKES OUT AFTER US!
WE'RE READY, SIR!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE AMERICANS ARE SAFELY ON BOARD, AND THE BRITISH WARSHIP STEAMS OVER THE HORIZON
BACK IN THE OPERATING-ROOM ----
OOOOOH! A HAND-GRENADE! SO, THEY TOOK US BY SURPRISE, AND GOT AWAY AGAIN!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO LUTHER AND LYNNE NOW? AND WHAT WILL THE SUB-MARINER DO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Marvel Comics?
10

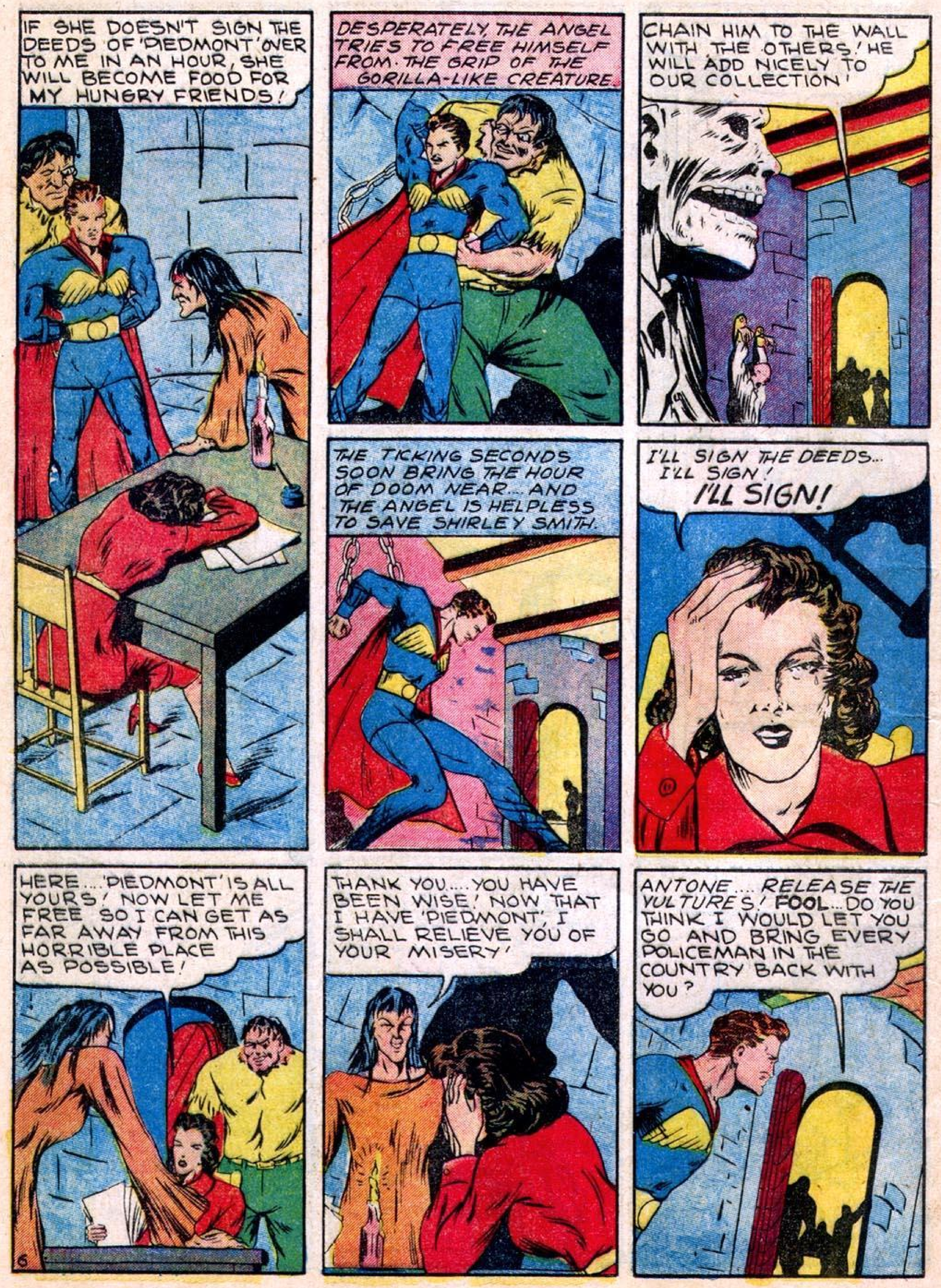

The ANGEL
by Paul Gustavson
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO GET HER OUT OF THIS PLACE BEFORE THE SAME THING HAPPENS TO HER AS DID TO EVERYONE ELSE WHO CAME INTO THIS WEIRD SWAMP!
RISKING HIS LIFE AT EVERY MOMENT, THE ANGEL FOLLOWS SHIRLEY SMITH INTO THE DREADED 'ENCHANTED MARSH' SURROUNDING 'PIEDMONT,' MOST STATELY OF ALL ESTATES IN THE SOUTH
SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL IS STRUCK DOWN BY A HUGE, GROTESQUE, SHADOWY FORM.....
AND FALLS INTO THE THICK ENGULFING LIQUID!
QUICKSAND ...AND PULLING ME DOWN EVERY SECOND! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS!

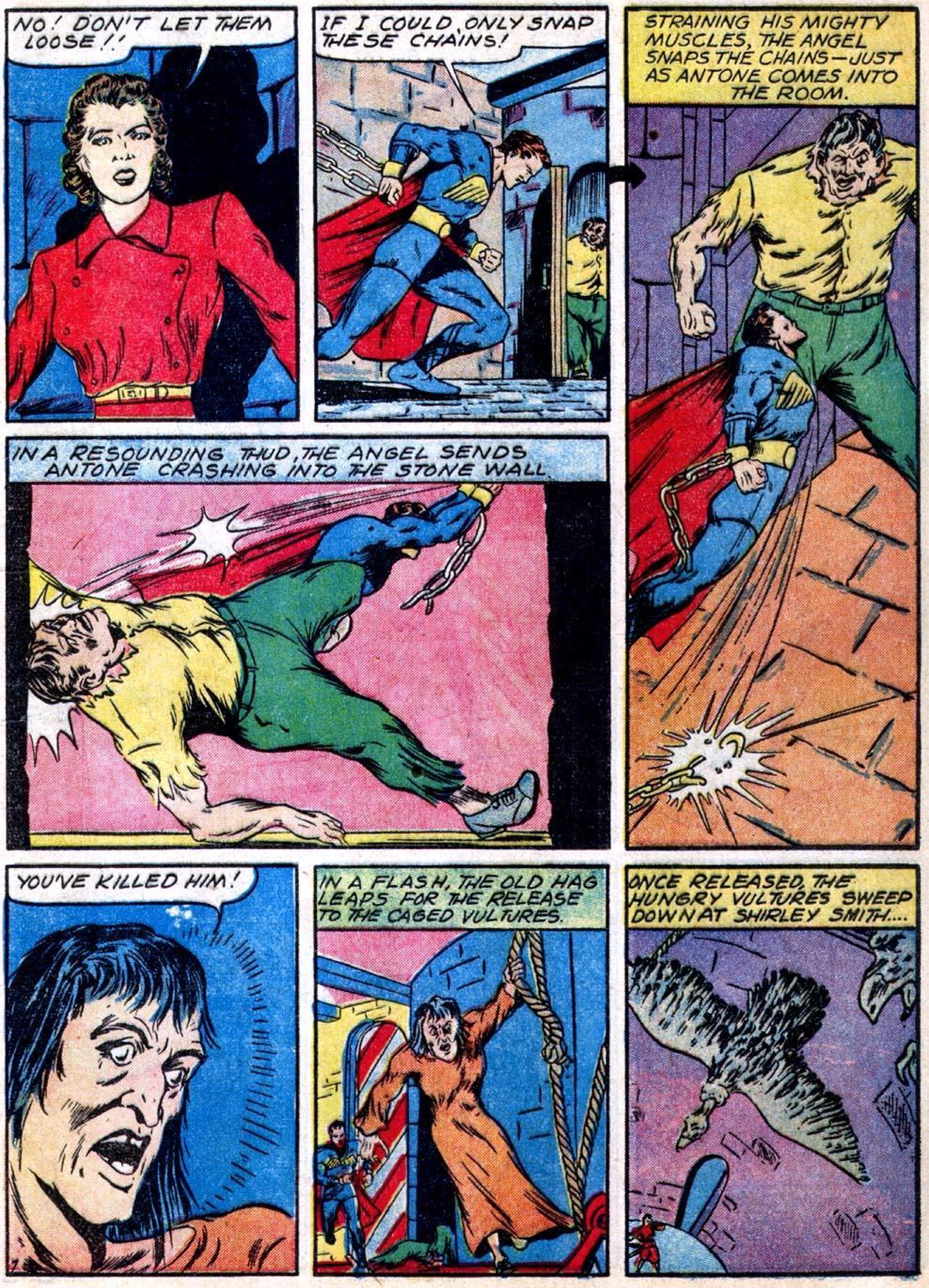

LOOKING UP, THE ANGEL SEES SHIRLEY SMITH MOVING OVER THE SMALL PATCHES OF SOLID GROUND, AS IF LED BY THAT STRANGE POWER FOR WHICH THE "ENCHANTED MARSH" HAS BECOME NOTORIOUSLY FAMOUS.
HIS EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE QUICKSAND HAS BEEN USELESS, AND NOW, ONLY THE ANGEL'S HAND EJECTS FROM HIS LIQUID TOMB.
THE HAND FALLS LIMP AND ONLY A BURST OF AIR FROM BELOW REMAINS OF THE ANGEL'S PRESENCE.
SUDDENLY, A GORILLA-LIKE FORM DROPS FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE TREES TO THE SPOT WHERE THE ANGEL WENT DOWN INTO THE QUICKSAND!
THE CREATURE'S ARM STRIKES INTO THE MIRE ....
.... AND IN A FEW SECONDS, DRAWS OUT THE LIMP BODY OF THE ANGEL.
TOSSING THE LIMP BODY OVER HIS SHOULDER, THE FIGURE MAKES TO THE TREE-TOPS.

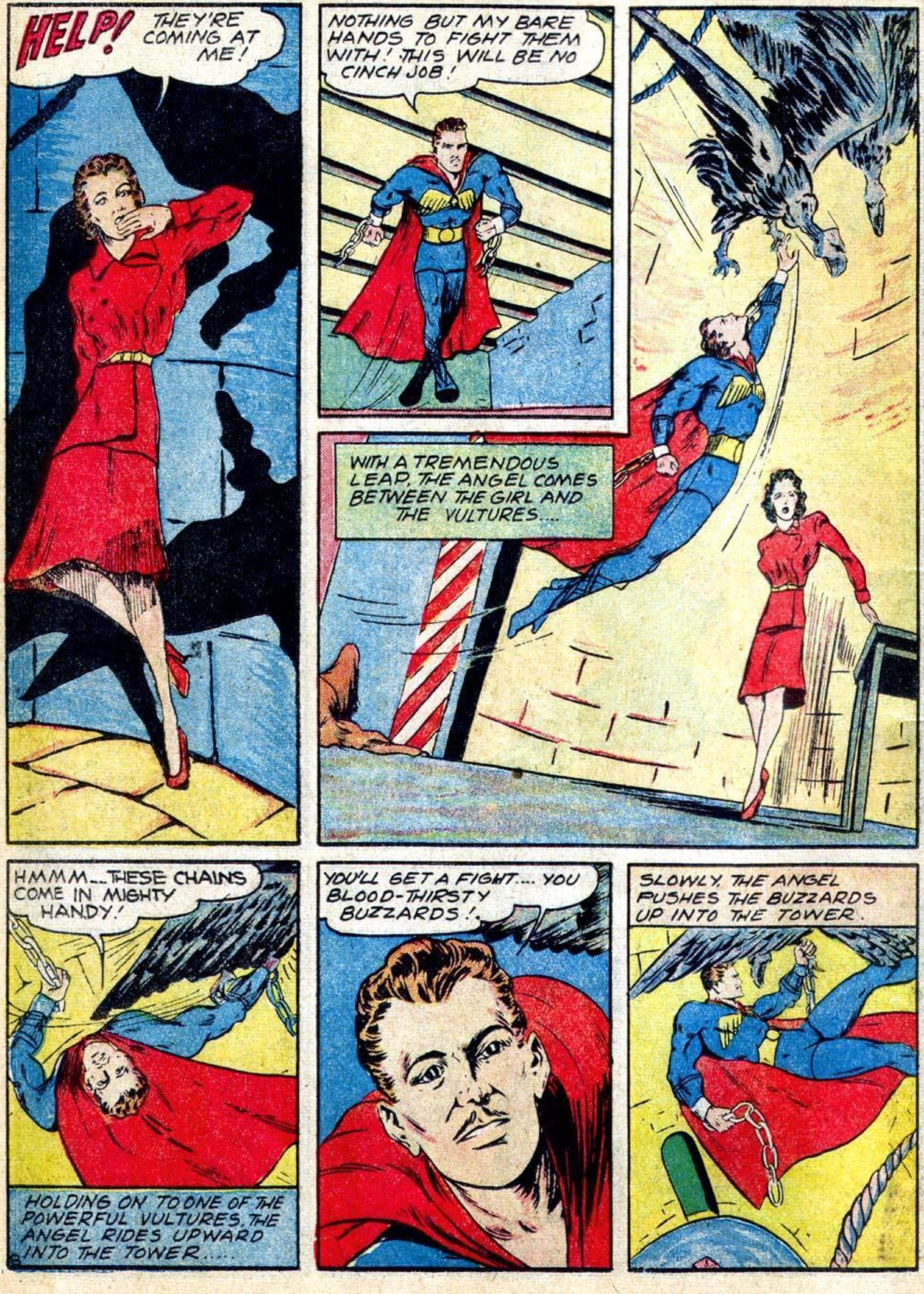

LATER, THE ANGEL IS AWAKENED AS HE IS BEING SPRAYED BY A POWERFUL HOSE
ABOVE THE NOISE OF THE SPLATTERING, A CRACKLING VOICE BELLOWS OUT...
HEH-HEH-HEH! A PRETTY SIGHT!
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD ENTER 'THE ENCHANTED MARSH' AND LEAVE AGAIN, EH? WELL.. WE SHALL SEE!
WASH HIM CLEAN, ANTONE! THE SLIME OF THE MARSH IS FOR THOSE WHO INTRUDE.... NOT FOR US TO TOUCH! AFTER THAT, PUT HIM IN CHAINS!
GOOD BOY, ANTONE!
CHAINS, EH? YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR HANDS ON ME FIRST!
SPOTTING A BEAM IN THE CEILING, THE ANGEL STREAKS UPWARD.
...BUT IS STOPPED SHORT BY THE TOWERING GIANT AND DASHED TO THE FLOOR
3

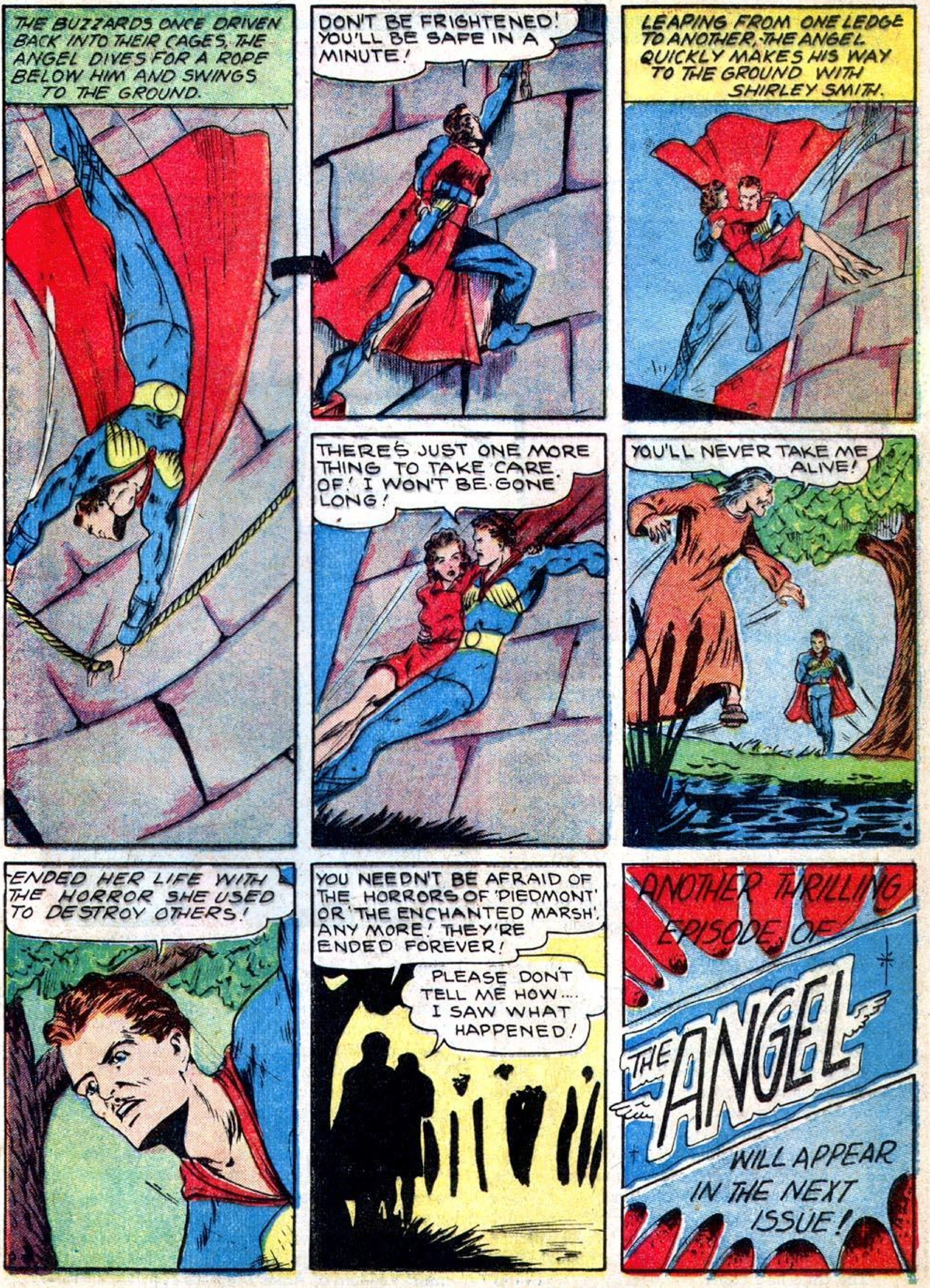

FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM ANTONE! DON'T TREAT HIM TOO ROUGHLY, ANTONE. HIS TENDER BONES MIGHT BREAK!
I'LL GET OUT OF HERE AND I'LL TAKE SHIRLEY SMITH WITH ME! MARK MY WORD!
OTHERS HAVE SAID THAT BEFORE ... BUT THEY'RE STILL HERE! ANTONE, BRING HIM INTO THE ROOM WITH THE OTHERS!
GOOD HEAVENS... WHO ARE THEY?
THE HEIRS TO PIEDMONT
HEH! I BROUGHT THEM HERE BY HYPNOTISM! THEY REFUSED TO SIGN THE DEEDS OF 'PIEDMONT' OVER TO ME AND SUFFERED THE CONSEQUENCES! NOW I HAVE THE LAST HEIR TO THIS BEAUTIFUL HOMESTEAD!
SHIRLEY SMITH! IF YOU'VE HARMED A HAIR ON HER HEAD, I'LL TEAR YOU TO BITS!


YOU CAN'T DO A THING AS YOU ARE NOW, SO STOP YOUR FOOLISHNESS!
BRING HIM ALONG, ANTONE! PERHAPS HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE SHIRLEY SMITH!
SHE IS STILL QUITE WELL... EVEN THOUGH HER SURROUNDINGS ARE NOT AS PLEASANT AS THEY MIGHT BE!
YOU'RE BACK! AN HOUR HASN'T PASSED YET!... DON'T LET THOSE THINGS LOOSE!! YOU CAN'T!
YOU WITCH! WHAT HAVE YOU FRIGHTENED HER WITH?
LOOK INTO THE TOP OF THE TOWER! SHE IS AFRAID OF MY PETS... ...WHO, AS YOU CAN SEE, ARE VERY HUNGRY!
LOOKING UP, THE ANGEL SEES HUGE VULTURES CAGED AT THE TOP OF THE TOWER.


IF SHE DOESN'T SIGN THE DEEDS OF 'PIEDMONT' OVER TO ME IN AN HOUR, SHE WILL BECOME FOOD FOR MY HUNGRY FRIENDS!
DESPERATELY, THE ANGEL TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE GRIP OF THE GORILLA-LIKE CREATURE.
CHAIN HIM TO THE WALL WITH THE OTHERS! HE WILL ADD NICELY TO OUR COLLECTION!
THE TICKING SECONDS SOON BRING THE HOUR OF DOOM NEAR... AND THE ANGEL IS HELPLESS TO SAVE SHIRLEY SMITH.
I'LL SIGN THE DEEDS... I'LL SIGN! I'LL SIGN!
HERE.... 'PIEDMONT' IS ALL YOURS! NOW LET ME FREE SO I CAN GET AS FAR AWAY FROM THIS HORRIBLE PLACE AS POSSIBLE!
THANK YOU.... YOU HAVE BEEN WISE! NOW THAT I HAVE 'PIEDMONT', I SHALL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR MISERY!
ANTONE.... RELEASE THE VULTURES! FOOL... DO YOU THINK I WOULD LET YOU GO AND BRING EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE COUNTRY BACK WITH YOU?

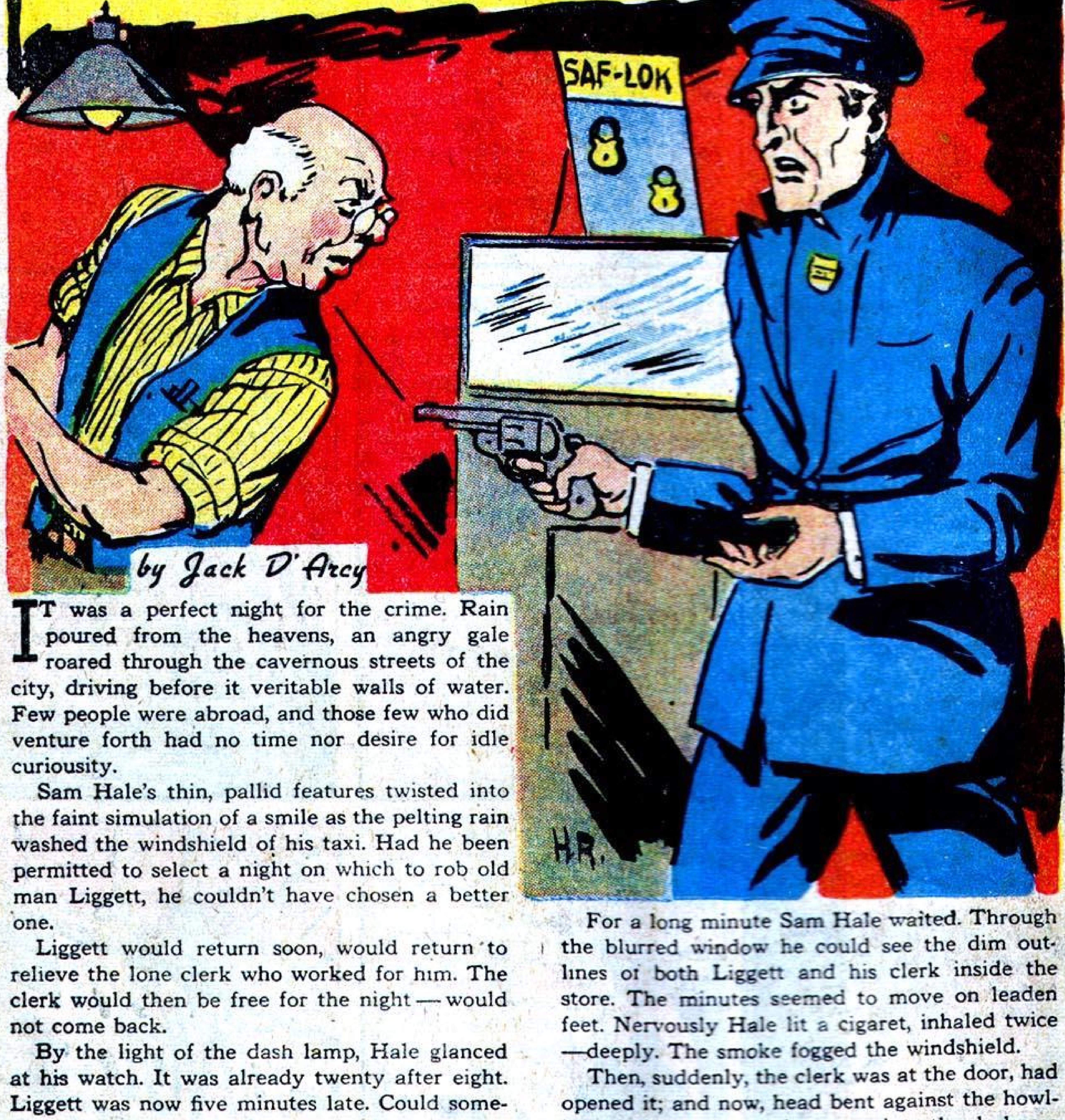

NO! DON'T LET THEM LOOSE!!
IF I COULD ONLY SNAP THESE CHAINS!
STRAINING HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, THE ANGEL SNAPS THE CHAINS—JUST AS ANTONE COMES INTO THE ROOM.
IN A RESOUNDING THUD, THE ANGEL SENDS ANTONE CRASHING INTO THE STONE WALL.
YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
IN A FLASH, THE OLD HAG LEAPS FOR THE RELEASE TO THE CAGED VULTURES.
ONCE RELEASED, THE HUNGRY VULTURES SWEEP DOWN AT SHIRLEY SMITH....


HELP! THEY'RE COMING AT ME!
NOTHING BUT MY BARE HANDS TO FIGHT THEM WITH! THIS WILL BE NO CINCH JOB!
WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, THE ANGEL COMES BETWEEN THE GIRL AND THE VULTURES....
HMMM... THESE CHAINS COME IN MIGHTY HANDY!
HOLDING ON TO ONE OF THE POWERFUL VULTURES, THE ANGEL RIDES UPWARD INTO THE TOWER....
YOU'LL GET A FIGHT.... YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY BUZZARDS!
SLOWLY, THE ANGEL PUSHES THE BUZZARDS UP INTO THE TOWER.


THE BUZZARDS ONCE DRIVEN BACK INTO THEIR CAGES, THE ANGEL DIVES FOR A ROPE BELOW HIM AND SWINGS TO THE GROUND.
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! YOU'LL BE SAFE IN A MINUTE!
LEAPING FROM ONE LEDGE TO ANOTHER, THE ANGEL QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE GROUND WITH SHIRLEY SMITH.
THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF! I WON'T BE GONE LONG!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
ENDED HER LIFE WITH THE HORROR SHE USED TO DESTROY OTHERS!
YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF THE HORRORS OF 'PIEDMONT' OR 'THE ENCHANTED MARSH', ANY MORE! THEY'RE ENDED FOREVER!
PLEASE DON'T TELL ME HOW.... I SAW WHAT HAPPENED!
ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE OF
THE ANGEL
WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

A GOOD IMPRESSION

Sam Hale overlooked one thing—but that one mistake was enough



by Jack D'Arcy

IT was a perfect night for the crime. Rain poured from the heavens, an angry gale roared through the cavernous streets of the city, driving before it veritable walls of water. Few people were abroad, and those few who did venture forth had no time nor desire for idle curiousity.

Sam Hale's thin, pallid features twisted into the faint simulation of a smile as the pelting rain washed the windshield of his taxi. Had he been permitted to select a night on which to rob old man Liggett, he couldn't have chosen a better one.

Liggett would return soon, would return to relieve the lone clerk who worked for him. The clerk would then be free for the night — would not come back.

By the light of the dash lamp, Hale glanced at his watch. It was already twenty after eight. Liggett was now five minutes late. Could something have gone wrong?

Impatiently, he peered through the half-moon section of his windshield cleared by the wiper. Then suddenly Hale tensed. A stooped, heavily-coated figure appeared in the dim glow of yellow from the small store. Liggett had returned. Hale's small brown eyes narrowed as he watched the hardware merchant enter his dismal shop.

The time had come.

For a long minute Sam Hale waited. Through the blurred window he could see the dim outlines of both Liggett and his clerk inside the store. The minutes seemed to move on leaden feet. Nervously Hale lit a cigaret, inhaled twice —deeply. The smoke fogged the windshield.

Then, suddenly, the clerk was at the door, had opened it; and now, head bent against the howling wind, he was moving away into the darkness of the narrow street.

Hale's hand trembled slightly as he removed the nickel-plated .32 from the side pocket of his coat, twirled the cylinder. Then, gripping the gun to steady his nerves, he returned gun and hand to his pocket, opened the door of his cab, and, ten seconds later, he stepped into the murky gloom of Amos Liggett's Hardware Store.

HALE closed the door in the teeth of the rain-soaked wind, peered through the insufficient illumination for signs of the aged proprietor. A movement at the rear of the store attracted him. Liggett, back by the key-cutting machine, was starting forward, coming up to the front.

Hale walked hastily back. He wanted this to happen as far to the rear of the store as possible, to obviate any possibility of being seen from the outside. Now, with his gloved left hand, he drew out an apartment key, spoke quickly.

"Can you make me up a pair of these right away?"

The old man stopped his shambling gait, peered over the tops of a pair of thick framed eyeglasses. He shrugged, held out a gnarled palm.

"Why not?"

Sam Hale's hand shook slightly as he handed over the key. The old man took it, held it under a fly-specked bulb for closer examination, then turned to the blank key rack immediately behind him.

Then Hale acted.

"All right, pop! Just keep your back turned!"

Amos Liggett stiffened; his frail, bent body became defiantly erect. He turned, slowly; and as he caught a glimpse of the gun in Hale's hand, his mouth dropped open.

"I — I — There's nothin'! I have no —"

Hale's thin lips twisted into a tight sneer.

"Cut the comedy, you chiselin' miser! I know about that dough you got salted away here! Bring it up — fast!"

Tears began to ooze from Liggett's watery blue eyes. His gaze travelled slowly over Hale. He saw before him the thin, dark-faced cab driver; saw in Hale's eyes his almost certain doom. Knowing he would pay with his life, regardless, the merchant clutched the first weapon within reach — a heavy key block — and rushed forward.

The movement had been so quickly executed that Hale was caught off guard. The old man slammed against him, driving him back, shrieking at the top of his aged lungs for the help he must have known would never come. Then Hale fired.

In the confines of the small hardware store, the sound of the shot blasted like the roar of dynamite. But outside the gale, howling through the street, deadened the noise of Hale's gun so that, a half block away, it sounded no louder than the muffled backfire of some auto.

Ten minutes later, with Liggett's miserable savings in his pocket, Hale stepped out into the street, crossed the rain-swept sidewalk, and slid behind the wheel of his cab. The welcome purring of the car's motor was a reassuring song to Hale's ears. So reassuring that he was even whistling as he pulled away from the curb and headed for the busy section of the city.

IT was after ten o'clock when Sam Hale, parked at his usual stand downtown, was jolted from his reverie by the sharp sound of the man's voice.

"Headquarters, buddy!"

Hale turned, and for one long moment his heart stopped. The two men climbing into his cab were obviously detectives.

"Police headquarters?"

"You guessed it. And hurry!"

Hale gripped the gear shift to still his trembling hand, pulled out from the curb. He was just beginning to breathe easy again, just about to shift from low to second, when he was aware of someone seated at the little window that separated him from the passenger compartment. He moved his head slightly — then stiffened. There was a police positive in the detective's hand. It was pointing directly at Hale.

"And no tricks, fellow! You're under arrest — for murder!"

For one suspense-filled moment there was a dead silence. Then Hale suddenly threw the cab into second speed, slammed his foot down on the gas, and, before the detective could act, he had slewed the rear wheels around on the macadam street.

Events for the next half minute were merged into a screaming, crashing chaos. The cab jolted against the high curbing, tilted over. Glass crashed by Hale's ear, the cab came to a grating halt, then blackness descended over him.

When Sam Hale came to he was in a hospital bed. Beside the bed there were two detectives and a stenographer.

"Well, Hale," the detective said, "We've got you dead to rights. Keeping that murder gun was a bad mistake! You might as well confess!"

Hale's heart sank. That murder gun — he hadn't been able to get rid of it! But —

"What makes you think I did it?" he asked feebly.

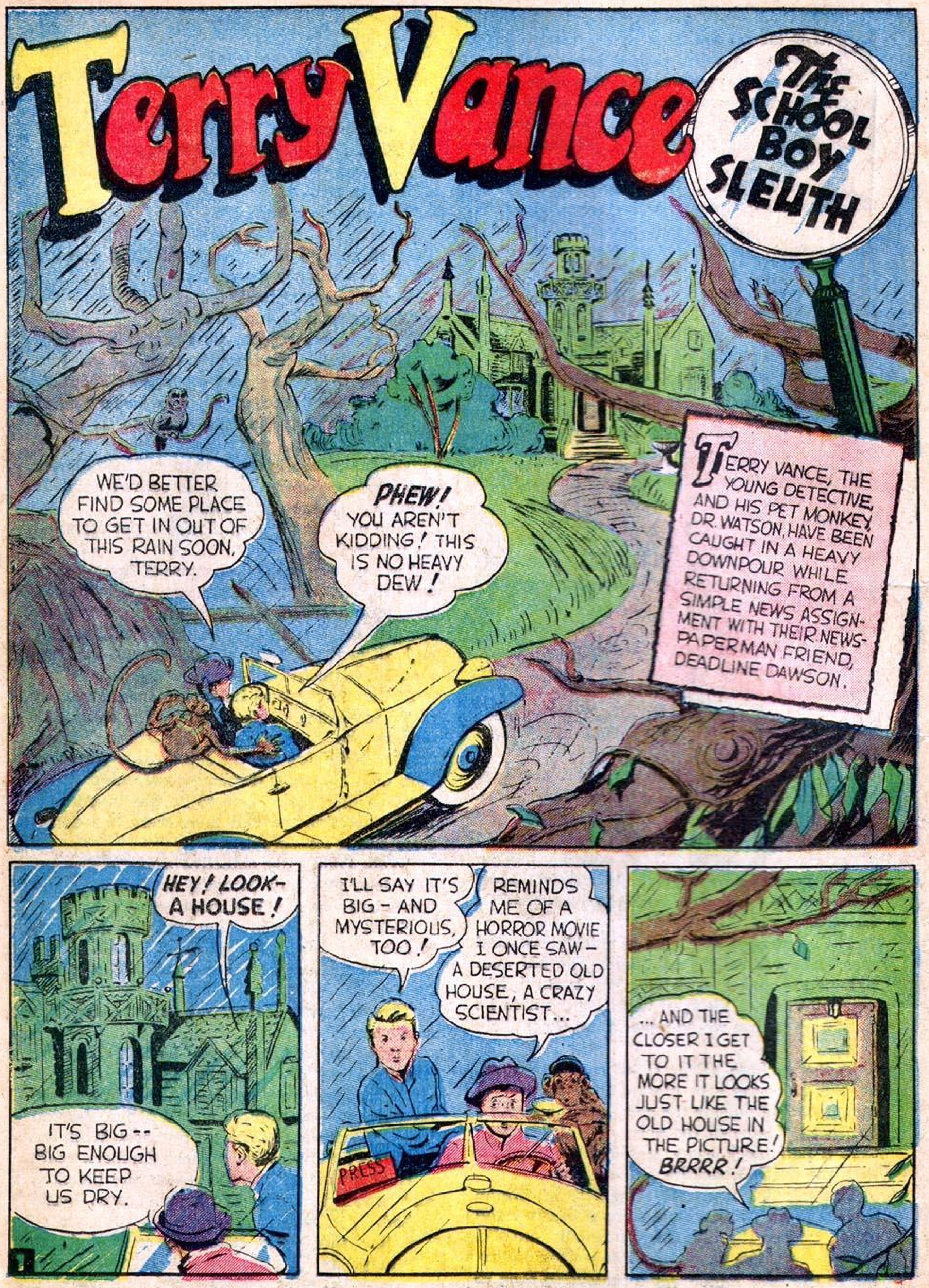
The detective leaned forward, held out a small block of wood.

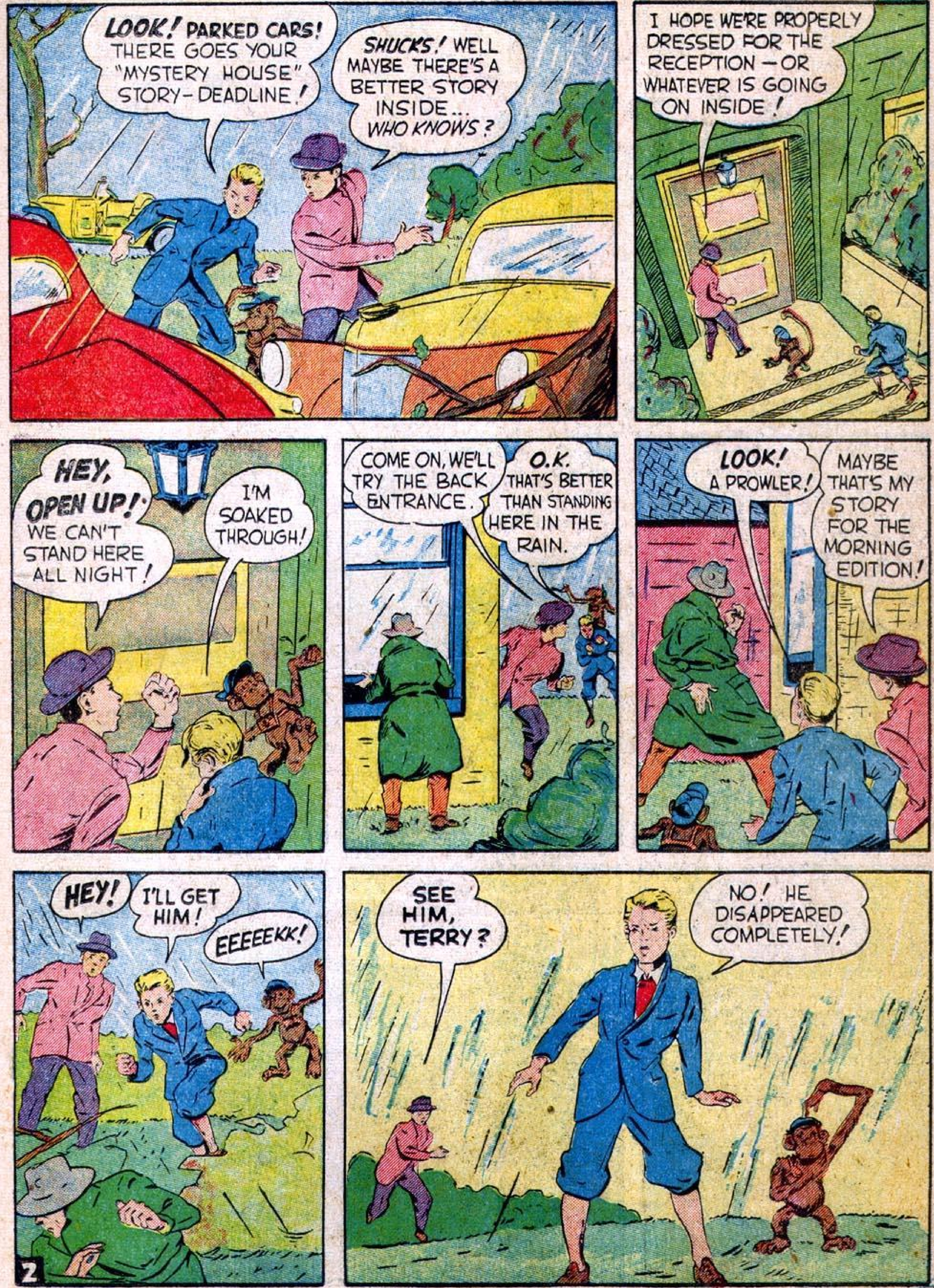
"This," he said, "is a key block. Inside the block is a bed of wax. In the fight with Liggett he pressed this wax bed — either accidently or on purpose — against your cab badge. As you know, your badge has raised numbers. Well, the wax took an impression of those numbers. See?"

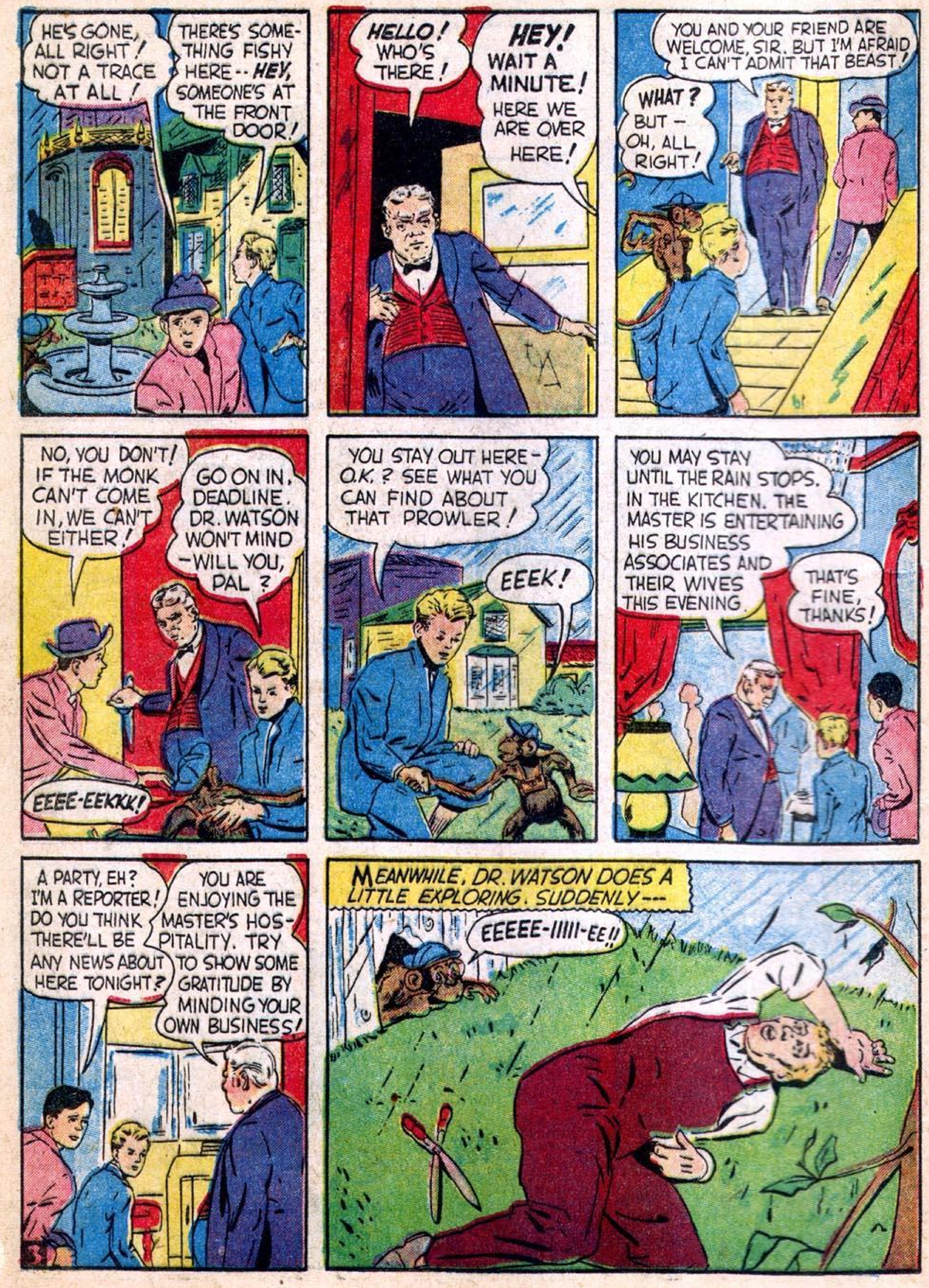
Hale looked at the block — at the indented and reversed number of his cab license — and sighed.

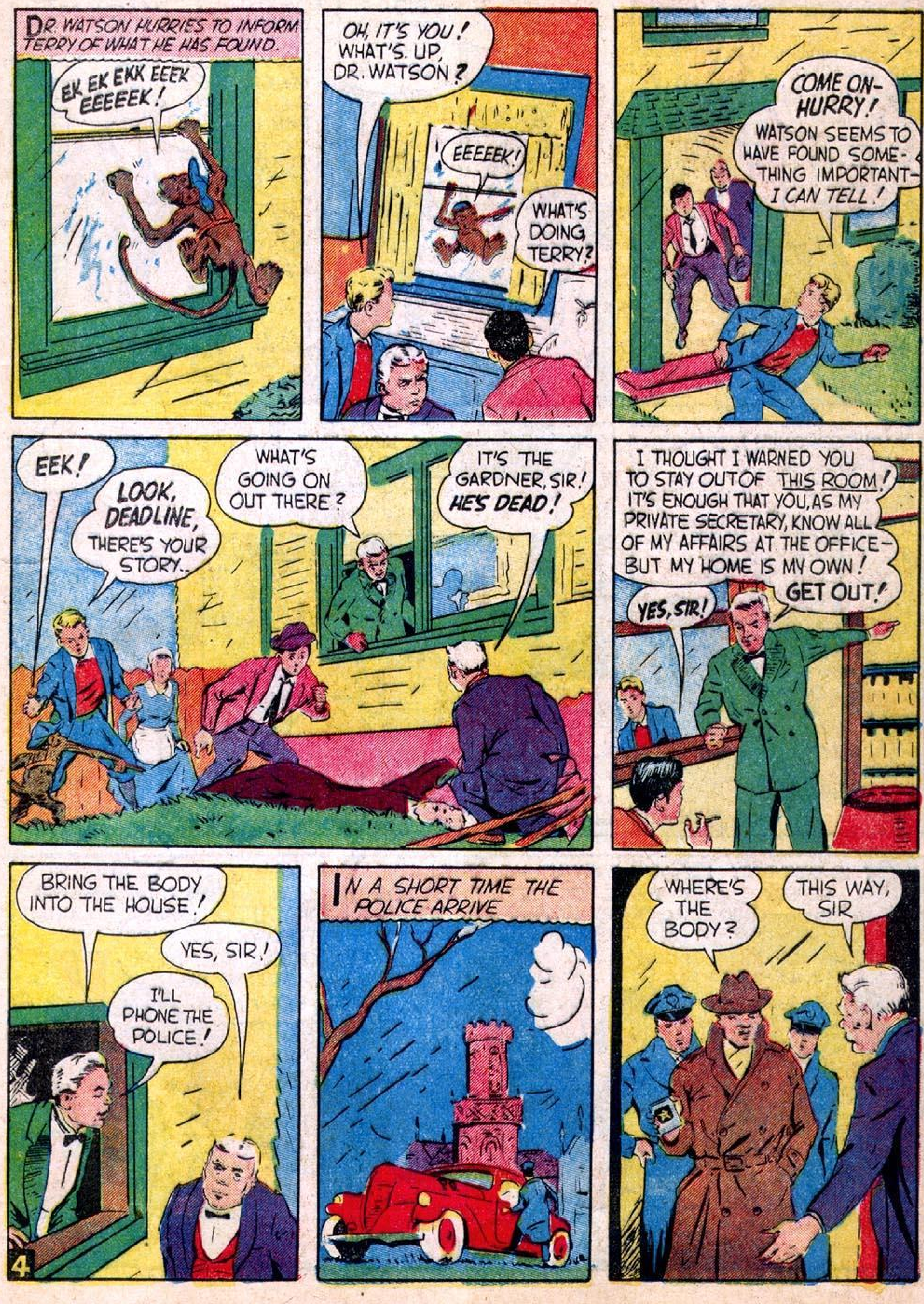
"After that," the detective concluded, "it was easy!"

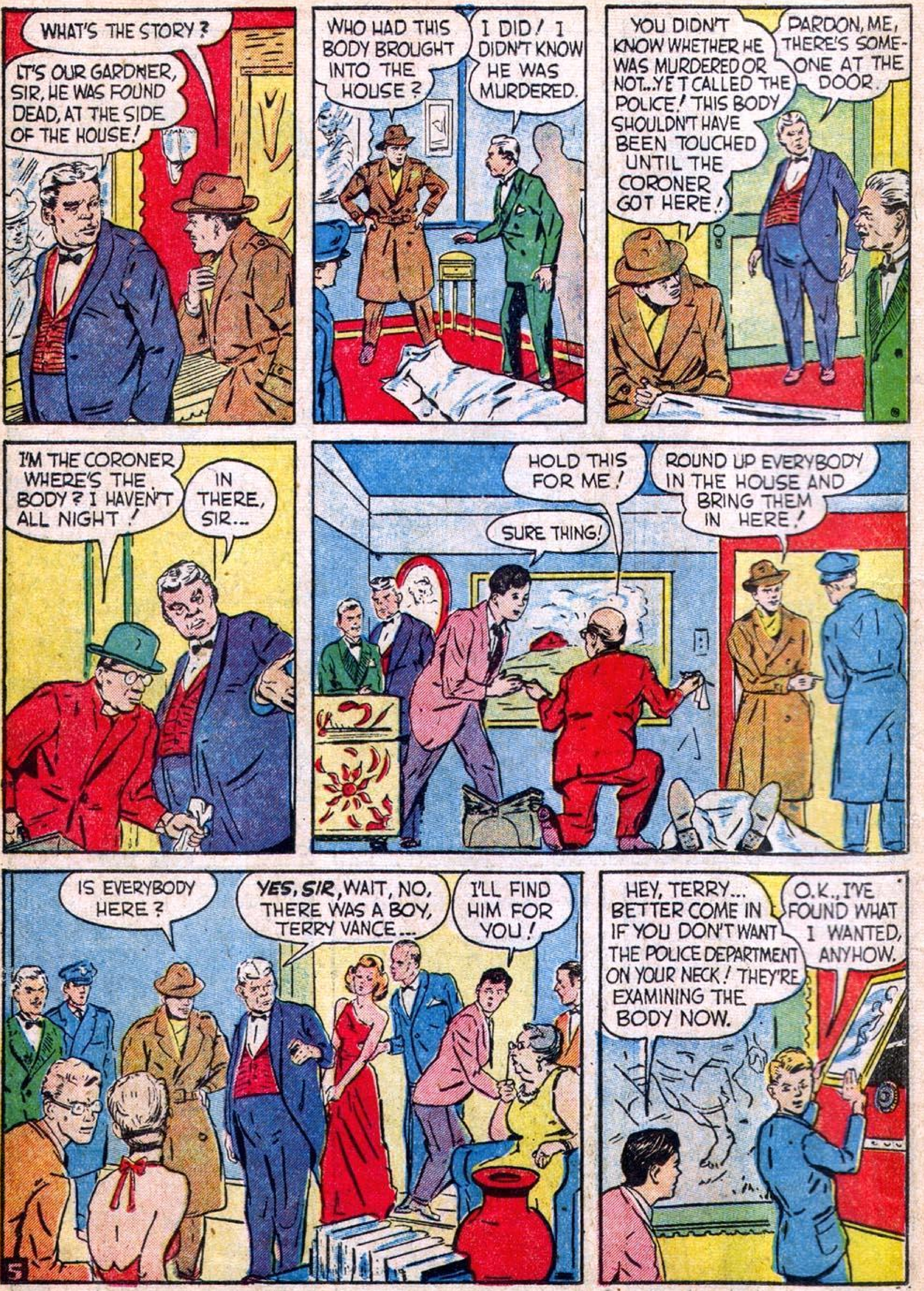
END

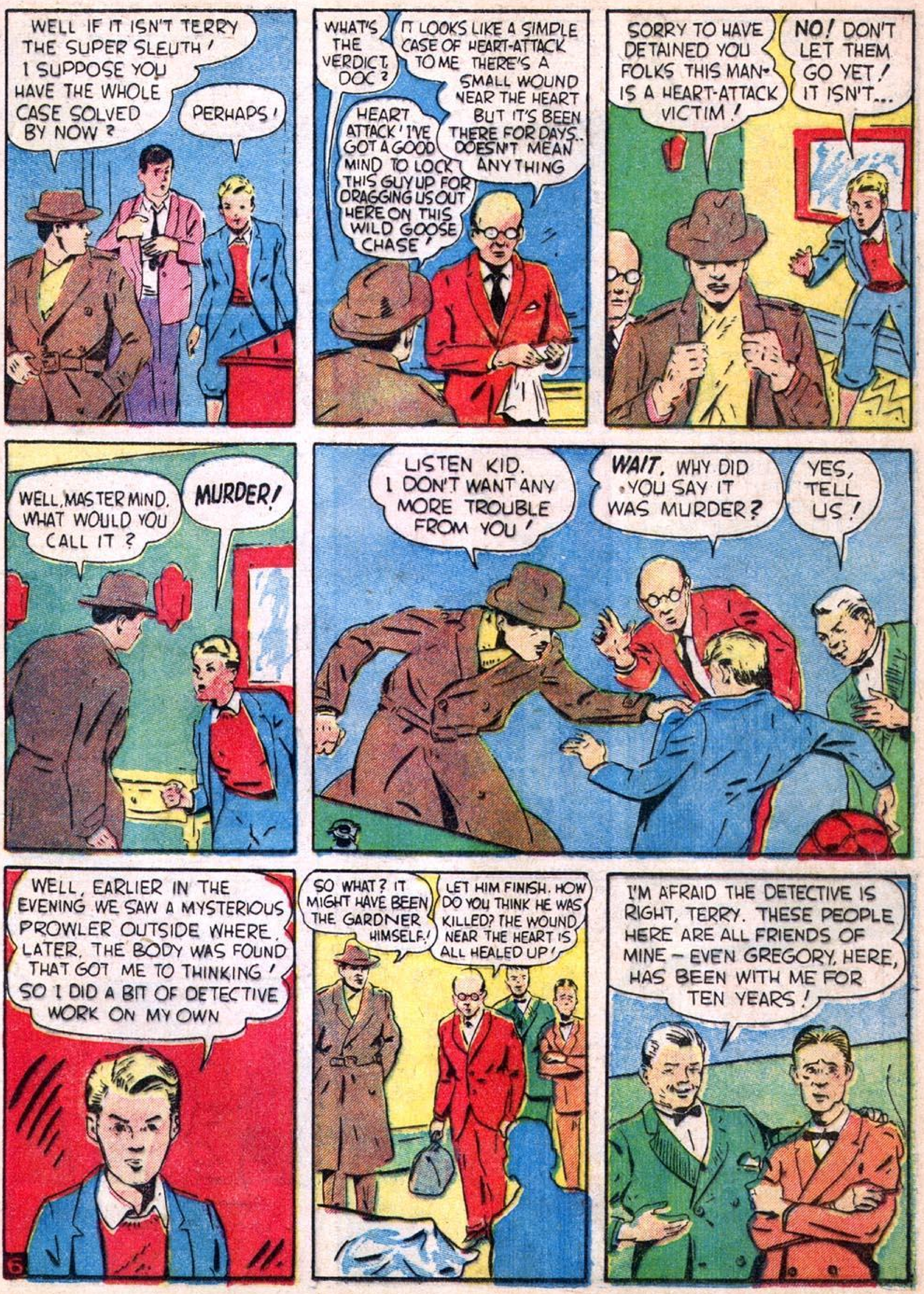

Terry Vance
THE SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
TERRY VANCE, THE YOUNG DETECTIVE, AND HIS PET MONKEY, DR. WATSON, HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN A HEAVY DOWNPOUR WHILE RETURNING FROM A SIMPLE NEWS ASSIGNMENT WITH THEIR NEWSPAPERMAN FRIEND, DEADLINE DAWSON.
WE'D BETTER FIND SOME PLACE TO GET IN OUT OF THIS RAIN SOON, TERRY.
PHEW! YOU AREN'T KIDDING! THIS IS NO HEAVY DEW!
HEY! LOOK- A HOUSE!
IT'S BIG -- BIG ENOUGH TO KEEP US DRY.
I'LL SAY IT'S BIG - AND MYSTERIOUS, TOO!
REMINDS ME OF A HORROR MOVIE I ONCE SAW - A DESERTED OLD HOUSE, A CRAZY SCIENTIST...
PRESS
... AND THE CLOSER I GET TO IT THE MORE IT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE OLD HOUSE IN THE PICTURE! BRRRR!
1

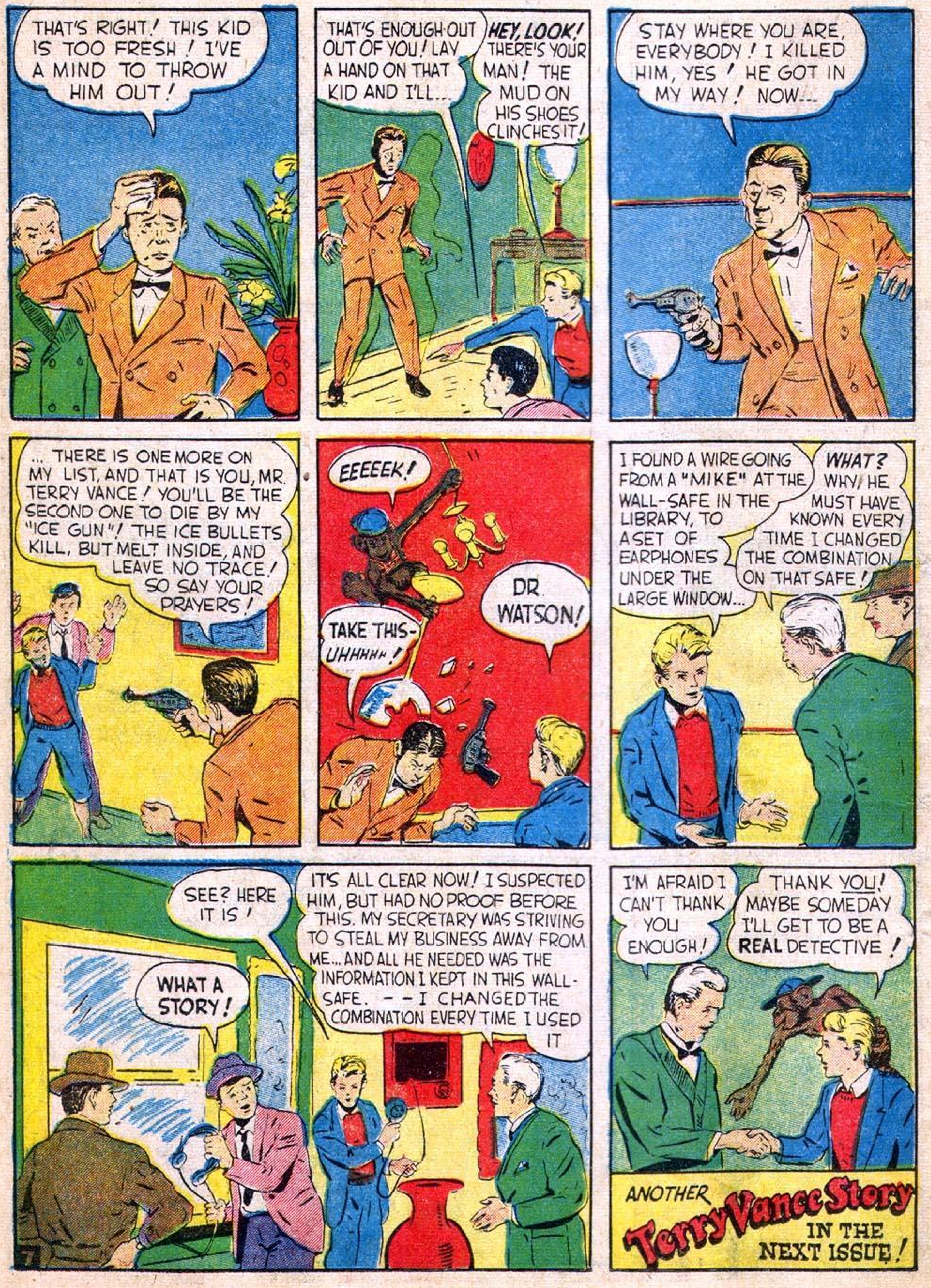

LOOK! PARKED CARS! THERE GOES YOUR "MYSTERY HOUSE" STORY-DEADLINE!
SHUCKS! WELL MAYBE THERE'S A BETTER STORY INSIDE... WHO KNOWS?
I HOPE WE'RE PROPERLY DRESSED FOR THE RECEPTION — OR WHATEVER IS GOING ON INSIDE!
HEY, OPEN UP! WE CAN'T STAND HERE ALL NIGHT!
I'M SOAKED THROUGH!
COME ON, WE'LL TRY THE BACK ENTRANCE.
O.K. THAT'S BETTER THAN STANDING HERE IN THE RAIN.
LOOK! A PROWLER!
MAYBE THAT'S MY STORY FOR THE MORNING EDITION!
HEY!
I'LL GET HIM!
EEEEEKK!
SEE HIM, TERRY?
NO! HE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!


HE'S GONE, ALL RIGHT! NOT A TRACE AT ALL!
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE-- HEY, SOMEONE'S AT THE FRONT DOOR!
HELLO! WHO'S THERE!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! HERE WE ARE OVER HERE!
YOU AND YOUR FRIEND ARE WELCOME, SIR. BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ADMIT THAT BEAST!
WHAT? BUT - OH, ALL RIGHT!
NO, YOU DON'T! IF THE MONK CAN'T COME IN, WE CAN'T EITHER!
GO ON IN, DEADLINE. DR. WATSON WON'T MIND -WILL YOU, PAL?
EEEE-EEKKK!
YOU STAY OUT HERE- O.K.? SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND ABOUT THAT PROWLER!
EEEK!
YOU MAY STAY UNTIL THE RAIN STOPS. IN THE KITCHEN. THE MASTER IS ENTERTAINING HIS BUSINESS ASSOCIATES AND THEIR WIVES THIS EVENING.
THAT'S FINE, THANKS!
A PARTY, EH? I'M A REPORTER! DO YOU THINK THERE'LL BE ANY NEWS ABOUT HERE TONIGHT?
YOU ARE ENJOYING THE MASTER'S HOSPITALITY. TRY TO SHOW SOME GRATITUDE BY MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
MEANWHILE, DR. WATSON DOES A LITTLE EXPLORING. SUDDENLY---
EEEEE-IIIII-EE!!


DR. WATSON HURRIES TO INFORM TERRY OF WHAT HE HAS FOUND.
EK EK EKK EEEK EEEEEK!
OH, IT'S YOU! WHAT'S. UP, DR. WATSON?
EEEEEK!
WHAT'S DOING, TERRY?
COME ON- HURRY!
WATSON SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND SOMETHING IMPORTANT- I CAN TELL!
EEK!
LOOK, DEADLINE, THERE'S YOUR STORY..
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
IT'S THE GARDNER, SIR! HE'S DEAD!
I THOUGHT I WARNED YOU TO STAY OUT OF THIS ROOM! IT'S ENOUGH THAT YOU, AS MY PRIVATE SECRETARY, KNOW ALL OF MY AFFAIRS AT THE OFFICE- BUT MY HOME IS MY OWN!
GET OUT!
YES, SIR!
BRING THE BODY INTO THE HOUSE!
YES, SIR!
I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!
IN A SHORT TIME THE POLICE ARRIVE
WHERE'S THE BODY?
THIS WAY, SIR

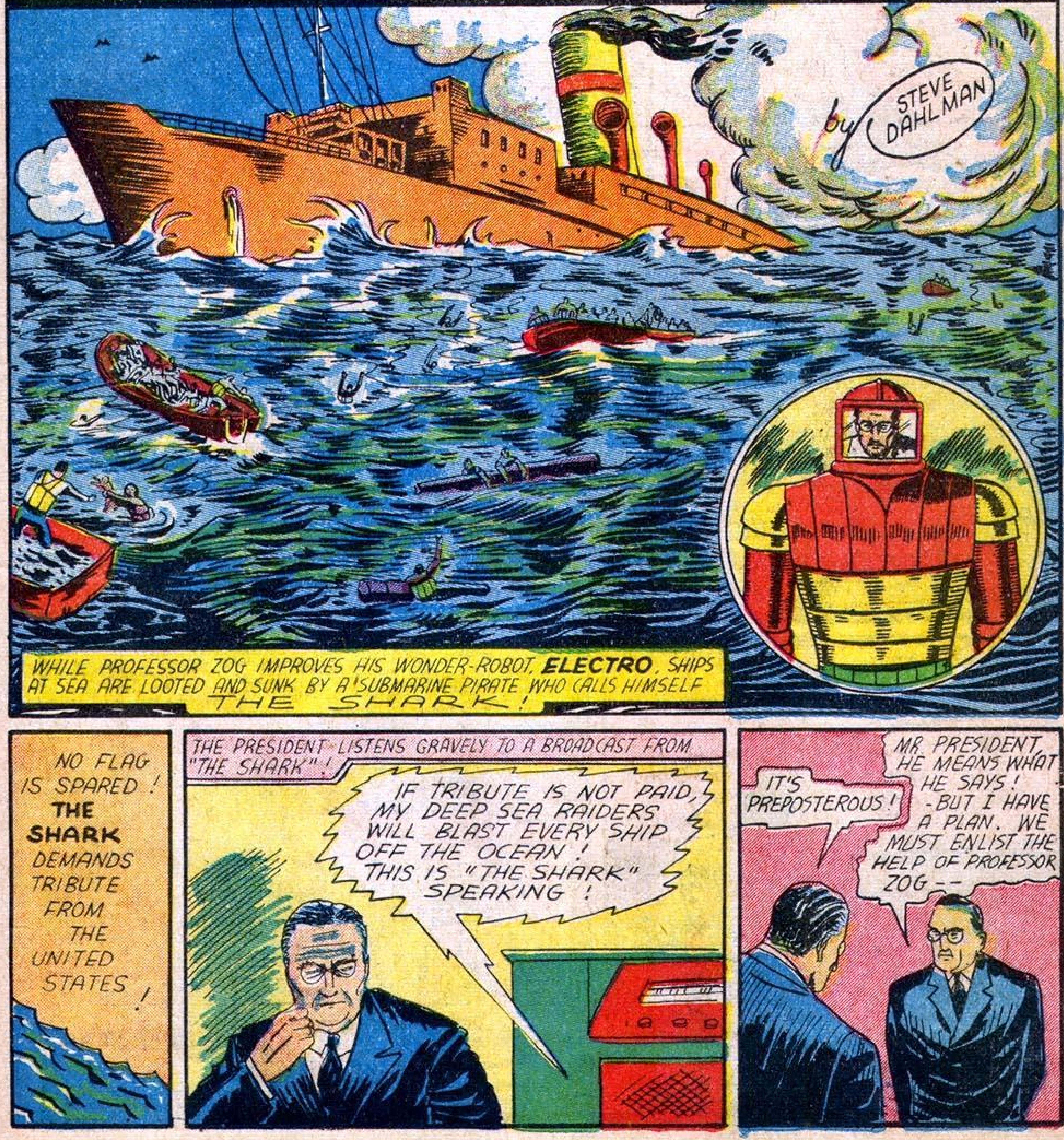

WHAT'S THE STORY?
IT'S OUR GARDNER, SIR, HE WAS FOUND DEAD, AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE!
WHO HAD THIS BODY BROUGHT INTO THE HOUSE?
I DID! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS MURDERED.
YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER HE WAS MURDERED OR NOT...YET CALLED THE POLICE! THIS BODY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TOUCHED UNTIL THE CORONER GOT HERE!
PARDON, ME, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
I'M THE CORONER WHERE'S THE BODY? I HAVEN'T ALL NIGHT!
IN THERE, SIR...
HOLD THIS FOR ME!
SURE THING!
ROUND UP EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE AND BRING THEM IN HERE!
IS EVERYBODY HERE?
YES, SIR, WAIT, NO, THERE WAS A BOY, TERRY VANCE....
I'LL FIND HIM FOR YOU!
HEY, TERRY... BETTER COME IN IF YOU DON'T WANT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT ON YOUR NECK! THEY'RE EXAMINING THE BODY NOW.
O.K., I'VE FOUND WHAT I WANTED, ANYHOW.

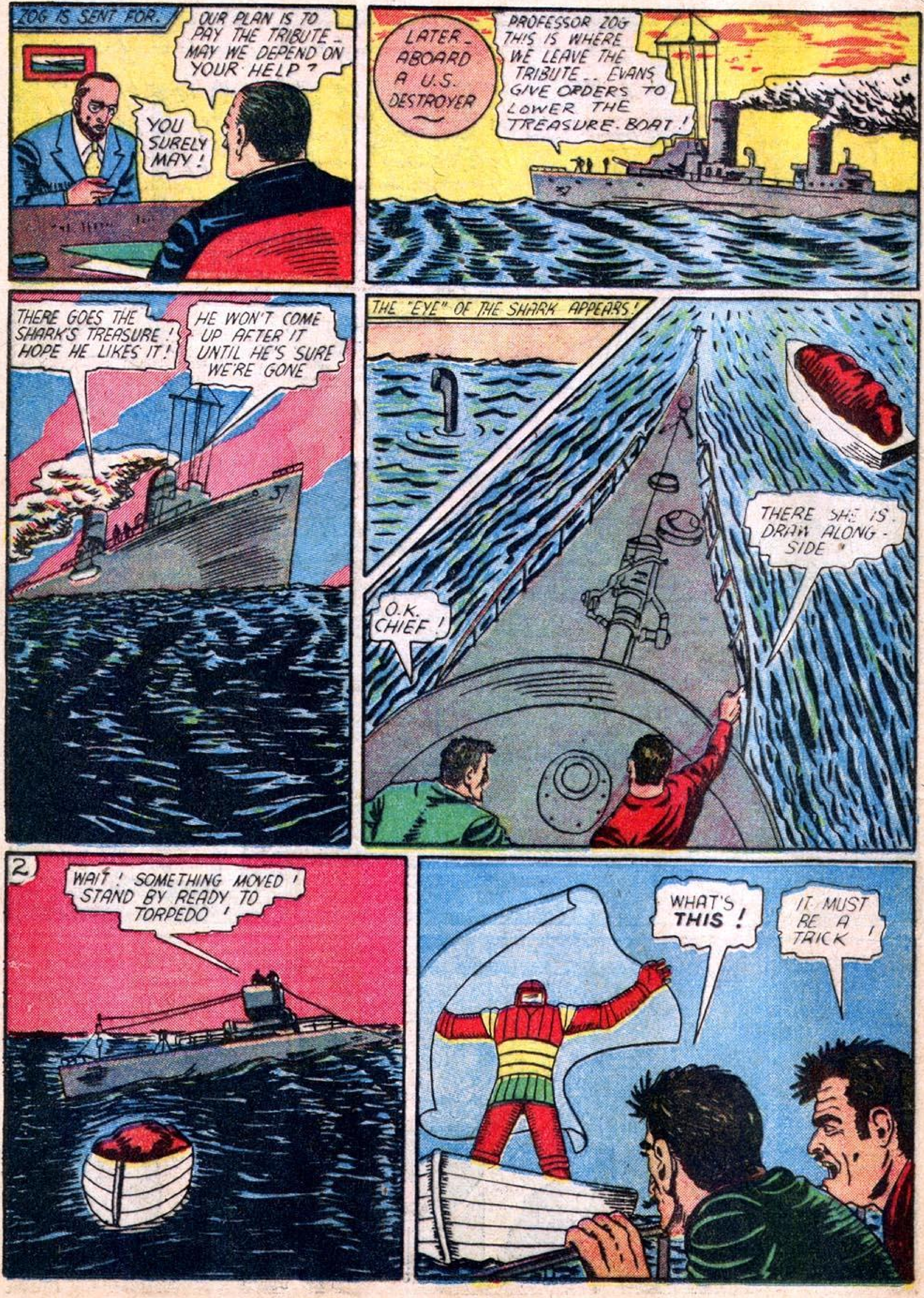

WELL IF IT ISN'T TERRY THE SUPER SLEUTH! I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE THE WHOLE CASE SOLVED BY NOW?
PERHAPS!
WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOC?
IT LOOKS LIKE A SIMPLE CASE OF HEART-ATTACK TO ME THERE'S A SMALL WOUND NEAR THE HEART BUT IT'S BEEN THERE FOR DAYS.. DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING
HEART ATTACK! I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO LOCK THIS GUY UP FOR DRAGGING US OUT HERE ON THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE!
SORRY TO HAVE DETAINED YOU FOLKS THIS MAN IS A HEART-ATTACK VICTIM!
NO! DON'T LET THEM GO YET! IT ISN'T...
WELL, MASTER MIND. WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT?
MURDER!
LISTEN KID. I DON'T WANT ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM YOU!
WAIT, WHY DID YOU SAY IT WAS MURDER?
YES, TELL US!
WELL, EARLIER IN THE EVENING WE SAW A MYSTERIOUS PROWLER OUTSIDE WHERE, LATER, THE BODY WAS FOUND THAT GOT ME TO THINKING! SO I DID A BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK ON MY OWN
SO WHAT? IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE GARDNER HIMSELF!
LET HIM FINISH. HOW DO YOU THINK HE WAS KILLED? THE WOUND NEAR THE HEART IS ALL HEALED UP!
I'M AFRAID THE DETECTIVE IS RIGHT, TERRY. THESE PEOPLE HERE ARE ALL FRIENDS OF MINE – EVEN GREGORY, HERE, HAS BEEN WITH ME FOR TEN YEARS!

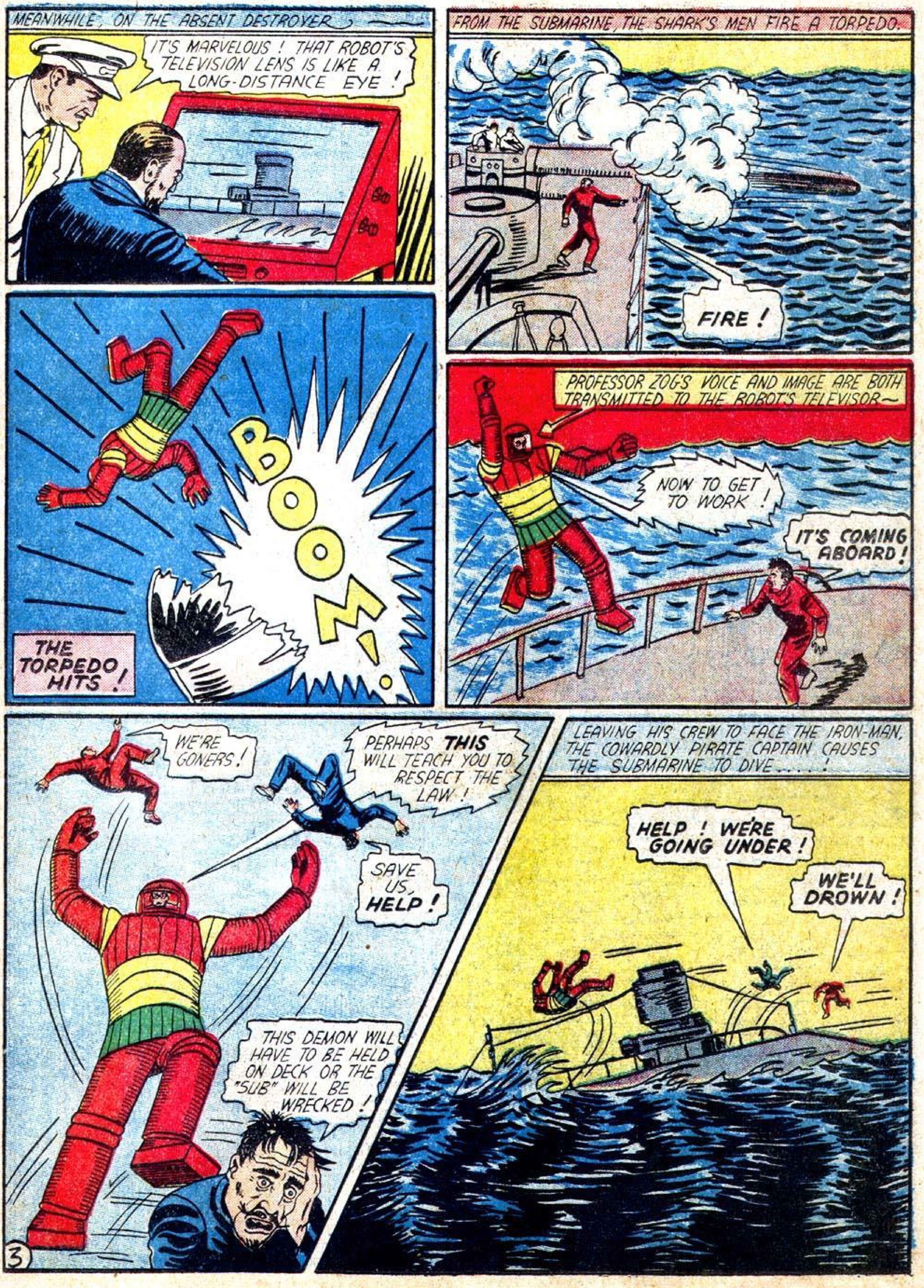

THAT'S RIGHT! THIS KID IS TOO FRESH! I'VE A MIND TO THROW HIM OUT!
THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OUT OF YOU! LAY A HAND ON THAT KID AND I'LL...
HEY, LOOK! THERE'S YOUR MAN! THE MUD ON HIS SHOES CLINCHES IT!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, EVERYBODY! I KILLED HIM, YES! HE GOT IN MY WAY! NOW---
... THERE IS ONE MORE ON MY LIST, AND THAT IS YOU, MR. TERRY VANCE! YOU'LL BE THE SECOND ONE TO DIE BY MY "ICE GUN"! THE ICE BULLETS KILL, BUT MELT INSIDE, AND LEAVE NO TRACE! SO SAY YOUR PRAYERS!
EEEEEK!
TAKE THIS- UHHHHH!
DR. WATSON!
I FOUND A WIRE GOING FROM A "MIKE" AT THE WALL-SAFE IN THE LIBRARY, TO A SET OF EARPHONES UNDER THE LARGE WINDOW...
WHAT? WHY, HE MUST HAVE KNOWN EVERY TIME I CHANGED THE COMBINATION ON THAT SAFE!
SEE? HERE IT IS!
WHAT A STORY!
IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW! I SUSPECTED HIM, BUT HAD NO PROOF BEFORE THIS. MY SECRETARY WAS STRIVING TO STEAL MY BUSINESS AWAY FROM ME... AND ALL HE NEEDED WAS THE INFORMATION I KEPT IN THIS WALL-SAFE. --I CHANGED THE COMBINATION EVERY TIME I USED IT
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!
THANK YOU! MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL GET TO BE A REAL DETECTIVE!
ANOTHER Terry Vance Story IN THE NEXT ISSUE!
7

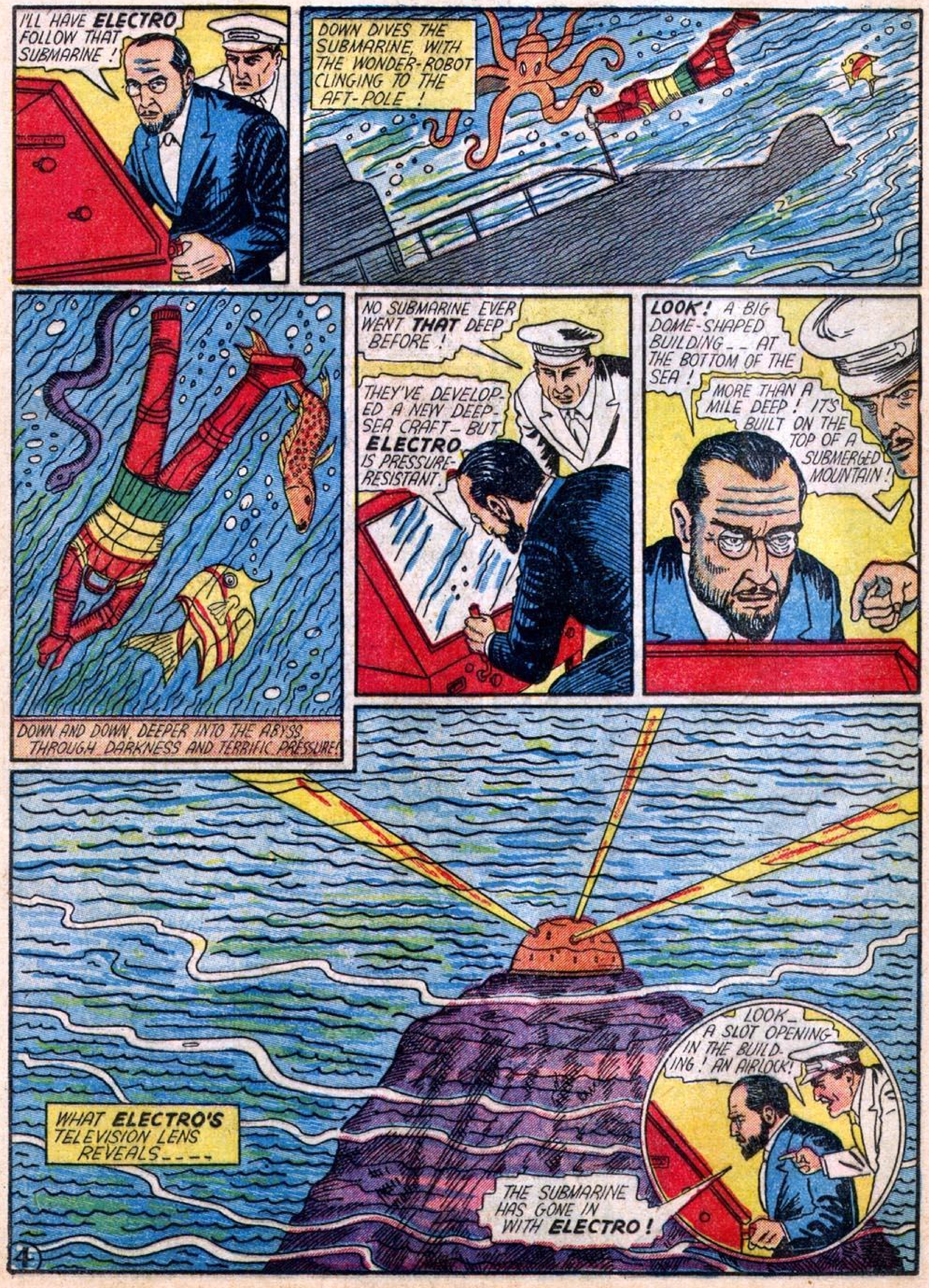
ELECTRO

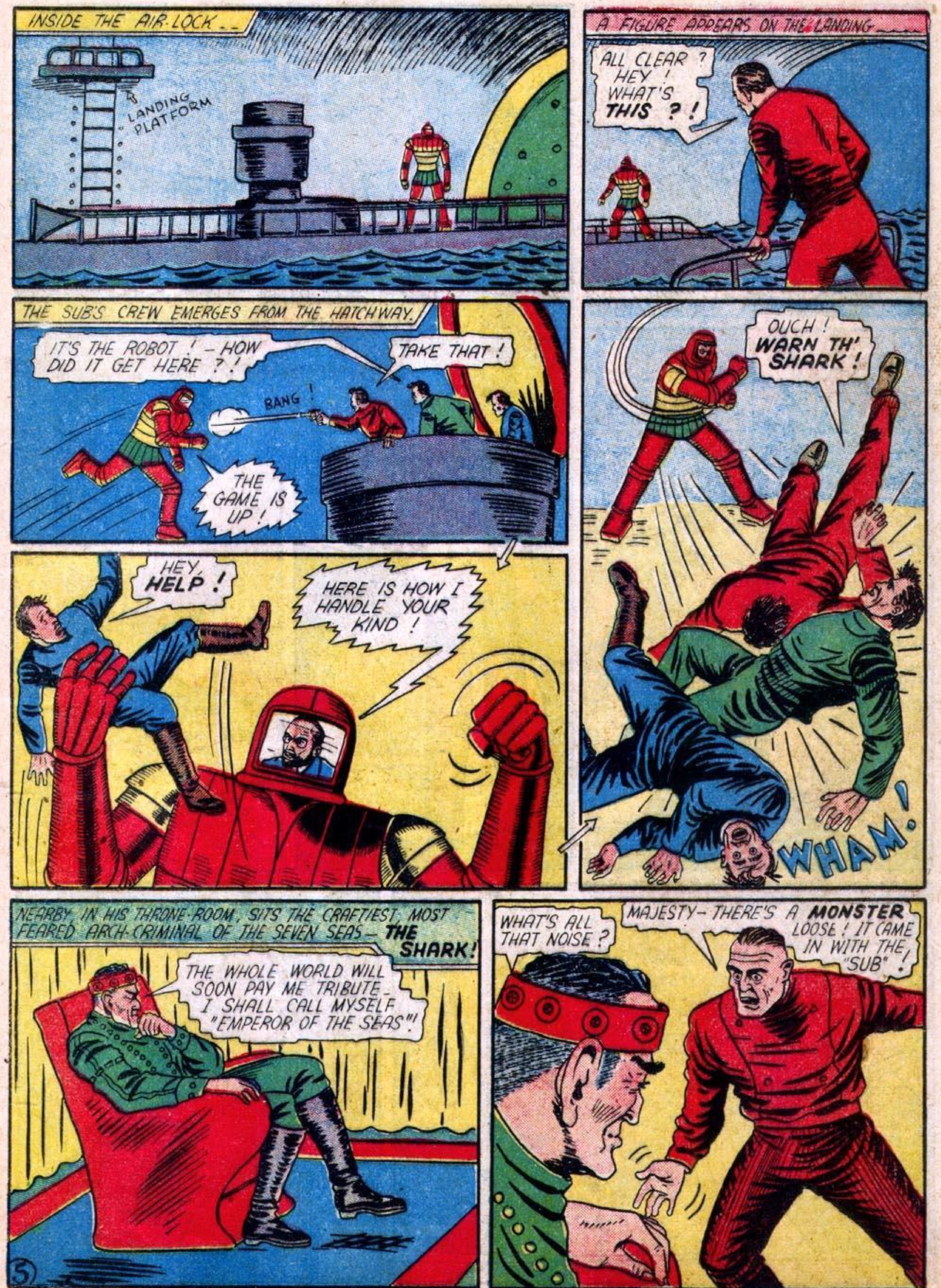
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

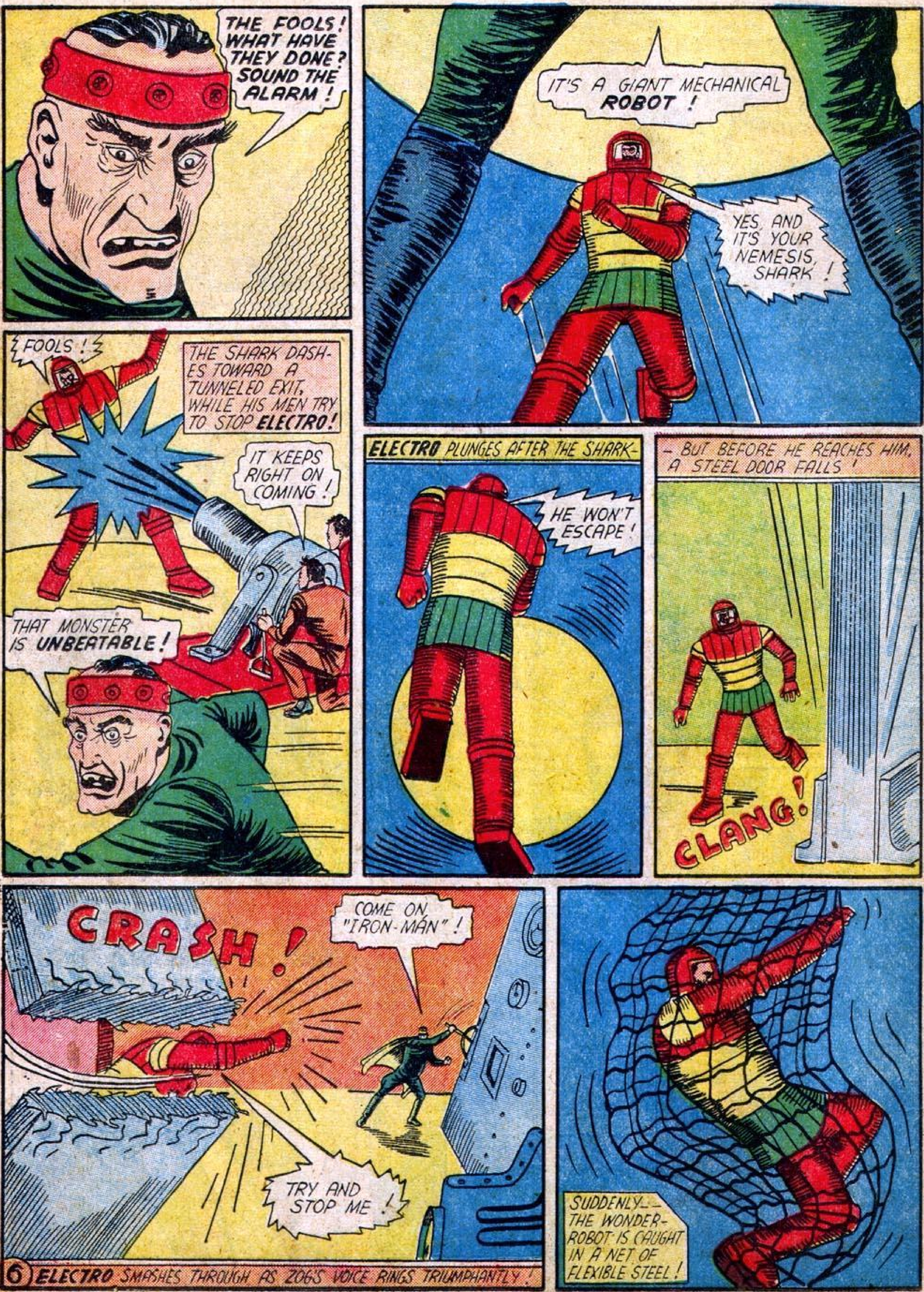

by STEVE DAHLMAN
WHILE PROFESSOR ZOG IMPROVES HIS WONDER-ROBOT, **ELECTRO**, SHIPS AT SEA ARE LOOTED AND SUNK BY A SUBMARINE PIRATE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SHARK!
NO FLAG IS SPARED! **THE SHARK** DEMANDS TRIBUTE FROM THE UNITED STATES!
THE PRESIDENT LISTENS GRAVELY TO A BROADCAST FROM "THE SHARK"!
IF TRIBUTE IS NOT PAID, MY DEEP SEA RAIDERS WILL BLAST EVERY SHIP OFF THE OCEAN! THIS IS "THE SHARK" SPEAKING!
IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!
MR. PRESIDENT, HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS! -BUT I HAVE A PLAN. WE MUST ENLIST THE HELP OF PROFESSOR ZOG--

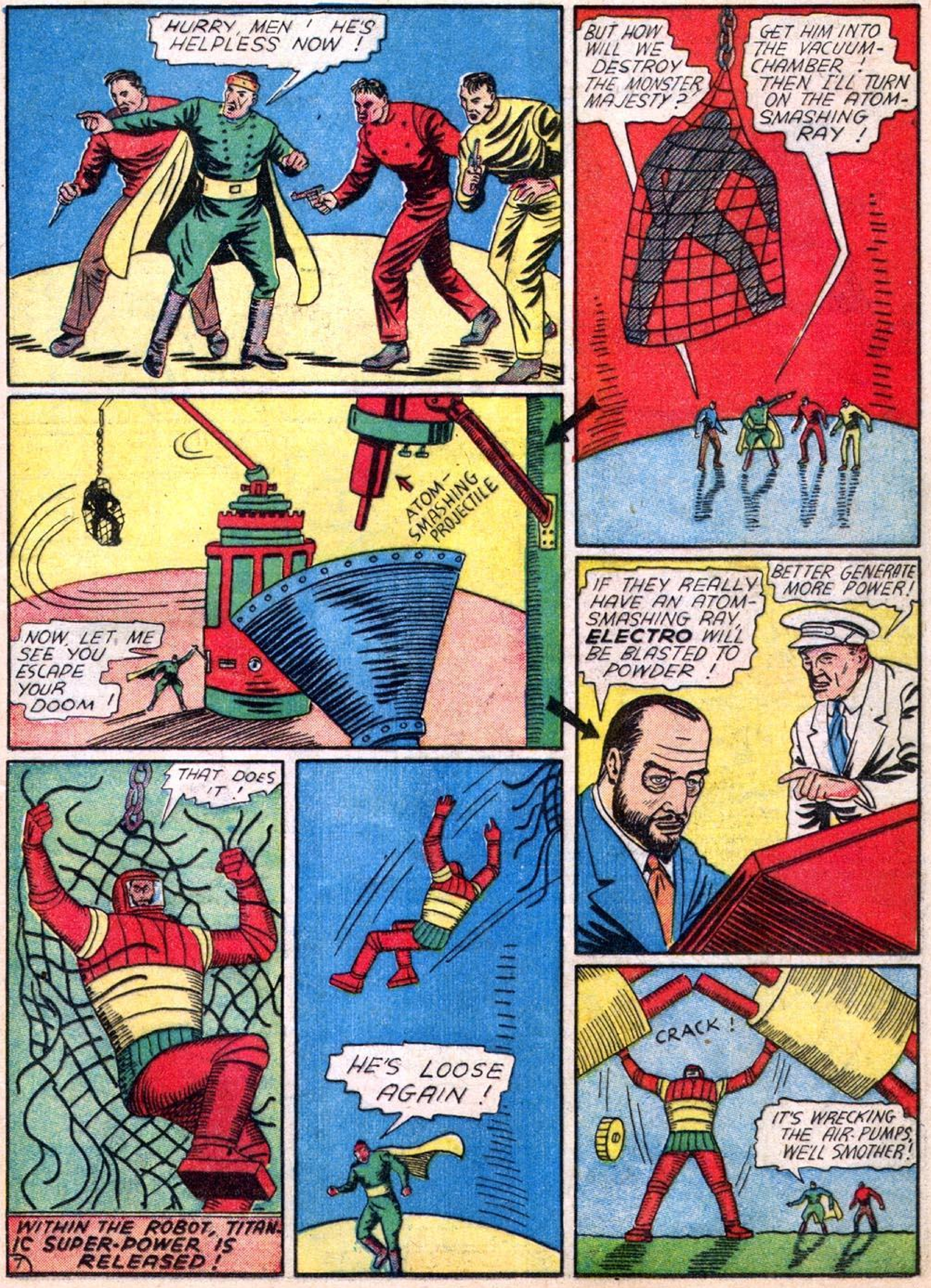

ZOG IS SENT FOR.
OUR PLAN IS TO PAY THE TRIBUTE.. MAY WE DEPEND ON YOUR HELP?
YOU SURELY MAY!
LATER.. ABOARD A U.S. DESTROYER
PROFESSOR ZOG THIS IS WHERE WE LEAVE THE TRIBUTE... EVANS GIVE ORDERS TO LOWER THE TREASURE-BOAT!
THERE GOES THE SHARK'S TREASURE! HOPE HE LIKES IT!
HE WON'T COME UP AFTER IT UNTIL HE'S SURE WE'RE GONE
THE "EYE" OF THE SHARK APPEARS!
THERE SHE IS. DRAW ALONG-SIDE
O.K. CHIEF!
2
WAIT! SOMETHING MOVED! STAND BY READY TO TORPEDO!
WHAT'S THIS!
IT MUST BE A TRICK!

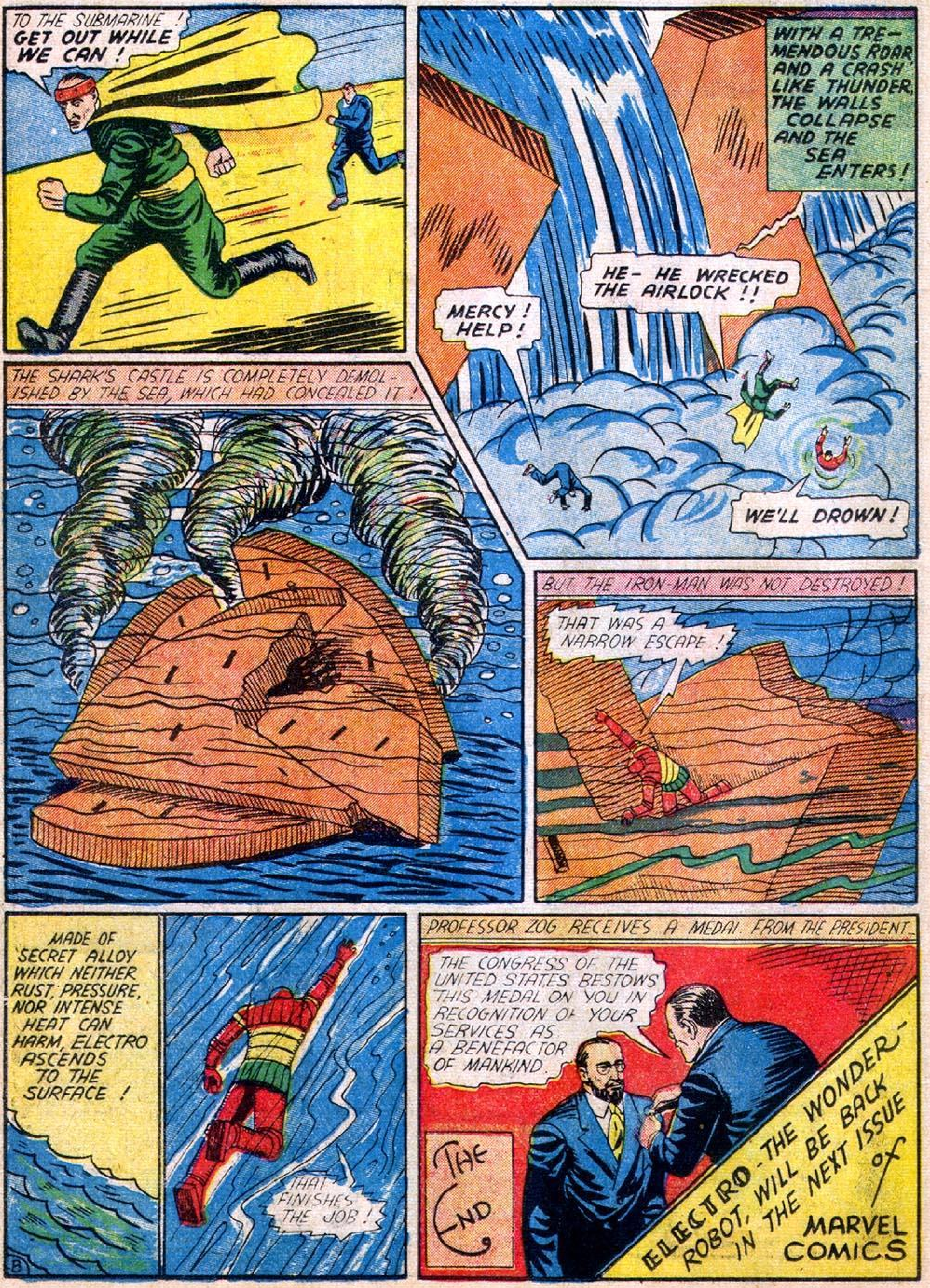

MEANWHILE, ON THE ABSENT DESTROYER—
IT'S MARVELOUS! THAT ROBOT'S TELEVISION LENS IS LIKE A LONG-DISTANCE EYE!
FROM THE SUBMARINE, THE SHARK'S MEN FIRE A TORPEDO.
FIRE!
BOOM!
THE TORPEDO HITS!
PROFESSOR ZOG'S VOICE AND IMAGE ARE BOTH TRANSMITTED TO THE ROBOT'S TELEVISOR—
NOW TO GET TO WORK!
IT'S COMING ABOARD!
WE'RE GONERS!
PERHAPS **THIS** WILL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT THE LAW!
SAVE US, **HELP!**
THIS DEMON WILL HAVE TO BE HELD ON DECK OR THE "SUB" WILL BE WRECKED!
3
LEAVING HIS CREW TO FACE THE IRON-MAN, THE COWARDLY PIRATE CAPTAIN CAUSES THE SUBMARINE TO DIVE....!
HELP! WE'RE GOING UNDER!
WE'LL DROWN!


I'LL HAVE **ELECTRO** FOLLOW THAT SUBMARINE!
DOWN DIVES THE SUBMARINE, WITH THE WONDER-ROBOT CLINGING TO THE AFT-POLE!
NO SUBMARINE EVER WENT **THAT** DEEP BEFORE!
THEY'VE DEVELOPED A NEW DEEP-SEA CRAFT – BUT **ELECTRO** IS PRESSURE-RESISTANT.
LOOK! A BIG DOME-SHAPED BUILDING – – AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
MORE THAN A MILE DEEP! IT'S BUILT ON THE TOP OF A SUBMERGED MOUNTAIN!
DOWN AND DOWN, DEEPER INTO THE ABYSS, THROUGH DARKNESS AND TERRIFIC PRESSURE!
WHAT **ELECTRO'S** TELEVISION LENS REVEALS – – – –
LOOK – A SLOT OPENING IN THE BUILDING! AN AIRLOCK!
THE SUBMARINE HAS GONE IN WITH **ELECTRO**!


INSIDE THE AIR-LOCK _ _
LANDING PLATFORM
A FIGURE APPEARS ON THE LANDING
ALL CLEAR ? HEY ! WHAT'S **THIS** ? !
THE SUB'S CREW EMERGES FROM THE HATCHWAY.
IT'S THE ROBOT ! - HOW DID IT GET HERE ? !
TAKE THAT !
BANG !
THE GAME IS UP !
OUCH ! **WARN TH' SHARK !**
HEY, **HELP** !
HERE IS HOW I HANDLE YOUR KIND !
WHAM !
NEARBY, IN HIS THRONE-ROOM, SITS THE CRAFTIEST, MOST FEARED ARCH-CRIMINAL OF THE SEVEN SEAS - **THE SHARK!**
THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SOON PAY ME TRIBUTE _ I SHALL CALL MYSELF "EMPEROR OF THE SEAS"!
WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE ?
MAJESTY - THERE'S A **MONSTER** LOOSE ! IT CAME IN WITH THE "SUB" !


THE FOOLS! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE? SOUND THE ALARM!
IT'S A GIANT MECHANICAL ROBOT!
YES, AND IT'S YOUR NEMESIS, SHARK!
FOOLS!
THE SHARK DASHES TOWARD A TUNNELED EXIT, WHILE HIS MEN TRY TO STOP ELECTRO!
IT KEEPS RIGHT ON COMING!
THAT MONSTER IS UNBEATABLE!
ELECTRO PLUNGES AFTER THE SHARK-
HE WON'T ESCAPE!
- BUT BEFORE HE REACHES HIM, A STEEL DOOR FALLS!
CLANG!
CRASH!
COME ON "IRON-MAN"!
TRY AND STOP ME!
6 ELECTRO SMASHES THROUGH AS ZOG'S VOICE RINGS TRIUMPHANTLY!
SUDDENLY — THE WONDER-ROBOT IS CAUGHT IN A NET OF FLEXIBLE STEEL!


HURRY, MEN! HE'S HELPLESS NOW!
BUT HOW WILL WE DESTROY THE MONSTER, MAJESTY?
GET HIM INTO THE VACUUM-CHAMBER! THEN I'LL TURN ON THE ATOM-SMASHING RAY!
ATOM-SMASHING PROJECTILE
NOW, LET ME SEE YOU ESCAPE YOUR DOOM!
IF THEY REALLY HAVE AN ATOM-SMASHING RAY, ELECTRO WILL BE BLASTED TO POWDER!
BETTER GENERATE MORE POWER!
THAT DOES IT!
WITHIN THE ROBOT, TITANIC SUPER-POWER IS RELEASED!
HE'S LOOSE AGAIN!
CRACK!
IT'S WRECKING THE AIR-PUMPS, WE'LL SMOTHER!


TO THE SUBMARINE! GET OUT WHILE WE CAN!
WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR AND A CRASH LIKE THUNDER, THE WALLS COLLAPSE AND THE SEA ENTERS!
HE- HE WRECKED THE AIRLOCK!!
MERCY! HELP!
WE'LL DROWN!
THE SHARK'S CASTLE IS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED BY THE SEA, WHICH HAD CONCEALED IT!
BUT THE IRON-MAN WAS NOT DESTROYED!
THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!
MADE OF SECRET ALLOY WHICH NEITHER RUST, PRESSURE, NOR INTENSE HEAT CAN HARM, ELECTRO ASCENDS TO THE SURFACE!
THAT FINISHES THE JOB!
PROFESSOR ZOG RECEIVES A MEDAL FROM THE PRESIDENT
THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES BESTOWS THIS MEDAL ON YOU IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR SERVICES AS A BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND.
THE END
ELECTRO - THE WONDER-ROBOT, WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE of MARVEL COMICS
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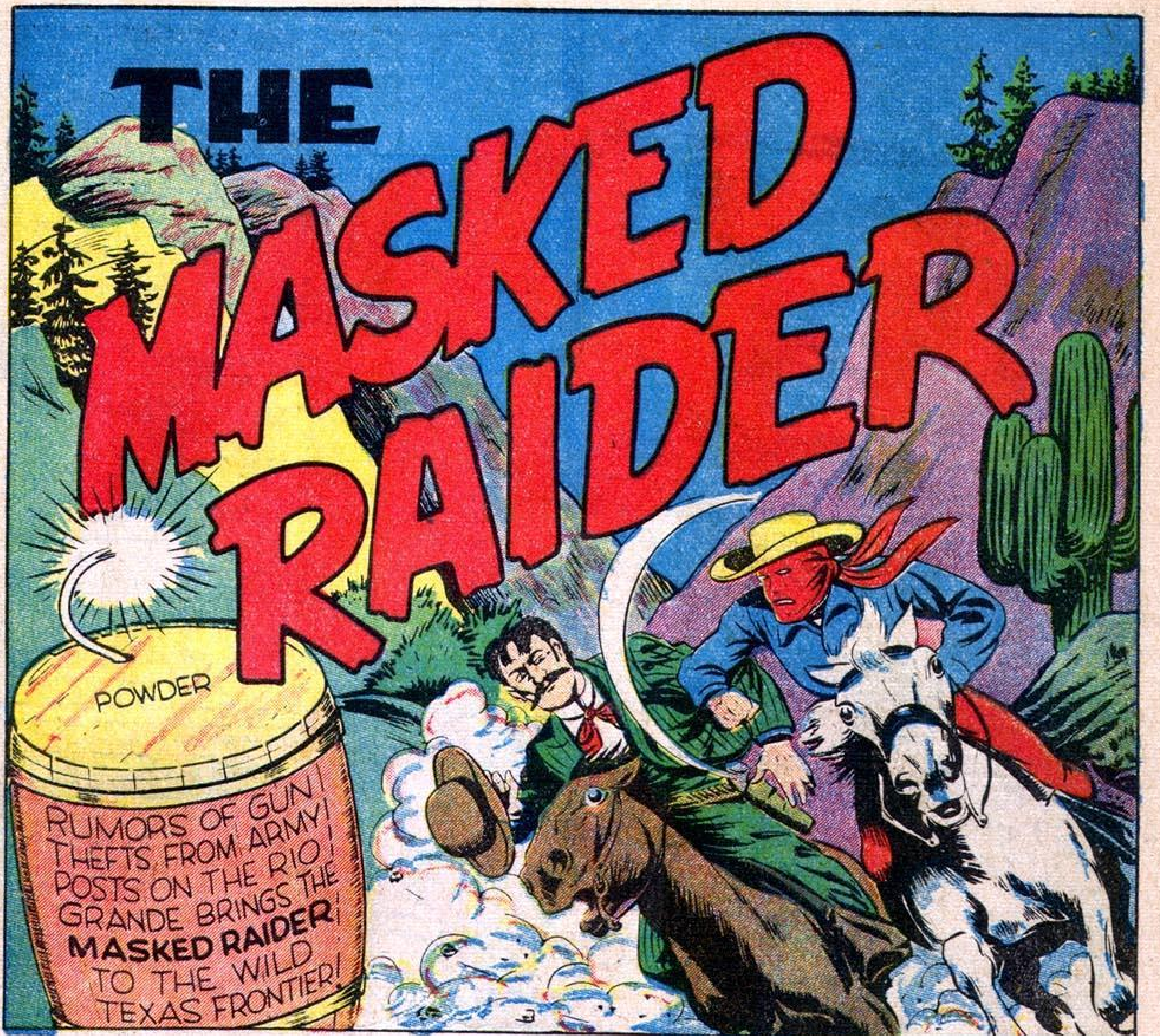
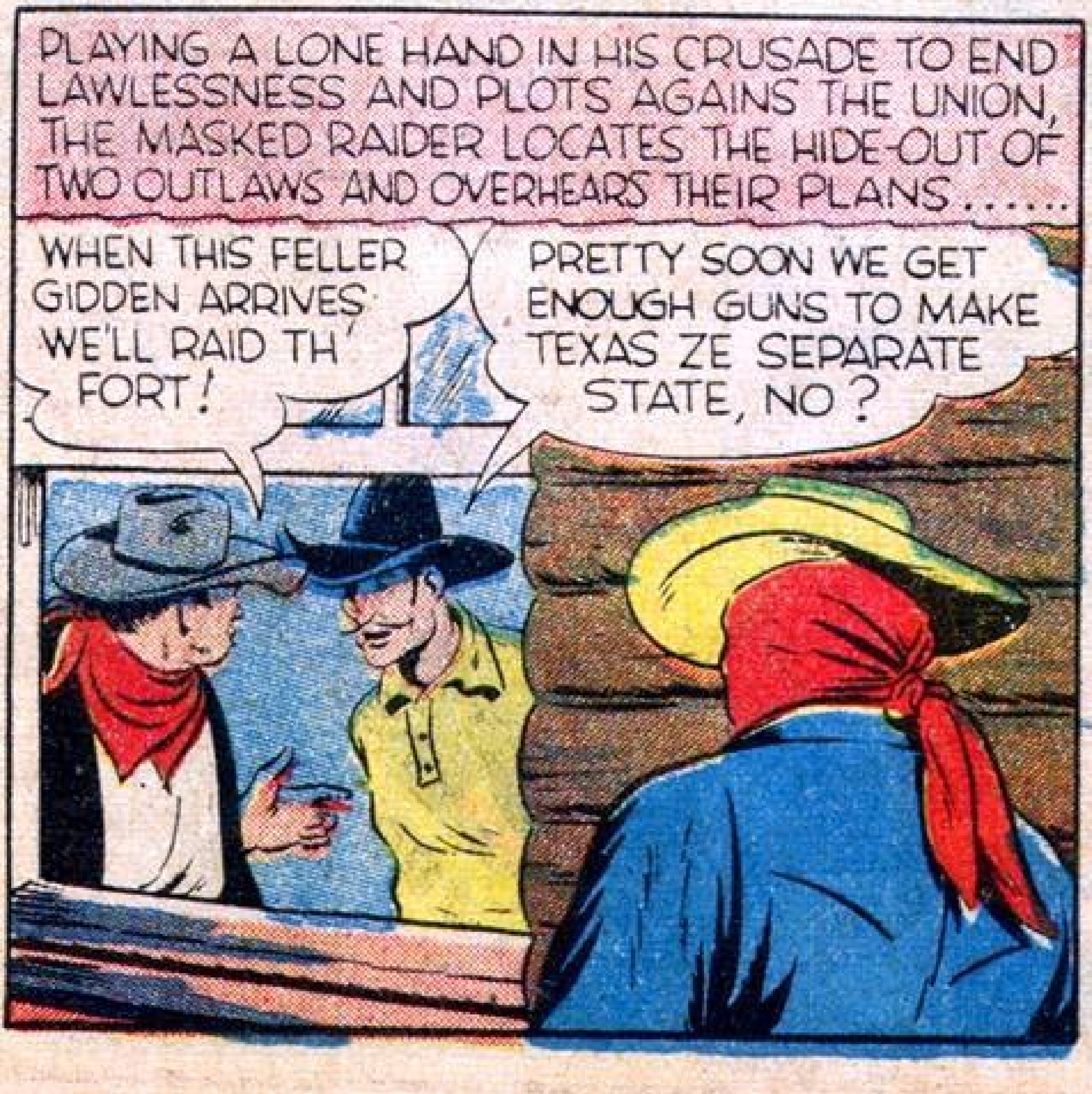
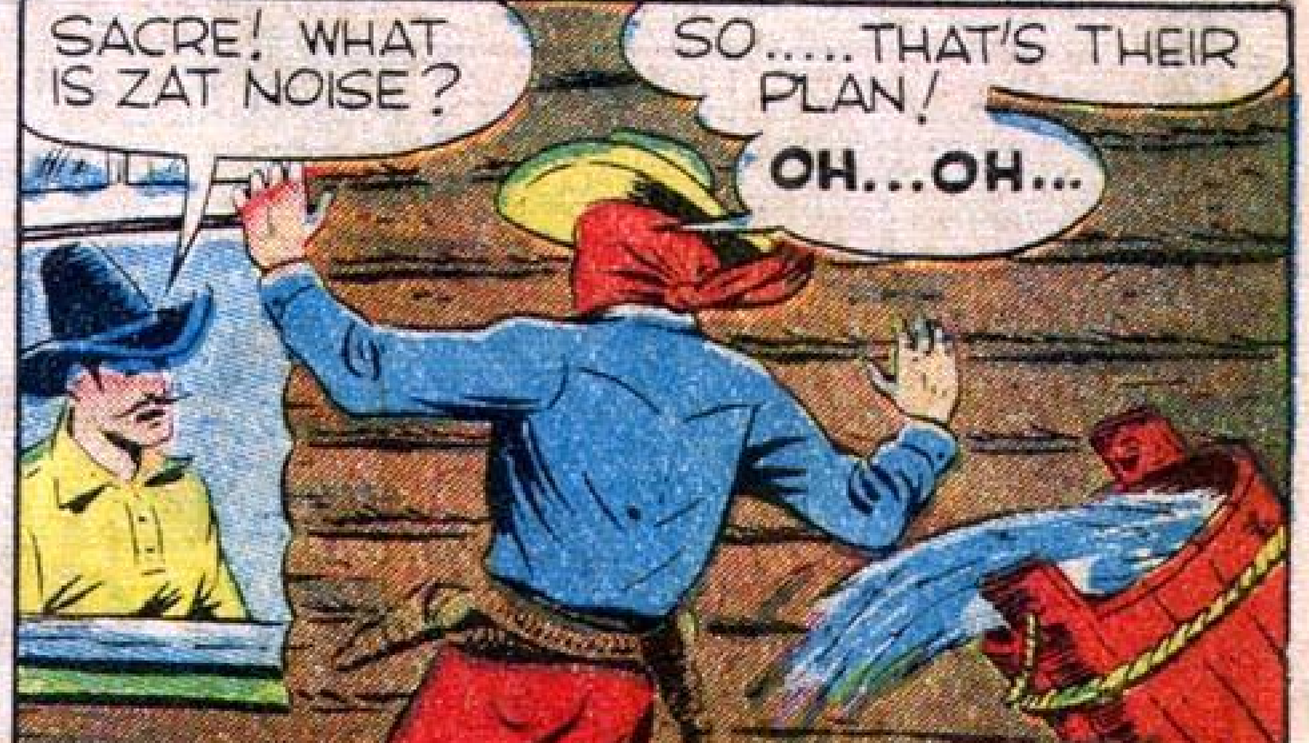
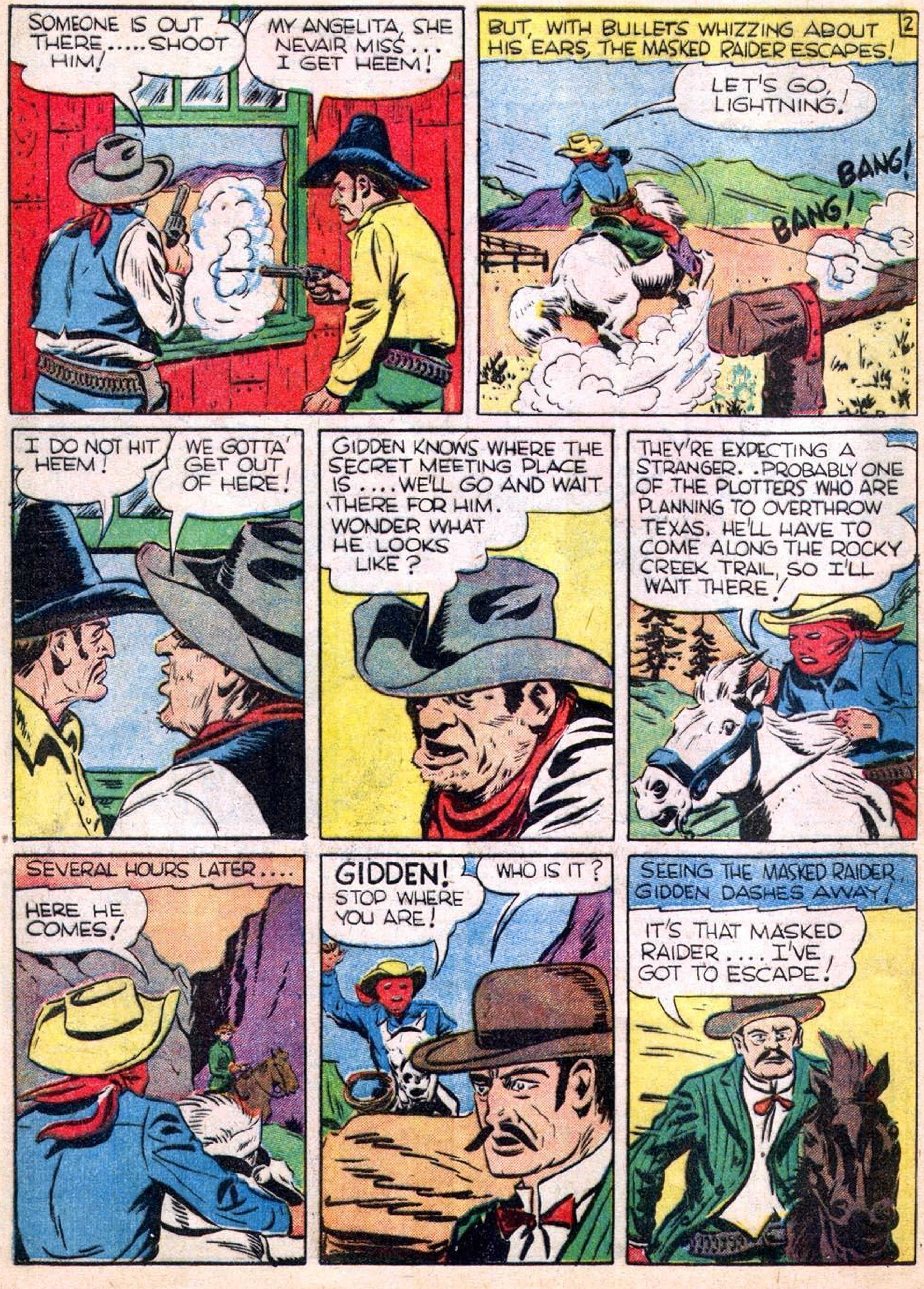
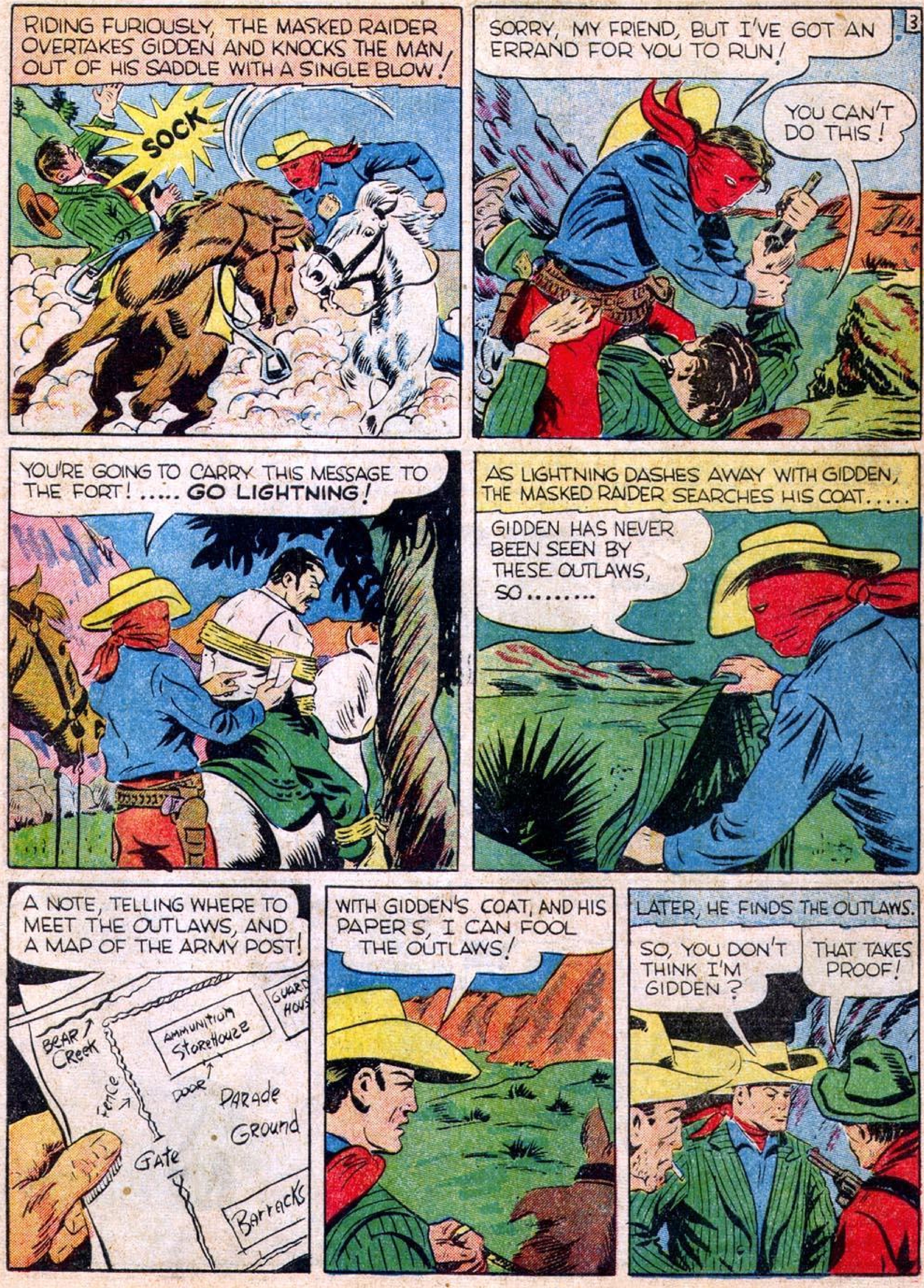
THE MASKED RAIDER

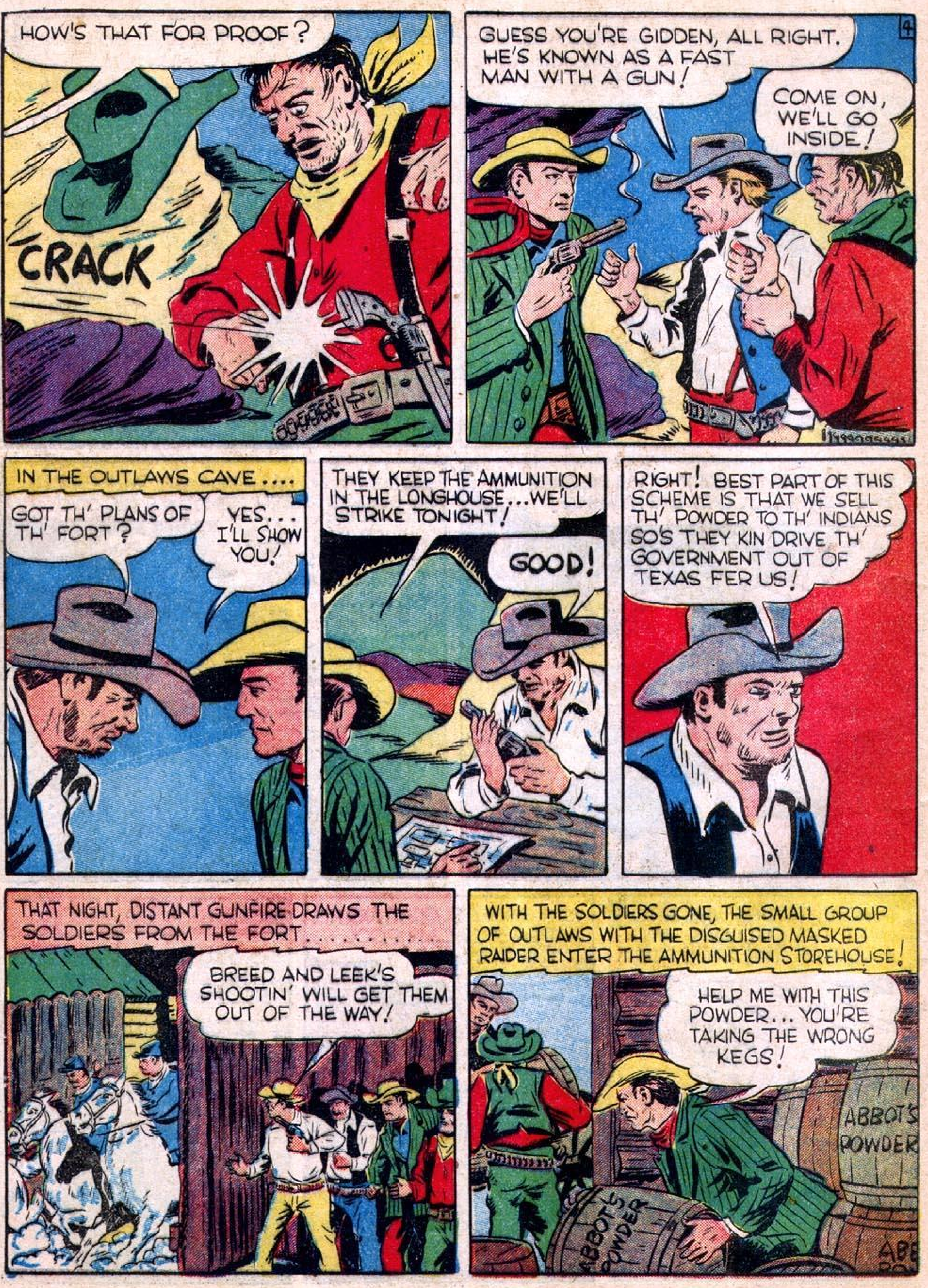

POWDER
RUMORS OF GUN THEFTS FROM ARMY POSTS ON THE RIO GRANDE BRINGS THE **MASKED RAIDER** TO THE WILD TEXAS FRONTIER!

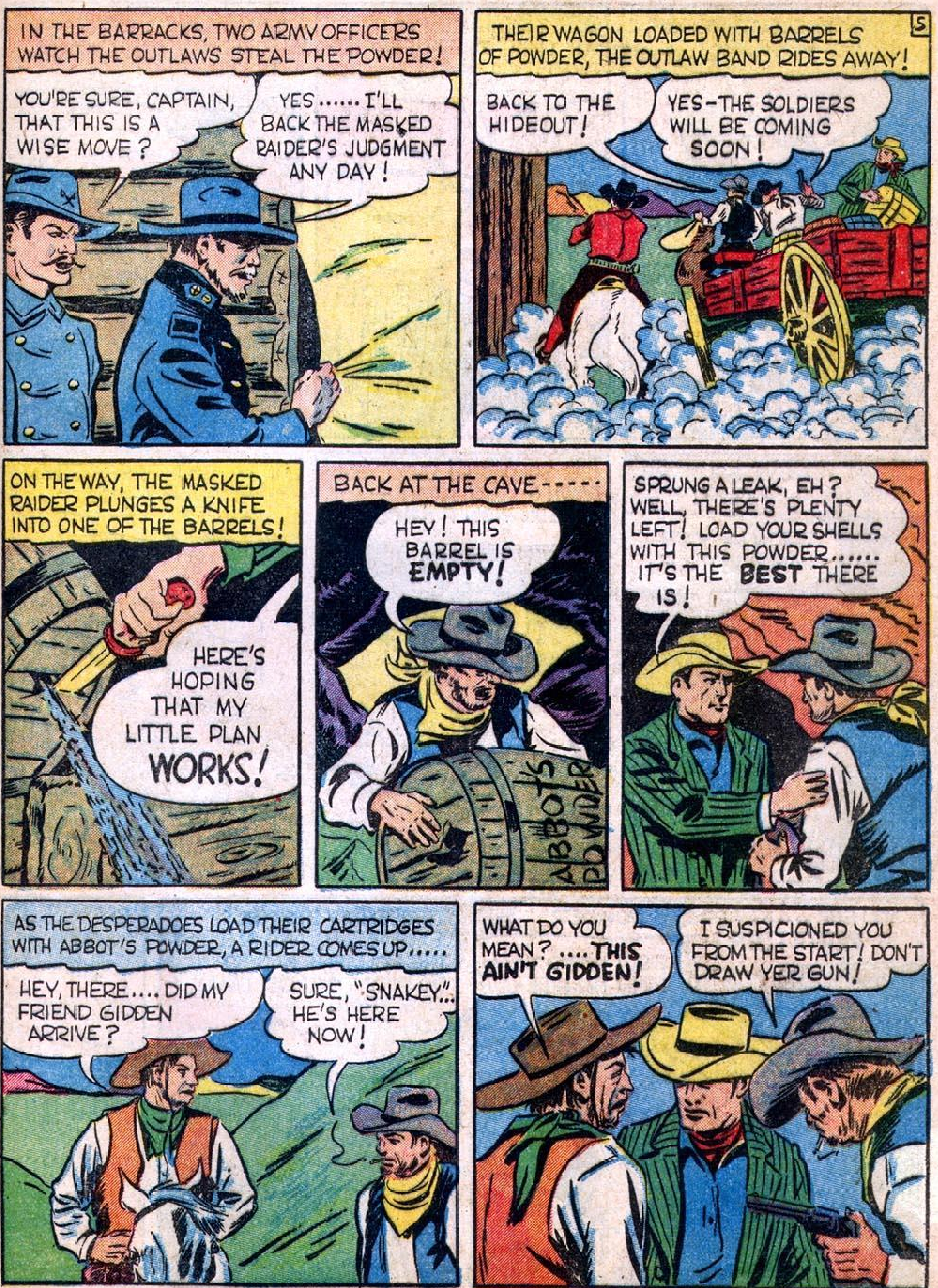

PLAYING A LONE HAND IN HIS CRUSADE TO END LAWLESSNESS AND PLOTS AGAINS THE UNION, THE MASKED RAIDER LOCATES THE HIDE-OUT OF TWO OUTLAWS AND OVERHEARS THEIR PLANS......
WHEN THIS FELLER GIDDEN ARRIVES WE'LL RAID TH' FORT!
PRETTY SOON WE GET ENOUGH GUNS TO MAKE TEXAS ZE SEPARATE STATE, NO?

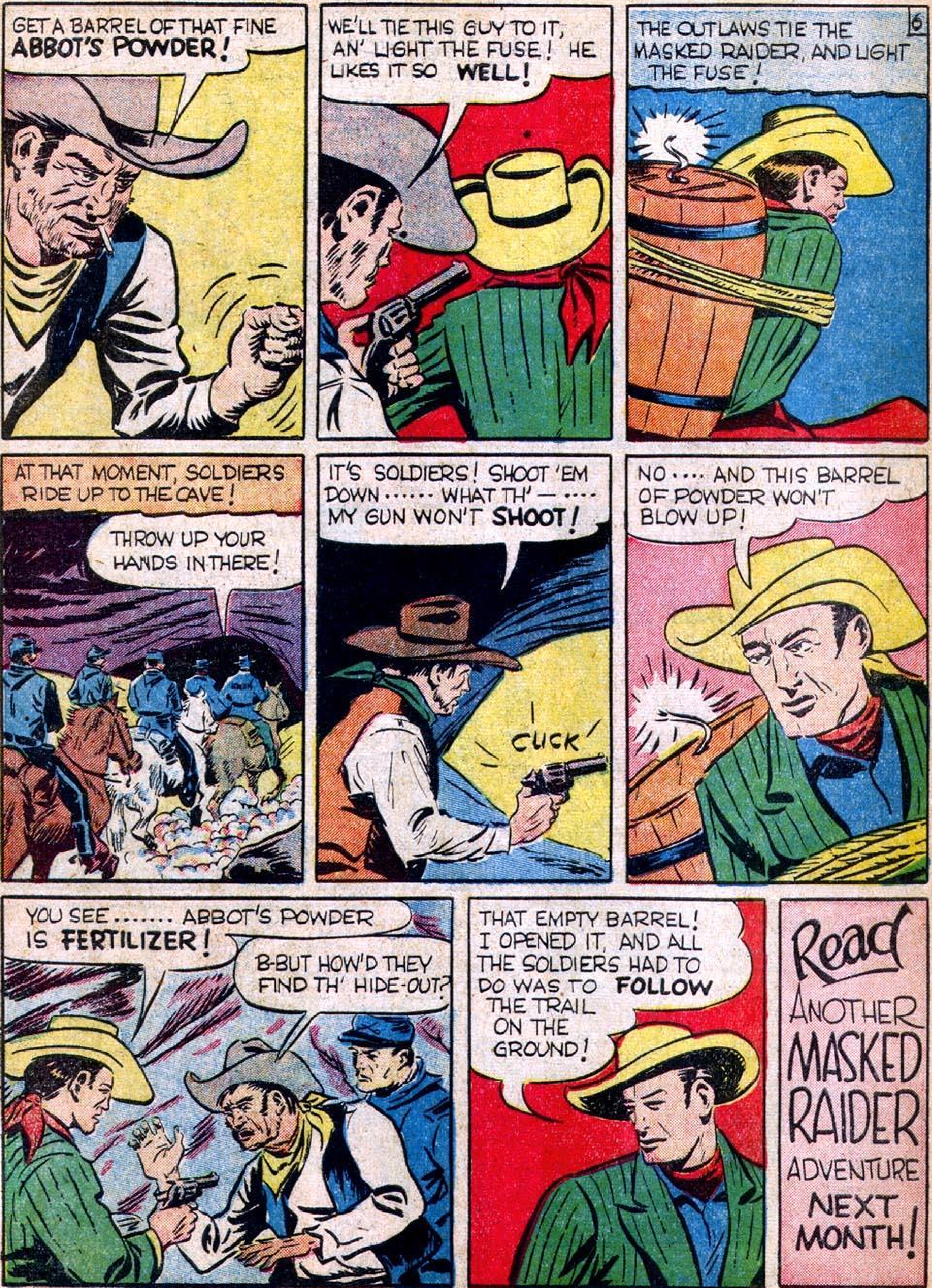

SACRE! WHAT IS ZAT NOISE?
SO.....THAT'S THEIR PLAN!
OH...OH...
THE MASKED RAIDER ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKS OVER A BENCH OUTSIDE THE CABIN!

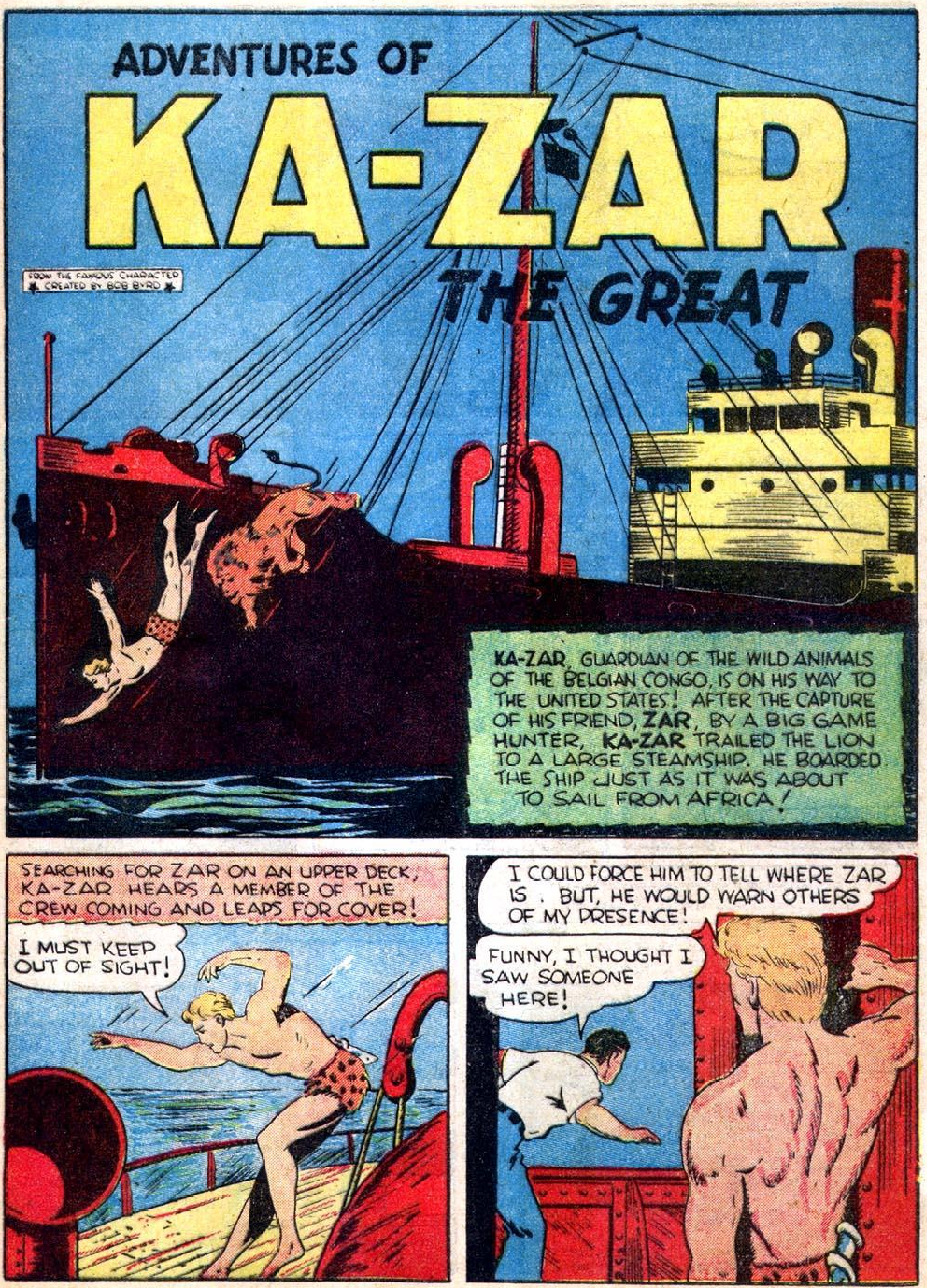

SOMEONE IS OUT THERE.....SHOOT HIM!
MY ANGELITA, SHE NEVAIR MISS... I GET HEEM!
BUT, WITH BULLETS WHIZZING ABOUT HIS EARS, THE MASKED RAIDER ESCAPES!
2
LET'S GO, LIGHTNING!
BANG!
BANG!
I DO NOT HIT HEEM!
WE GOTTA' GET OUT OF HERE!
GIDDEN KNOWS WHERE THE SECRET MEETING PLACE IS....WE'LL GO AND WAIT THERE FOR HIM. WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE?
THEY'RE EXPECTING A STRANGER..PROBABLY ONE OF THE PLOTTERS WHO ARE PLANNING TO OVERTHROW TEXAS. HE'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG THE ROCKY CREEK TRAIL, SO I'LL WAIT THERE!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER....
HERE HE COMES!
GIDDEN! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!
WHO IS IT?
SEEING THE MASKED RAIDER, GIDDEN DASHES AWAY!
IT'S THAT MASKED RAIDER....I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

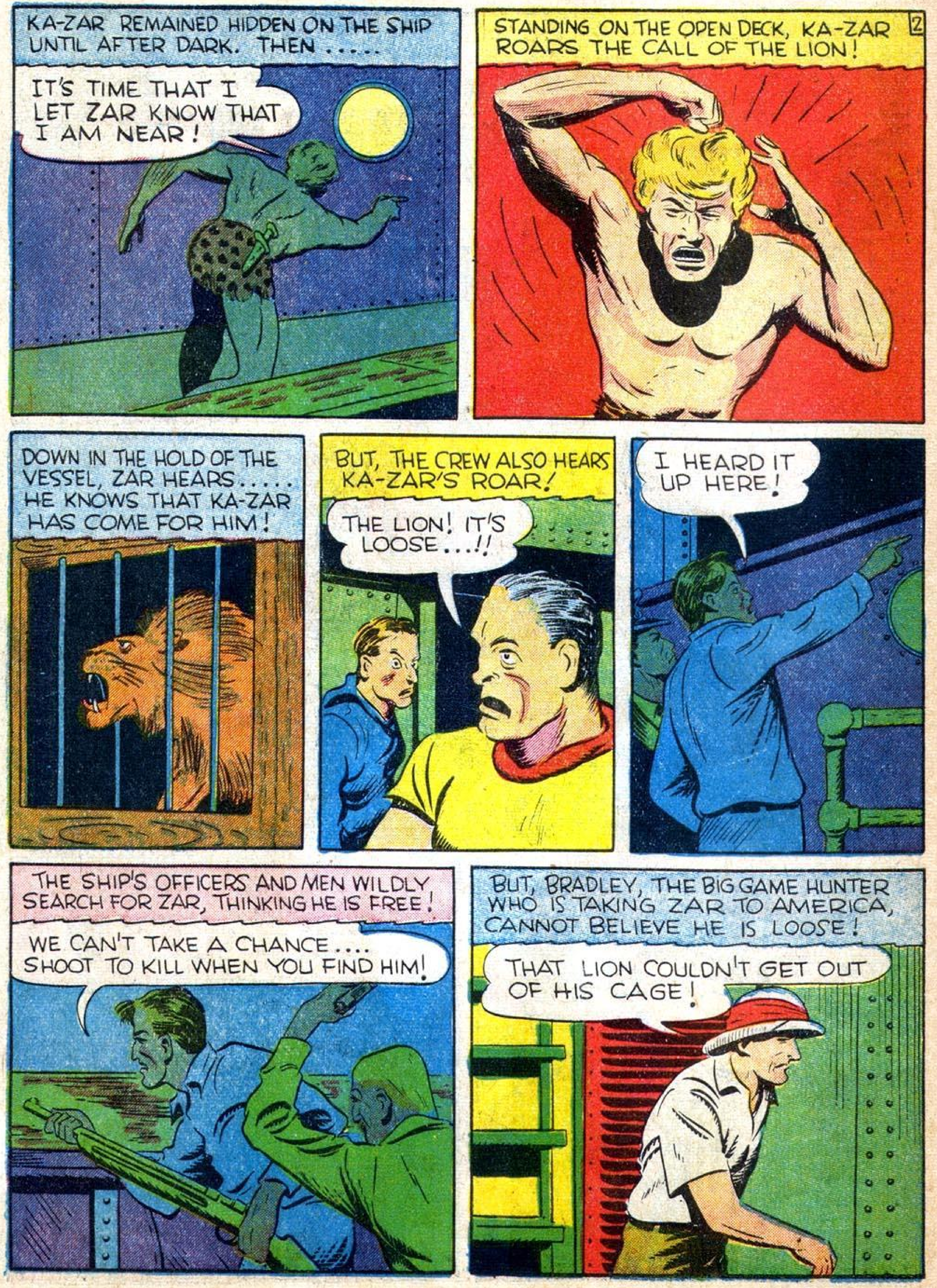

RIDING FURIOUSLY, THE MASKED RAIDER OVERTAKES GIDDEN AND KNOCKS THE MAN OUT OF HIS SADDLE WITH A SINGLE BLOW!
SOCK
SORRY, MY FRIEND, BUT I'VE GOT AN ERRAND FOR YOU TO RUN!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
YOU'RE GOING TO CARRY THIS MESSAGE TO THE FORT! ..... GO LIGHTNING!
AS LIGHTNING DASHES AWAY WITH GIDDEN, THE MASKED RAIDER SEARCHES HIS COAT.....
GIDDEN HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BY THESE OUTLAWS, SO........
A NOTE, TELLING WHERE TO MEET THE OUTLAWS, AND A MAP OF THE ARMY POST!
BEAR Creek
AMMUNITION StoreHouze
GUARD HOUS
Fence
Door
PARade Ground
Gate
BarracKs
WITH GIDDEN'S COAT, AND HIS PAPERS, I CAN FOOL THE OUTLAWS!
LATER, HE FINDS THE OUTLAWS.
SO, YOU DON'T THINK I'M GIDDEN?
THAT TAKES PROOF!

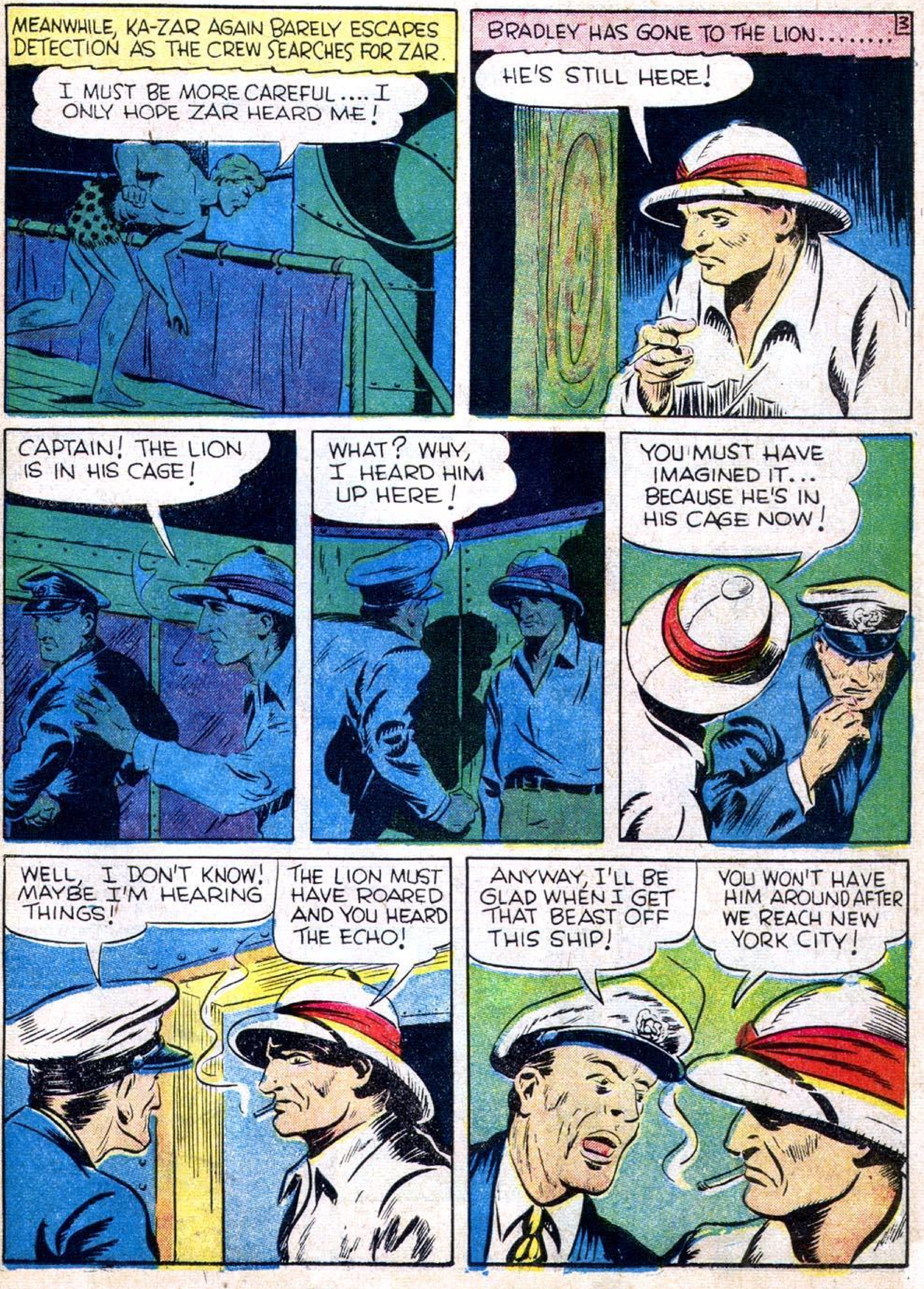

HOW'S THAT FOR PROOF?
CRACK
GUESS YOU'RE GIDDEN, ALL RIGHT. HE'S KNOWN AS A FAST MAN WITH A GUN!
4
COME ON, WE'LL GO INSIDE!
IN THE OUTLAWS CAVE....
GOT TH' PLANS OF TH' FORT?
YES... I'LL SHOW YOU!
THEY KEEP THE AMMUNITION IN THE LONGHOUSE...WE'LL STRIKE TONIGHT!
GOOD!
RIGHT! BEST PART OF THIS SCHEME IS THAT WE SELL TH' POWDER TO TH' INDIANS SO'S THEY KIN DRIVE TH' GOVERNMENT OUT OF TEXAS FER US!
THAT NIGHT, DISTANT GUNFIRE DRAWS THE SOLDIERS FROM THE FORT..........
BREED AND LEEK'S SHOOTIN' WILL GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY!
WITH THE SOLDIERS GONE, THE SMALL GROUP OF OUTLAWS WITH THE DISGUISED MASKED RAIDER ENTER THE AMMUNITION STOREHOUSE!
HELP ME WITH THIS POWDER... YOU'RE TAKING THE WRONG KEGS!
ABBOT'S POWDER
ABBOT'S POWDER

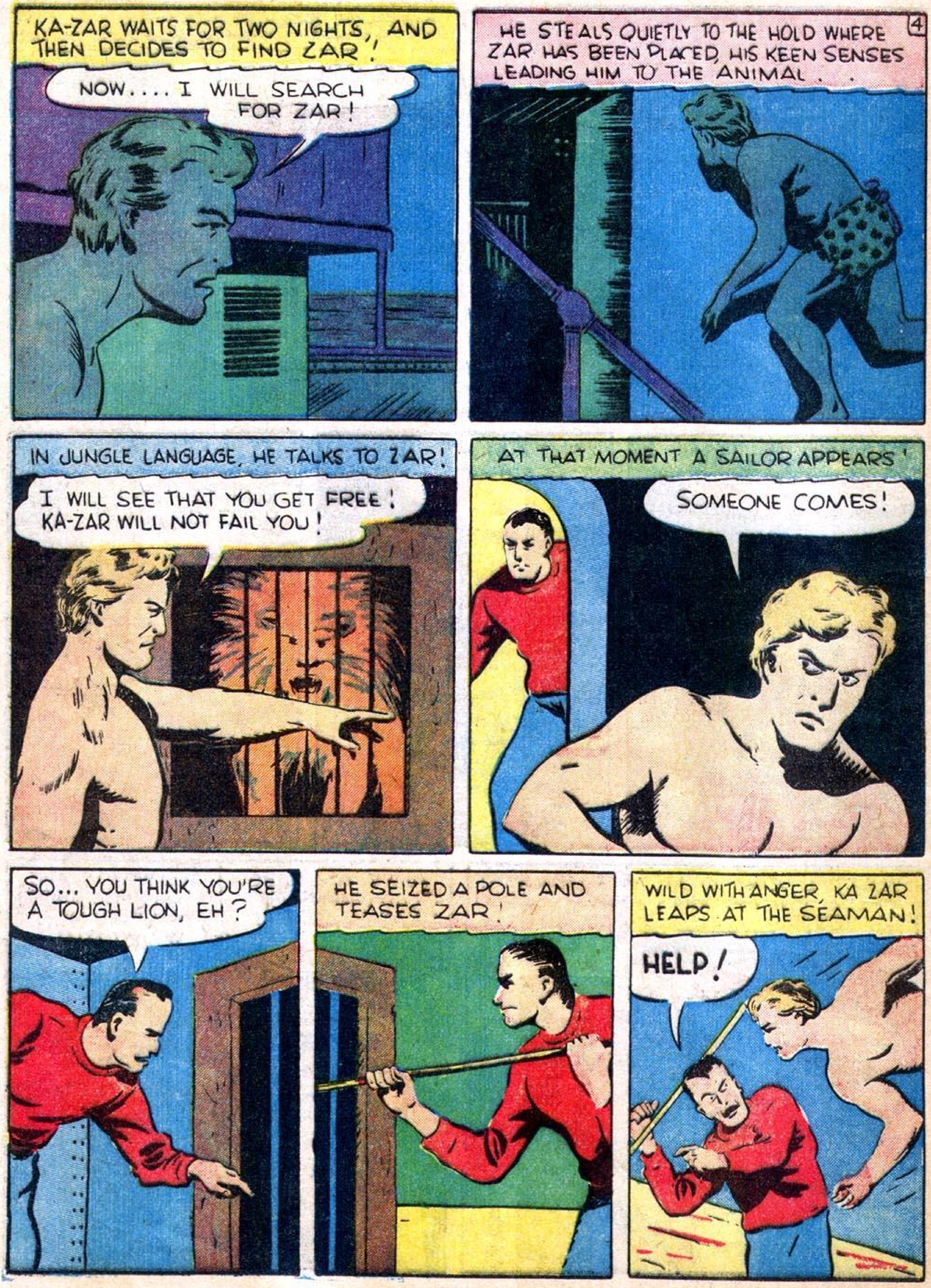

IN THE BARRACKS, TWO ARMY OFFICERS WATCH THE OUTLAWS STEAL THE POWDER!
YOU'RE SURE, CAPTAIN, THAT THIS IS A WISE MOVE?
YES...... I'LL BACK THE MASKED RAIDER'S JUDGMENT ANY DAY!
THEIR WAGON LOADED WITH BARRELS OF POWDER, THE OUTLAW BAND RIDES AWAY!
BACK TO THE HIDEOUT!
YES–THE SOLDIERS WILL BE COMING SOON!
ON THE WAY, THE MASKED RAIDER PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO ONE OF THE BARRELS!
HERE'S HOPING THAT MY LITTLE PLAN WORKS!
BACK AT THE CAVE----
HEY! THIS BARREL IS EMPTY!
ABBOT'S POWDER
SPRUNG A LEAK, EH? WELL, THERE'S PLENTY LEFT! LOAD YOUR SHELLS WITH THIS POWDER...... IT'S THE BEST THERE IS!
AS THE DESPERADOES LOAD THEIR CARTRIDGES WITH ABBOT'S POWDER, A RIDER COMES UP.....
HEY, THERE.... DID MY FRIEND GIDDEN ARRIVE?
SURE, "SNAKEY"... HE'S HERE NOW!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? .... THIS AIN'T GIDDEN!
I SUSPICIONED YOU FROM THE START! DON'T DRAW YER GUN!

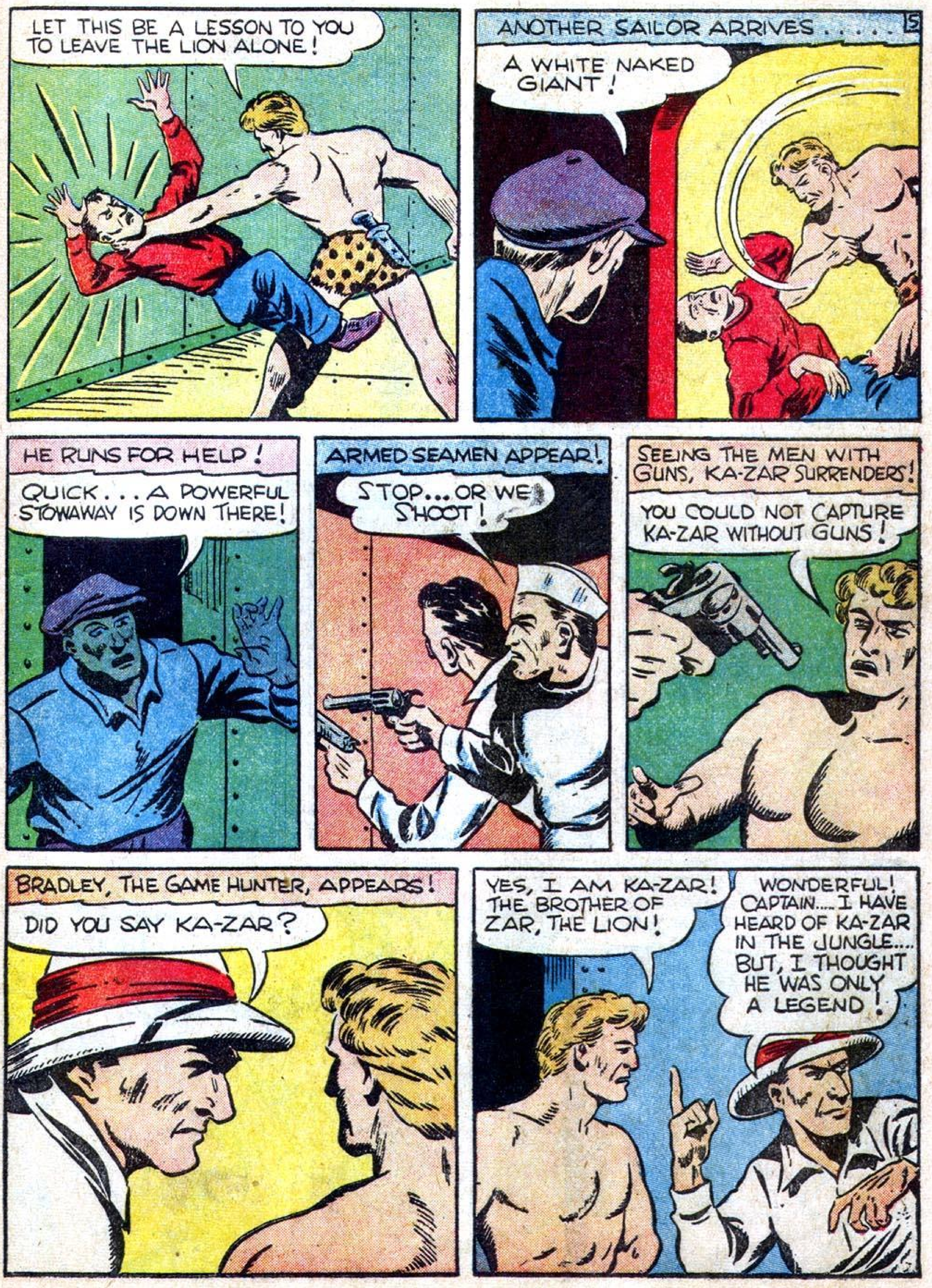

GET A BARREL OF THAT FINE **ABBOT'S POWDER**!
WE'LL TIE THIS GUY TO IT, AN' LIGHT THE FUSE! HE LIKES IT SO **WELL**!
6
THE OUTLAWS TIE THE MASKED RAIDER, AND LIGHT THE FUSE!
AT THAT MOMENT, SOLDIERS RIDE UP TO THE CAVE!
THROW UP YOUR HANDS IN THERE!
IT'S SOLDIERS! SHOOT 'EM DOWN...... WHAT TH' —.... MY GUN WON'T **SHOOT**!
CLICK
NO.... AND THIS BARREL OF POWDER WON'T BLOW UP!
YOU SEE....... ABBOT'S POWDER IS **FERTILIZER**!
B-BUT HOW'D THEY FIND TH' HIDE-OUT?
THAT EMPTY BARREL! I OPENED IT, AND ALL THE SOLDIERS HAD TO DO WAS TO **FOLLOW** THE TRAIL ON THE GROUND!
Read ANOTHER MASKED RAIDER ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!

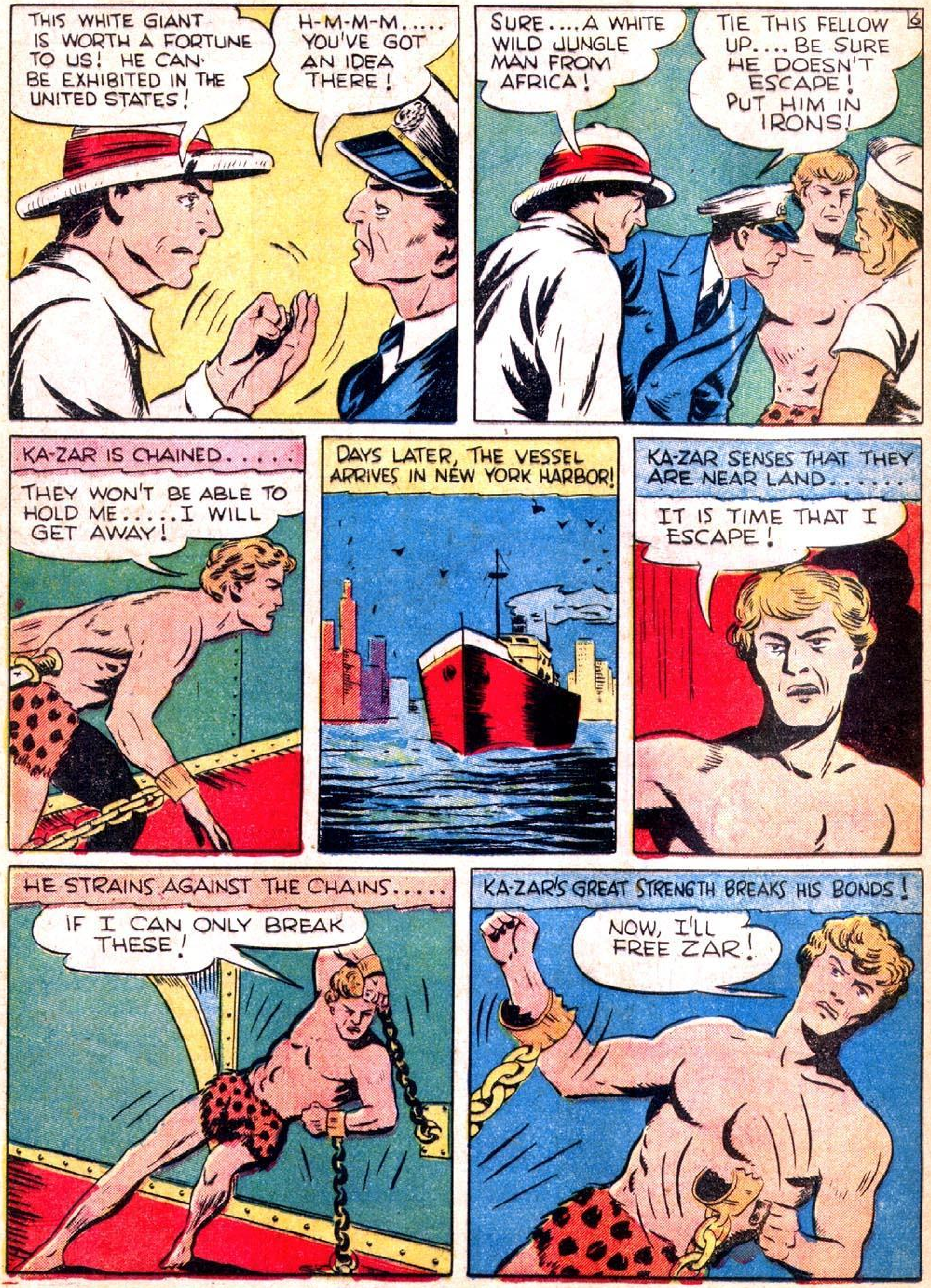

ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
FROM THE FAMOUS CHARACTER CREATED BY BOB BYRD
KA-ZAR, GUARDIAN OF THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO, IS ON HIS WAY TO THE UNITED STATES! AFTER THE CAPTURE OF HIS FRIEND, ZAR, BY A BIG GAME HUNTER, KA-ZAR TRAILED THE LION TO A LARGE STEAMSHIP. HE BOARDED THE SHIP JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO SAIL FROM AFRICA!
SEARCHING FOR ZAR ON AN UPPER DECK, KA-ZAR HEARS A MEMBER OF THE CREW COMING AND LEAPS FOR COVER!
I MUST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!
I COULD FORCE HIM TO TELL WHERE ZAR IS. BUT, HE WOULD WARN OTHERS OF MY PRESENCE!
FUNNY, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE HERE!

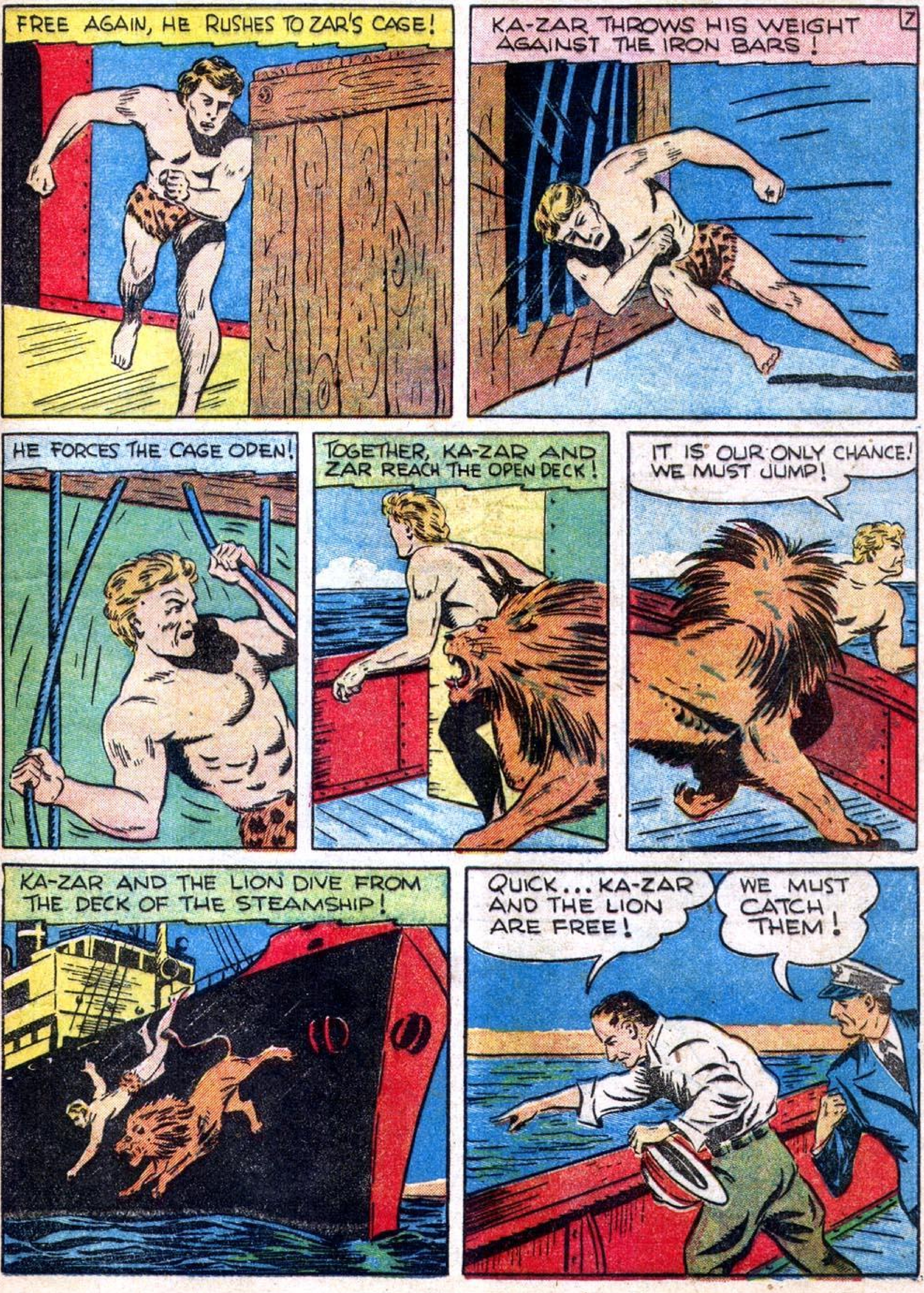

KA-ZAR REMAINED HIDDEN ON THE SHIP UNTIL AFTER DARK. THEN .....
IT'S TIME THAT I LET ZAR KNOW THAT I AM NEAR!
2
STANDING ON THE OPEN DECK, KA-ZAR ROARS THE CALL OF THE LION!
DOWN IN THE HOLD OF THE VESSEL, ZAR HEARS..... HE KNOWS THAT KA-ZAR HAS COME FOR HIM!
BUT, THE CREW ALSO HEARS KA-ZAR'S ROAR!
THE LION! IT'S LOOSE...!!
I HEARD IT UP HERE!
THE SHIP'S OFFICERS AND MEN WILDLY SEARCH FOR ZAR, THINKING HE IS FREE!
WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE.... SHOOT TO KILL WHEN YOU FIND HIM!
BUT, BRADLEY, THE BIG GAME HUNTER WHO IS TAKING ZAR TO AMERICA, CANNOT BELIEVE HE IS LOOSE!
THAT LION COULDN'T GET OUT OF HIS CAGE!

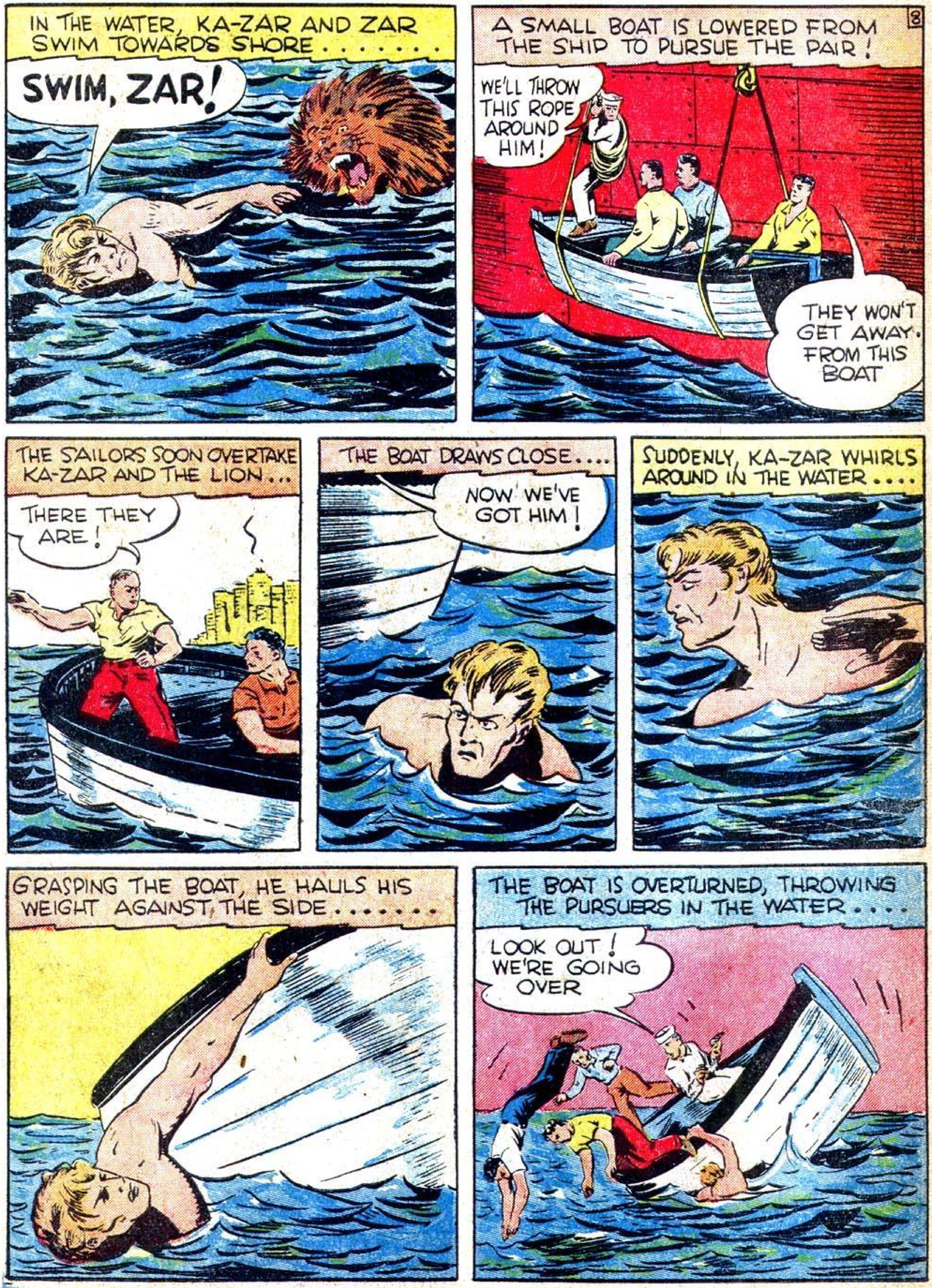

MEANWHILE, KA-ZAR AGAIN BARELY ESCAPES DETECTION AS THE CREW SEARCHES FOR ZAR.
I MUST BE MORE CAREFUL.... I ONLY HOPE ZAR HEARD ME!
BRADLEY HAS GONE TO THE LION........
3
HE'S STILL HERE!
CAPTAIN! THE LION IS IN HIS CAGE!
WHAT? WHY, I HEARD HIM UP HERE!
YOU MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT... BECAUSE HE'S IN HIS CAGE NOW!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE I'M HEARING THINGS!
THE LION MUST HAVE ROARED AND YOU HEARD THE ECHO!
ANYWAY, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I GET THAT BEAST OFF THIS SHIP!
YOU WON'T HAVE HIM AROUND AFTER WE REACH NEW YORK CITY!

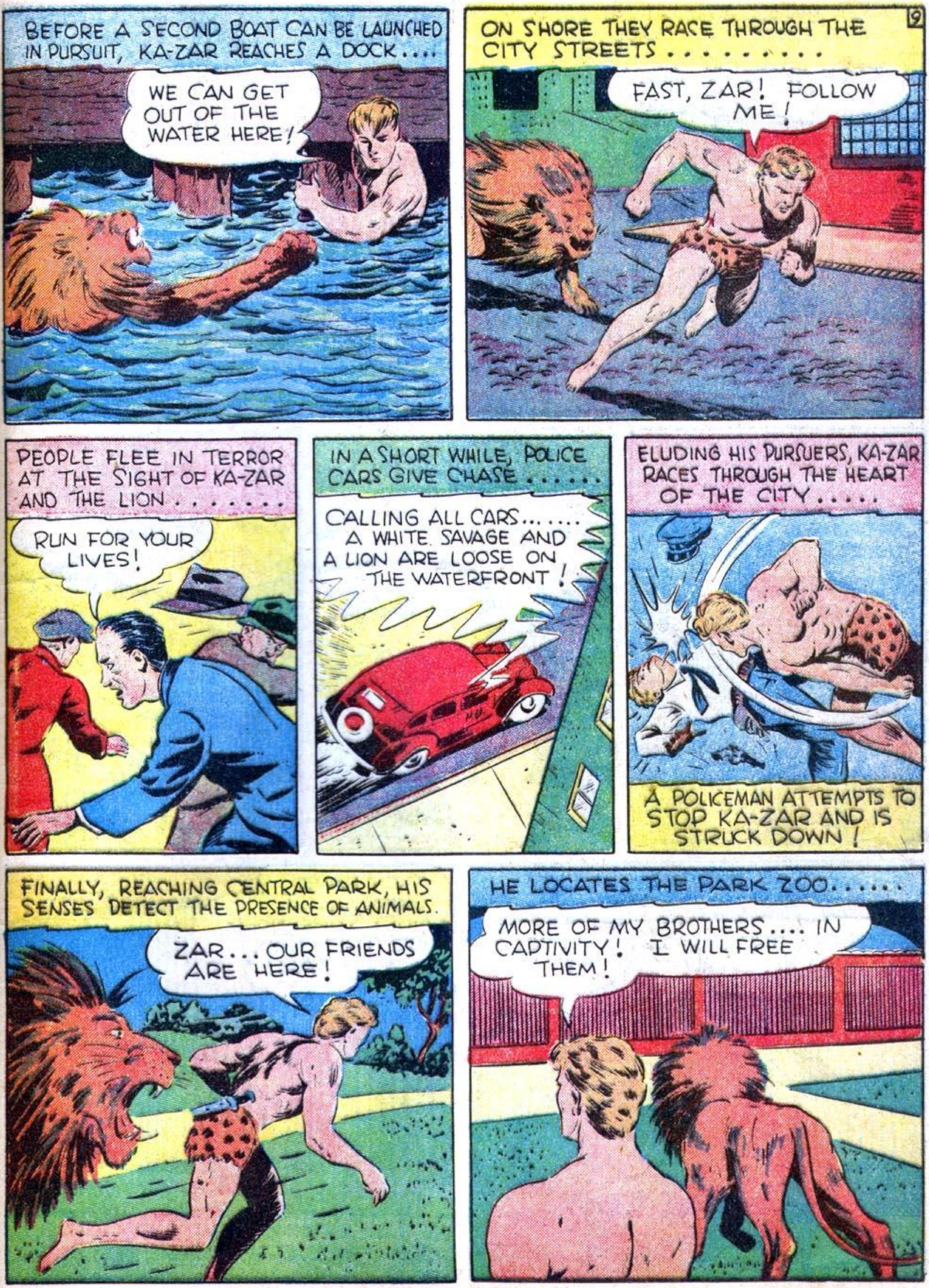

KA-ZAR WAITS FOR TWO NIGHTS, AND THEN DECIDES TO FIND ZAR!
NOW.... I WILL SEARCH FOR ZAR!
4
HE STEALS QUIETLY TO THE HOLD WHERE ZAR HAS BEEN PLACED, HIS KEEN SENSES LEADING HIM TO THE ANIMAL. .
IN JUNGLE LANGUAGE, HE TALKS TO ZAR!
I WILL SEE THAT YOU GET FREE! KA-ZAR WILL NOT FAIL YOU!
AT THAT MOMENT A SAILOR APPEARS!
SOMEONE COMES!
SO... YOU THINK YOU'RE A TOUGH LION, EH?
HE SEIZED A POLE AND TEASES ZAR!
WILD WITH ANGER, KA ZAR LEAPS AT THE SEAMAN!
HELP!

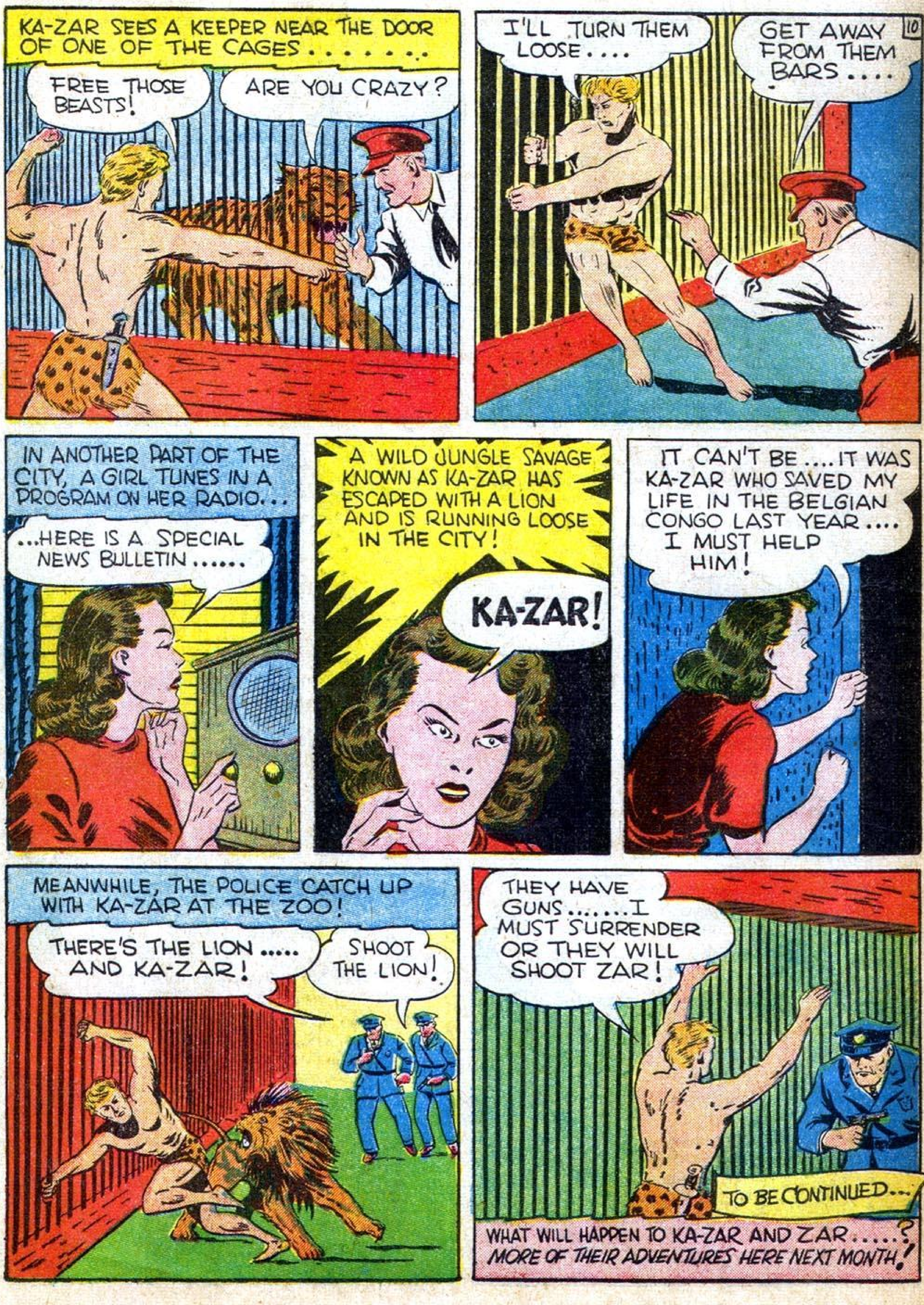

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU TO LEAVE THE LION ALONE!
ANOTHER SAILOR ARRIVES . . . .
A WHITE NAKED GIANT!
HE RUNS FOR HELP!
QUICK . . . A POWERFUL STOWAWAY IS DOWN THERE!
ARMED SEAMEN APPEAR!
STOP... OR WE SHOOT!
SEEING THE MEN WITH GUNS, KA-ZAR SURRENDERS!
YOU COULD NOT CAPTURE KA-ZAR WITHOUT GUNS!
BRADLEY, THE GAME HUNTER, APPEARS!
DID YOU SAY KA-ZAR?
YES, I AM KA-ZAR! THE BROTHER OF ZAR, THE LION!
WONDERFUL! CAPTAIN.... I HAVE HEARD OF KA-ZAR IN THE JUNGLE.... BUT, I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY A LEGEND!


THIS WHITE GIANT IS WORTH A FORTUNE TO US! HE CAN BE EXHIBITED IN THE UNITED STATES!
H-M-M-M..... YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA THERE!
SURE....A WHITE WILD JUNGLE MAN FROM AFRICA!
TIE THIS FELLOW UP....BE SURE HE DOESN'T ESCAPE! PUT HIM IN IRONS!
KA-ZAR IS CHAINED.....
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD ME.....I WILL GET AWAY!
DAYS LATER, THE VESSEL ARRIVES IN NEW YORK HARBOR!
KA-ZAR SENSES THAT THEY ARE NEAR LAND......
IT IS TIME THAT I ESCAPE!
HE STRAINS AGAINST THE CHAINS....
IF I CAN ONLY BREAK THESE!
KA-ZAR'S GREAT STRENGTH BREAKS HIS BONDS!
NOW, I'LL FREE ZAR!


FREE AGAIN, HE RUSHES TO ZAR'S CAGE!
KA-ZAR THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE IRON BARS!
HE FORCES THE CAGE OPEN!
TOGETHER, KA-ZAR AND ZAR REACH THE OPEN DECK!
IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! WE MUST JUMP!
KA-ZAR AND THE LION DIVE FROM THE DECK OF THE STEAMSHIP!
QUICK... KA-ZAR AND THE LION ARE FREE!
WE MUST CATCH THEM!

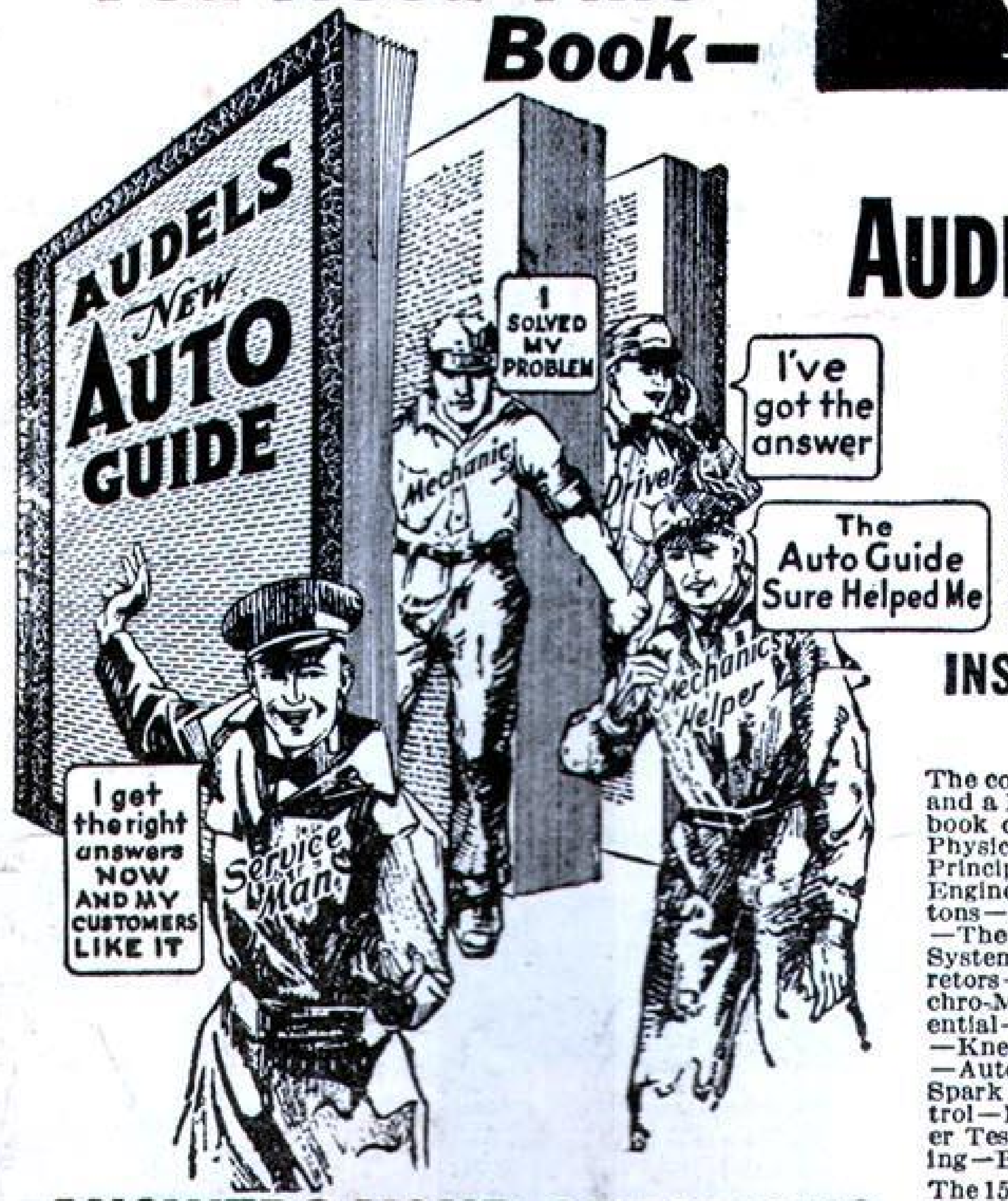

IN THE WATER, KA-ZAR AND ZAR SWIM TOWARDS SHORE . . . . . .
SWIM, ZAR!
A SMALL BOAT IS LOWERED FROM THE SHIP TO PURSUE THE PAIR!
8
WE'LL THROW THIS ROPE AROUND HIM!
THEY WON'T GET AWAY FROM THIS BOAT
THE SAILORS SOON OVERTAKE KA-ZAR AND THE LION . . .
THERE THEY ARE!
THE BOAT DRAWS CLOSE . . . .
NOW WE'VE GOT HIM!
SUDDENLY, KA-ZAR WHIRLS AROUND IN THE WATER . . . .
GRASPING THE BOAT, HE HAULS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE SIDE . . . .
THE BOAT IS OVERTURNED, THROWING THE PURSUERS IN THE WATER . . . .
LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING OVER


BEFORE A SECOND BOAT CAN BE LAUNCHED IN PURSUIT, KA-ZAR REACHES A DOCK....
WE CAN GET OUT OF THE WATER HERE!
ON SHORE THEY RACE THROUGH THE CITY STREETS.........
FAST, ZAR! FOLLOW ME!
PEOPLE FLEE IN TERROR AT THE SIGHT OF KA-ZAR AND THE LION.......
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
IN A SHORT WHILE, POLICE CARS GIVE CHASE......
CALLING ALL CARS....... A WHITE SAVAGE AND A LION ARE LOOSE ON THE WATERFRONT!
ELUDING HIS PURSUERS, KA-ZAR RACES THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY.....
A POLICEMAN ATTEMPTS TO STOP KA-ZAR AND IS STRUCK DOWN!
FINALLY, REACHING CENTRAL PARK, HIS SENSES DETECT THE PRESENCE OF ANIMALS.
ZAR... OUR FRIENDS ARE HERE!
HE LOCATES THE PARK ZOO......
MORE OF MY BROTHERS.... IN CAPTIVITY! I WILL FREE THEM!


KA-ZAR SEES A KEEPER NEAR THE DOOR OF ONE OF THE CAGES.......
FREE THOSE BEASTS!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
I'LL TURN THEM LOOSE....
GET AWAY FROM THEM BARS....
10
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, A GIRL TUNES IN A PROGRAM ON HER RADIO..
...HERE IS A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN......
A WILD JUNGLE SAVAGE KNOWN AS KA-ZAR HAS ESCAPED WITH A LION AND IS RUNNING LOOSE IN THE CITY!
KA-ZAR!
IT CAN'T BE....IT WAS KA-ZAR WHO SAVED MY LIFE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO LAST YEAR.... I MUST HELP HIM!
MEANWHILE, THE POLICE CATCH UP WITH KA-ZAR AT THE ZOO!
THERE'S THE LION..... AND KA-ZAR!
SHOOT THE LION!
THEY HAVE GUNS.......I MUST SURRENDER OR THEY WILL SHOOT ZAR!
TO BE CONTINUED...
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO KA-ZAR AND ZAR.....?
MORE OF THEIR ADVENTURES HERE NEXT MONTH!

MECHANICS
You Need This Book—

Know! YOUR CAR


AUDELS NEW AUTO GUIDE
I SOLVED MY PROBLEM
I've got the answer
Mechanic
Driver
The Auto Guide Sure Helped Me
Mechanics Helper
I get the right answers NOW AND MY CUSTOMERS LIKE IT
Service Man

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The 1540 Illustrations in this book are photographs of modern cars and mechanical drawings giving details for guidance. They explain all working parts and their functions. Alphabetical Index lists 55 interesting and instructive chapters with many sub-chapters—a big time saver.

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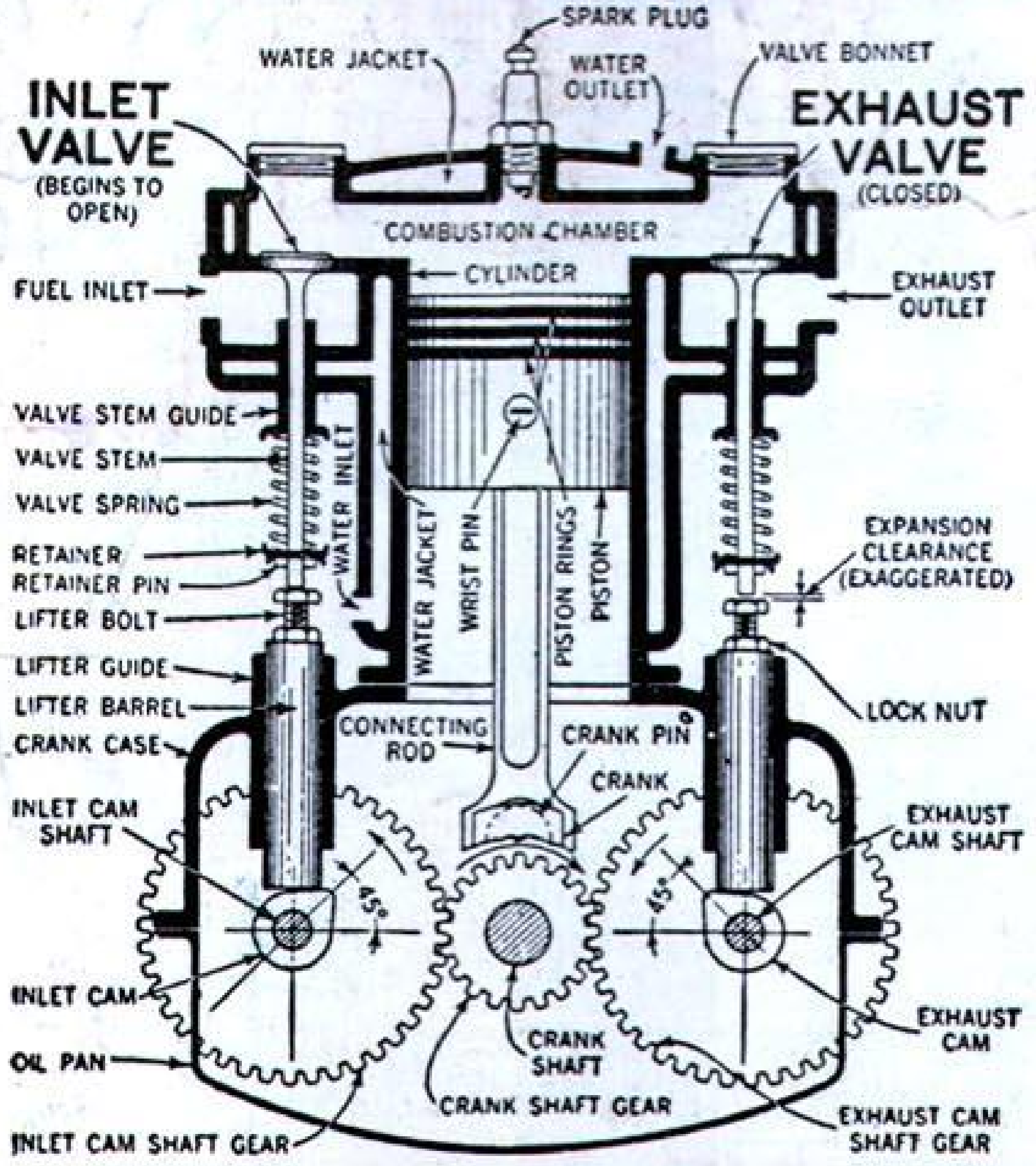
ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS


SPARK PLUG
WATER JACKET
WATER OUTLET
VALVE BONNET
INLET VALVE (BEGINS TO OPEN)
EXHAUST VALVE (CLOSED)
COMBUSTION CHAMBER
CYLINDER
FUEL INLET
EXHAUST OUTLET
VALVE STEM GUIDE
VALVE STEM
VALVE SPRING
RETAINER
RETAINER PIN
LIFTER BOLT
LIFTER GUIDE
LIFTER BARREL
CRANK CASE
WATER INLET
WATER JACKET
WRIST PIN
PISTON RINGS
PISTON
EXPANSION CLEARANCE (EXAGGERATED)
LOCK NUT
CONNECTING ROD
CRANK PIN
CRANK
INLET CAM SHAFT
EXHAUST CAM SHAFT
45°
45°
INLET CAM
EXHAUST CAM
CRANK SHAFT
OIL PAN
CRANK SHAFT GEAR
EXHAUST CAM SHAFT GEAR
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